















THE  
AMERICAN  
CATHOLIC QUARTERLY  
REVIEW

---

13 C

Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem. quia malum est homini ut eum  
veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive  
confitentem. S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.

---

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY  
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

VOLUME XL.

FROM JANUARY TO OCTOBER, 1915.

---

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY  
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

PHILADELPHIA :

610 SOUTH WASHINGTON SQUARE.







# THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

---

"Contributors to the *QUARTERLY* will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the *REVIEW* not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."

(Extract from Salutory, July, 1890.)

---

VOL. XL.—JANUARY, 1915—No. 157

---

## THE BEAUTIFUL IN ART.

### I.

IN studying the beautiful in art, we have to face a subject that presents no small difficulty, but its importance will act as a stimulus to venture upon the task and learn whatever lesson there is contained under the magic charm of the beautiful. Man has a special and indestructible desire for the beautiful; he desires good, and it has for him an irresistible attraction when it is presented to him under the appearance of the beautiful. It sometimes happens that he mistakes evil for good from the fact that evil is clothed with beauty. Few would read a bad book or delight in poetry that is, to say the least, indelicate, were they not invested with its seductive charm. In our picture galleries thousands of visitors would turn in disgust from those pictures and statues which conceal a subtle poison for the innocent and simple were they not clothed in the deceptive veil of beauty. Unfortunately, those who serve truth and virtue by the pen and brush do not always appreciate this irresistible force which the beautiful possesses. If truth and goodness were presented to man with the same charm in which evil and deceit are so often arrayed, men would prefer life to death, but because men have a false idea of beauty, they judge by external appearance alone, and death instead of life becomes their portion.

What, then, is the beautiful? Were we to restrict our inquiries to metaphysical speculation, I fear we should have little to say, as what can be said on the nature of the beautiful would hardly



fill more than a single page, but when we have gathered from metaphysics the true principles that underlie the beautiful, their application offers a field for speculation as vast as the life of man itself. We speak of things we see around us as beautiful,—precious stones, the flowers of the field and the garden, creatures of the animal kingdom, man, his life and his conduct, his intercourse with his fellows, his virtues, his accomplishments, his works, may be qualified by the magic wand.

To understand the beautiful rightly we must consider two things,—first, what a thing ought to be in itself if it is to be beautiful, and secondly what is that special reason, or, to use a philosophical term, that formal cause why a thing is beautiful. St. Thomas tells us that beauty demands three things in the object which it dowers—integrity or completeness, due proportion and splendour. We should not call a thing beautiful that is wanting in any of its parts; a man without an arm is by no means beautiful, nor should we pronounce a statue without a head a thing of beauty, without at least some qualification. This integrity embraces the entire nature of the object. There must be due proportion in the parts themselves, and in their disposition if a thing is to be beautiful. The Creator, we are told in the Book of Wisdom, ordered all things “in measure and number and weight.” We should hardly say that a man was beautiful if he had one arm longer than the other, or if one eye were blue and the other grey. Neither should we say that a man is beautiful if his intellect and will did not exercise their proper functions. The third condition required for beauty in an object is splendour. Beauty is the crowning quality of a thing resulting from the disposition of its parts bathed in light which becomes, as splendour, the object of sight, the noblest of our senses, and of the intellect, the highest of our faculties, in quest of the beautiful. Hence Aristotle defined beauty as *splendor entis*, the splendour of being, and Plato as *splendor veri*, the splendour of truth.

An object which is beautiful must also be true. It must, in other words, correspond to the exemplar of it existing in the divine intellect, and it must also be good, otherwise it would not appeal to man, the object of whose intellect and will are respectively truth and goodness; and were the thing which we call beautiful not good it would not elicit in us those delights which are ever associated with the perception of the beautiful.

The thing which we call beautiful must have also the quality of nobility and a certain distinction which places it above ignoble things. The beautiful has kinship with the intellect, and its subject should share in the nobility of man's highest faculty. Hence we



do not call ignoble objects beautiful, neither should we designate such, ignoble actions nor ignoble lives. The beautiful always excites in us admiration and delight, which are among the higher affections of the soul, and anything that is not noble and akin to the soul could not, on its perception, produce such results.

When we ask ourselves, what is the formal and precise reason why a thing is designated beautiful, we find that many opinions have been advanced in solution of this question. Some tell us that the precise reason why a thing is beautiful is that it is useful, so that useful and beautiful are convertible terms. This opinion is held by the utilitarian school, and has been adopted by the Sensationists, who look only to the material well-being of the individual or the race. Their views cannot be maintained, as there are many useful things that are by no means beautiful. A bitter medicine is often useful, so is a spade or a shovel, but we should hardly call them beautiful. Our hideous penny and our clumsy five-shilling piece are useful, but one would require a strong imagination to pronounce them beautiful. On the other hand, there are beautiful things that are by no means useful, in a utilitarian sense. Honesty and uprightness of character are beautiful, but we don't admire them for their use but because of themselves. Useful things please us only when we possess them, but beautiful things delight us when we see them. Others tell us that a thing is beautiful because of the gratification, generally sensuous gratification, we experience in seeing it. This opinion is not true, because many things cause us gratification that we cannot call beautiful. A savory dish or an exquisite perfume give a certain sensuous delectation to the appetite, but such things cannot be called beautiful. Delectable things, St. Thomas says, appeal to the appetite, while beautiful things appeal to the intelligence, hence though the perception of the beautiful is always accompanied by some sense of gratification and delight, it does not follow that this experience is the formal reason why a thing is beautiful.

We are told again that the formal reason why a thing is beautiful is the harmonious disposition and unity of the parts which compose it. Though the beautiful presupposes all this, it would not be true to say that the formal reason of the beautiful consists in this disposition and unity, which belongs to its material composition, while a thing to be beautiful must be perfect and have a certain nobility and distinction. It is quite true that every finite thing, being a part of the universe, has its due place and its due proportion in relation to other things, but if it is to be beautiful it must have a certain unity and nobility. There is an old axiom in the schools which says that things which are divided among the

lower types are unified in the higher types. Thus the perfection of bodies of the plant, of the animal are unified in man. In the sunbeam we have splendour, heat, motion, activity and colour. Hence beautiful things, since they are dowered with nobility and distinction, are equivalent, in an eminent degree, to several which are combined in them, in due proportion, under the form of unity: Hence St. Augustine, speaking of the perfection which constitutes the material composition of the beautiful, says—"The form of all beauty is unity."

The School of Associational Psychology would have us believe that the beautiful is constituted from the fact of the association of ideas which are suggested to the mind in looking upon a work of art. This idea of the beautiful is supposed to be embodied in the art of the impressionists. You will notice here that there is an unauthorized transition from the ideal to the real order of things and that the effect produced by an object on the emotions is presented as the cause of the emotions themselves. The aesthetic sentiment, in other words, is taken as the formal cause of the beautiful, while in reality, it is the effect produced by the perception of the beautiful. The beautiful is an objective reality, not a mere sentiment.

The formal reason why a thing is beautiful consists in that consonance by which beautiful things correspond to their archetype, which, in the light of intelligence, manifests the rule and measure of beauty. The principal archetype of created things exists in the divine mind, the second archetype of created things exists in the human mind. Everything has been created by God according to the archetype of them existing in the divine mind, and since the mind of man is a created and participated likeness of the mind of God the archetype of created things exists in a secondary way in the human mind. We experience the existence in our mind of an exquisite form which serves the intellect as a rule and measure in judging the beautiful. When we look upon a work of art, we compare it with this form which we call the archetype, existing in our mind. If the mind were not in possession of this form, it could not institute a comparison, without which it could not judge whether a thing is beautiful or not. We know from experience that when the mind first perceives the consonance of a thing with the archetype of it in the mind, it then perceives a certain form and splendour which is the exquisite and luminous presentment of a perfect and complete object, and this exquisite and luminous presentment is termed the beautiful. It is the archetype in the mind which makes the intellect akin to the beautiful in nature, serves as a guide and model for the artist in giving beauty to his



canvas, and constitutes in the soul that natural and longing desire we all experience for the beautiful. It is clear, then, that the archetype to which all beautiful things should correspond, primarily and absolutely, is the divine beauty itself, which serves God as an archetype in the creation of finite things, and, secondarily, to that exquisite form in the human mind which is a created participation of the divine beauty. We are told in the life of Raphael that he experienced an exquisite form, always floating before his mental vision, which he was ever in vain striving to adequately grasp and transfer to canvas.

The beautiful is distinguished from the good, inasmuch as, in the good, we desire the thing itself, but in the beautiful we desire its splendour. Hence we designate dreams and fancies and fictions beautiful, because the perception of them creates delight, and those objects that appeal to the intellect and to the senses of sight and hearing, the faculties most akin to the intellect, for the same reason, we term beautiful. The beautiful is that which delights when it is perceived, and it delights because it is akin to the intellect, it is akin to the intellect because it corresponds to the archetype by which, in the light of intelligence, we judge what things must necessarily be, if they are to be noble and perfect and beautiful. It is clear, then, that that is beautiful which, in the light of intelligence, corresponds to and is consonant with the archetype in the mind which is the exemplar of the beautiful.

We may then define the beautiful as—"The consonance or correspondence of a noble and perfect thing with the archetype existing in the mind"; and since this archetype of beauty primarily exists in the mind of God, we may formulate another definition of the beautiful,—“The refulgence of the divine splendour existing in things.”

To understand the beautiful more fully, we must distinguish between ideal beauty and real beauty. Ideal beauty is that beauty which, in the mind, represents all those modes which serve as exemplars according to which the divine beauty can be shared by created things. It enlightens and teaches the mind what things must necessarily be if they are to be beautiful. It is that exquisite form ever appealing to the mind for perception, the concrete externalization of which will be always perfect and beautiful. Real beauty is the concrete externalization of ideal beauty. Beauty is again either material or spiritual. Material beauty is the splendour resulting from the harmonious and symmetrical disposition of the parts. Spiritual beauty is either intellectual or moral. The former is the splendour of truth, the latter the splendour of goodness.

We said in the beginning that if a thing is beautiful it must be

true and good, but the beautiful is not simply the true or not exactly convertible with the true. It is rather a species of truth connecting nobility or distinction. The formal reason of the true consists in the fact that it appeals to the intellect, but the formal reason of the beautiful is that it appeals to the intellect as informed by the archetype, which we have said is the measure of the beautiful. Neither is the beautiful convertible with the good. All good appeals to the appetite, but the beautiful appeals to the appetite, inasmuch as the apprehension of it creates delight. Hence the beautiful is not truth in general nor good in general, but adds something to both—to truth an order to the archetype in the mind, and to good delight consequent on its perception.

It must be remembered that the form existing in the mind which we have called the archetype is a spiritual form and admits of development and evolution; and since it is an intellectual and spiritual form, the beautiful exists primarily and principally in spiritual things as opposed to mere material things, in which it exists as in a symbol of something higher. Hence the simple and unlettered cannot appreciate the beautiful, because in them the spiritual archetype in the mind has not been evolved nor developed, neither can they perceive it adequately nor use it as a measure of the beautiful. The idea the unlettered have of the beautiful must always be inadequate and rudimentary.

The beautiful finds its concrete expression in three schools of art, the mystic, the idealist and the realist or naturalist. In the mystic school the aim of the artist was principally religious. In his choice of subject, in his conception of it, the grouping of the figures, in their action, in his treatment, he always had the same end in view. For the mystic, art was the handmaid of religion. He conceives man as a religious being, made to the image and likeness of God, raised by grace to a supernatural life and destiny, ennobled by acquired and infused virtues and illumined by the gifts of the Holy Spirit. The mystic artist conceives the soul to be in possession of the body, and informed by a participation of the divine life. In his conception there was a certain subordination of the body to the soul. The soul is superior to the body because it is spiritual while the body is material; its aspirations are ordered by the Creator to spiritual things, to truth which is immutable, to goodness that is real and the possession of which assures perfection to the possessor. He conceives the body to be informed and vivified by the soul, to be subordinated to the soul, to be permeated by the action of the soul, to reflect the soul—its nobility and its spirituality. He conceives the soul of man as united to the body, and communicating to the body some of its spiritual quali-



ties. He further conceives the soul informed by virtue acquired by patient and arduous strife. He studies it under the guiding Providence of its Creator, infused by a participation of His divine life, and equipped by His gifts to become the docile instrument of His divine power.

Mystic art then looks for the divine in man, and for that subordination of the human to the divine which constitutes peace. He looks for the splendour which arises from the union of the divine with the human, because it is immutable, and since it perfects the human it is true and good. He cares less for the human than the divine, since it is mutable and transitory, and though he must embody the divine in the human, his genius is principally directed to the expression of the divine.

You will notice in the works of the mystic artist a spirit of reverence. Acknowledging himself a creature, he conceives man subordinated to the Creator, a sharer in the divine life, feeling his subjection and reverently recognizing it. You will again notice in his work a spirit of peace and repose. Man is at peace when he is in possession of truth and goodness, but he does not repose in the possession of partial truth and partial good, but in the possession of truth and goodness itself. Till he possess this he is in a state of desire, activity and striving. The mystic then represents man, if not in the actual, at least in the assured possession of the divine, and there breathes, as it were, from his works, the spirit of peace and repose. You will further notice in the works of the mystic artist a certain spiritual quality which is felt rather than perceived. It is the divine transmuting the soul, which, in turn, permeates with its life and divine qualities the body and endowing it with that spiritual splendour, visible to the artist's mystic sense, and which it is his principal aim to embody in his work. This spiritual quality is especially noticeable in the works of Fra Angelico with reproductions of whose paintings all are familiar; but you will search in vain for those spiritual qualities in copies. The delicate and rich colouring, the heavenly grace, the reverent pose, the exquisite drapery, are all there, but the spiritual quality has not been seized by the copyist, because, though able to perceive it, he was incapable of grasping it adequately and transferring it to his canvas. He had not the same reverence of soul nor the same power of perception as the Angelico, and this special characteristic is absent from his work. Michelangelo appreciated the spiritual character of mystic art when he said, that the Angelico must have seen the faces of his angels and his madonnas in Paradise.

For the mystic artist the beautiful is comprehensive. He selects

his subject and studies it in all its bearings. He may be deficient, as indeed he generally is, in his knowledge of the human form, in anatomy and muscular development, in light and shadow and perspective, but, as has been said, the mystic seeks the divine rather than the human, the spiritual rather than the material. He studies the body in its relation to the soul rather than the body in itself; he contemplates the soul in its relation to God more intensely than in its relation to the body, and though he fails in representing human form adequately, he succeeds in portraying its spiritual content. His work is consonant with his concept; the archetype in his mind is mystic and spiritual and true and his realization of it is beautiful.

The second great division of art is idealistic art, and in it we find ideal beauty or the ideally beautiful. To understand ideal art you will allow me to make some observations on the formation of the idea. The mind, being spiritual, cannot understand things under a material form; they must assume a spiritual or immaterial character to become its immediate object. In the process of the formation of the idea, the visible object is impressed by its image upon the eye, and thus becomes the object of the imagination. The imagination presents the object, further divested of its concrete character, to the intellect, which, by a process of abstraction from material and individuating conditions, expresses the object under a spiritual form which we call the idea, and which, because of its universality, may be predicted of several objects. Thus when we say linen is white, the idea whiteness is not confined to linen, but may be predicated by snow or any other white substance. By a long process of study and observation and analysis the idealist forms his ideal of beauty which he transfers to canvas. As the idea is a universal and spiritual reality, its content is nobler and greater than any of the individual objects of which it can be predicated, and its externalization, if it be adequate, must contain something that we shall look for in vain in the individual object of which it is the artistic representation.

The idealist gathers his exemplars principally from observation, and the object of his art is chiefly the human form. The aim of the idealist is to idealize man in his art. Masaccio may be considered as the pioneer of the idealist school. Though we can trace in his work the influence of Giotto and Fra Angelico, he surpasses both in his drawing of the human form, in a knowledge of perspective, and power of execution; but it was not till the fifteenth century that idealistic art reached its zenith in Michaelangelo, Raffaele and Bartolomeo. There is this difference between the idealist and the mystic, that while the latter's chief aim was to



represent the divine in the human, the former's was to represent the human in the divine. The idealist studied the human form most minutely, its expression, the several poses it assumes, the different types in which it is represented, its anatomy, its muscular development, its relations to light and shadow and perspective, its drapery, its action, its repose, the effects of grouping and its several relations to time and space. His artistic ideal was gathered from many sources and fashioned from many types. For him accurate drawing, pose and perspective have no difficulties. In fact, he often created difficulties to show his artistic power in solving them. His ideal, however, represented nature, but nature bearing the impress of divine omnipotence, rather than of divine splendour, the fulness of human life and power rather than human life under the benign influence of divine guidance. In his art we might say we find the superman, not in any Nietzschean sense, but as he came forth from the hand of God, conscious of his dignity, as the masterpiece of creation, and though subject to mortality, still retaining the remnants of his power as master of the world.

Who can look upon the grandiose statue of Moses in San Pietro in Vincoli, or the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, or on the tombs of the Medici in Florence without feeling in Michaelangelo's masterpieces the power of the idealist! Who can stand unmoved before the frescoes of Raffaele in the Vatican—the burning of the Borgo, the battle of the Milvian Bridge and the expulsion of Heliodorus? What thoughts of the beautiful arise in the mind before a canvas by Fra Bartolomeo, when he had reached the fulness of his power, and fallen under the influence of Leonardo and Michaelangelo! Idealistic art has never reached a higher level than in the grandiose figures of St. Dominic and St. Mark, in the convent glorified by the lives of Fra Angelico and Savonarola. Man, in the works of these three great artists, has been idealized. He stands forth, in very deed, the master of the world,—possessing a power that belongs to his soul rather than to his body, the masterpiece of Omnipotence, the Lord and Master of the universe. The concept of him has been gathered from the world, from the construction of his body, and the knowledge of his soul, from the different types of the human family, from their manners and customs, from the consciousness of their origin and their ultimate destiny; and this concept has been externalized and traced by a master hand that knew no faltering, guided by an eye that never wavered from the vision of its noble archetype. It is true that we cannot find the type that they portrayed in individual nature, but is not the content of the idea greater than that of the individual

nature? And though the individual may not represent the entire content of the idea, the idea is nevertheless embodied in the individual and may be predicated of it. It has been gathered by intellectual power of perception and expression, it is the resultant of a spiritual progress which separated it from individuating conditions, spiritualized and transformed it, into a nobler form of the highest of our faculties, the intellect; and it serves as a measure and type for the artist in representing the individual. Idealistic art is beautiful because it is true, since it corresponds with the archetype in the mind. It is good because it has idealized the human form and perfected it. It is noble because it represents the individual apart from all ignoble conditions, the product of divine power, as he might have come from the Creator's hands. We have then the expression of the beautiful in idealistic art, and no one can look upon it without experiencing the intellectual delight that is ever associated with the perception of the beautiful.

The third school of art in which we are supposed to find the expression of the beautiful is the naturalist school. The naturalist took the human form as the subject of his study, and his highest aim was to reproduce it. Neither the mystic nor the idealist had any charm for him. His principal business was to paint the human figure. He studied it neither in its relation to the Creator nor in its relation to the soul. For him its content was flesh and bone and sinew, light and shadow and colour. It was no concern of his what splendour the soul gave to the body, what the body owed to the strenuousness of a virtuous life, nor to the influence of a supernatural province. It was in his eyes a material and sensible thing, of more exquisite proportions and colour than anything else in the world, more subtly charming than the rest of creation, appealing to his aesthetic sense for reproduction, but not for idealistic or mystic embellishment. He clothed it, if indeed he clothed it at all, in exquisite drapery that rather enhanced than concealed its sensuous loveliness. It was a sensible thing and he determined that it should appeal to nothing but sense. His ideal was restricted and not comprehensive as the ideals of the mystic and the idealist. The mystic combined in his ideal the directing providence of the Creator, and the consequent transformation of nature under the influence of this providence. The idealist combined in his concept of the beautiful the power and perfect craftsmanship of the Creator and expressed it in his representation of idealized humanity. While the naturalist, in studying the human form as an object of sense, eliminated from his ideal both the providence and power of God, and presented man to us, in due proportion, it is true, and exquisite colouring, and craftsmanship,



but man, neither appealing to the intellect nor mystic sense. We cannot consider his work beautiful because it is wanting in truth and goodness in its content. It excludes truth because it excludes the soul; it excludes truth and goodness because it excludes the relations of man to the Creator, who alone can perfect man; it excludes the beautiful because it does not appeal to the intelligent nor can it give to man that consciousness of abiding joy which we all experience in the perception of true and real beauty.

The naturalist school had its origin in the severance between the supernatural and the natural, the spiritual and the material. The naturalist school teaches that nothing is real but matter, and that the supernatural and the spiritual are a mere dream, or if they are a reality they are no concern of ours, and hence nothing but matter supplies us with a subject worthy of real consideration. In the naturalist school the science of aesthetics is restricted to matter and the aesthetic emotions to the perception of material things. The perception of the beautiful is confined to sense. It is no concern of any higher faculty which either does not exist or is completely ignored. The naturalist identifies the beautiful with the agreeable, and the utilitarian identifies it with the useful. While the useful and the agreeable are often present in the content of the beautiful, they do not constitute it. There is in the concept of the beautiful, association and appreciation, there is contrast and judgment, and these do not belong to the senses but to the intellect. The perception of the beautiful, then, is not confined to the senses nor shall we find its complete externalization in the works of the naturalist school.

When we institute a comparison to discover the measure of the beautiful in these three schools, we find that the beautiful is found in larger measure in the mystic school, because in it we find, in a higher degree, the true and the good. There are two divisions of truth which we must keep before our minds in estimating the value of the beautiful,—transcendental truth and formal truth. The former is the thing itself connoting the intellect, and having in itself the power of eliciting an intellectual act; it has a transcendental relation to the intellect. Formal truth is the thing itself manifested in the intellect. If it is manifested in the divine intellect, we have absolute truth; if in the human intellect, we have relative truth, which is the consonance of the thing manifested in the intellect with the thing itself. We have seen that man is composed of a body and a soul, and that he has an indestructible desire for truth and good, not truth and good in general but truth and good themselves, which alone are adequate to satisfy and perfect man. As man is the most perfect thing in the world, nothing in it can

add to his perfection; he is only perfected by the divine. The same may be said of the good. No earthly good can perfect him; he can only be perfected by the divine. Man, therefore, has an essential relation to the divine, which he seeks in his desire for the true and good. Mystic art, then, which expresses the divine in the human, expresses the beautiful in the highest degree. Though it may fail in representing the human adequately, it expresses what is far more important, and its content is more in keeping with the divine exemplar in the mind of God, the source of all beauty, and the archetype in the human mind which contains an essential relation to the absolutely true and good.

We find the beautiful in a lesser degree in the idealistic school, which, although it represents the human in a more perfect way in idealistic art, yet it does not express the content of the divine adequately. It expresses the power of God rather than the diffusion of divine life in the human, and hence in idealistic art the divine does not find adequate expression.

In the naturalist school we get the lowest expression of the beautiful. The content of its work is the expression of the content of sense perception. It is the expression of the individual, not the expression of the ideal, and certainly not the expression of the divine. Whatever beauty it possesses, in its colour, in its pose, in its action is confined to the domain of sense and appeals only to sense. It is strictly human and has been inspired by the spirit of humanism. It is not true because it does not express the full content of humanity, as it came from the hand of the Creator; it is not good because it appeals only to sense and not to the intellect and will. It has material unity in variety, it is true, since the parts are adjusted in due proportion, but it excludes formal unity since it excludes the soul and God.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL IN CONDUCT.

When we come to study the question of conduct in the modern world, we are confronted with many difficulties. The question itself has become extremely complicated. In ages that are gone and almost forgotten, it was easy to discuss conduct in the light of the principles that underlie the beautiful, but the days of feudalism are past when conduct was confined to two great categories—the conduct of the lord and the conduct of the serf. The abolition of feudalism, the diffusion of knowledge, the rise of democracy, and the consequent transfer of authority, in large measure, from the classes to the masses, the complication of moral systems which modern philosophy has elaborated, have created difficulties that were hitherto unknown, but that now must be reckoned with



by any one who ventures to discuss the beautiful in conduct. The rationalism of the twelfth century was held in check for a time by the brilliancy of the schoolmen, but it broke out again in the sixteenth century, and has swept the world from end to end ever since. In principle, it made man the centre of intellectual and social life, the judge of all knowledge, human and divine, the arbiter of morals and conduct whose decision in regard to the relations of man with the Creator and with his fellows was final.

In our day the meaning of conduct is restricted in practice to very narrow limits. It is generally confined to our relations with our fellow-men. As long as one does not violate the canons of conduct observed in good society, one's conduct is considered irreproachable, and there is a very substantial and tolerant minority who assert that there is no special reason to rail at conduct, whatever it may be in itself, provided it is not found out. While we shall not, for the moment, discuss this view of the extent of the sphere of conduct, we should bear in mind that objectionable conduct is not confined to up-to-date ladies, screaming their latest scores in bridge or hockey, in a public tram-car, nor to a nursery-maid running a perambulator containing a sleeping baby into one's legs in a congested thoroughfare. The scope of conduct is much more extensive than all this.

If we want to get a right notion of conduct, we must take into consideration the nature of man in whose life and intercourse we look for the beautiful in conduct. Man has been given by the Creator an intellect and a will, and these have been dowered with certain well-defined dispositions and tendencies which we all experience as a fact of consciousness. Man's intellect seeks truth, and his will seeks goodness. It is not partial truth, as we have said, that can satisfy man's intellect; we desire truth itself. There is in the intellect an infinite capacity for truth. We have an insatiable desire to learn which begins with the dawn of reason, and ends only with death. All the truth that we can gather during life does not satisfy us; there is still the capacity and desire for more. The knowledge of phenomena does not satisfy the intellect, it seeks for the cause of them, and when it has found the cause it tries to discover its nature, its bearings and its potential energies, but to find that it too is a phenomenon and dependent on something else. The intellect is still dissatisfied and seeks the first cause of truth which is truth itself, God. Its natural disposition and tendency is rather to seek the effects in the cause, than the cause in the effects. The intellect of man has then an ordination to the divine, and is satisfied in its quest of knowledge only when it is in the possession of the divine, and understands all things in the divine.

It is the supreme ordering of man's conscious being. God is the supreme object of his intellect and will, and his conscious life, if it is to be right, must be lived in the light of this transcendental ordination which brings him into contact with his supreme end and object. The general on the battlefield has one end in view—victory over the enemy. All his dispositions of battle are made in the light of that end, and only in so far as they are made in the light of that end will they conduce to its attainment. In the same way since man has an ordination, in his intellect and will, to truth and goodness itself, in other words, to God, his conscious life will be true and good, only in as much as it is ordered in the light of that end.

But man is a complex being. Besides his intellect and will he has an emotional life of which we may call the heart the centre. The object of the heart is a single and material good; it seeks, of itself, its good in the material world; it yearns for earthly pleasures, and if left to itself without the guidance of the intellect and the restraining power of the will, it impels man to lead a life that has much in common with the life of the animal. The emotional life in man is, however, joined to the intellectual and volitional life, in the closest of bonds, and it is subject to the law of subordination which obtains between the higher and the lower grades of life. Though the intellect and will do not exercise absolute dominion over the emotional life in man, they exercise political dominion, which consists in ordering and guidance and restraint. The intellectual and volitional life is endowed with liberty. The will in man is the highest and most perfect form of human activity. It is a reflective activity in opposition to instinct in animal life, which is a fatal and unconscious activity. It is the power which man possesses of acting with a knowledge of the end he is aiming at, and which makes him master of his action. Hence liberty is the basis of voluntary activity. It is the prerogative of the master; the slave alone is not free. Liberty is founded on the intelligence; the animal is not free because he is not intelligent, man is free only because he is intelligent.

It does not follow that because man is free, he is therefore irresponsible; he is dependent and therefore subject to law. Liberty is too often confounded with license which implies the absence of law and restraint. We live in a free country, yet we are bound by its laws. In fact, though it may seem a paradox, our liberty conditions law. Liberty has a vast sphere of activity. On the one side it is bounded by the infinite, truth itself and goodness itself, God: on the other its boundaries are restricted by apparent truths and apparent good, which in reality are the false and the bad.



We must search for the beautiful in conduct between these two boundaries, the true and the good, the false and the bad.

Man in his personal life has two guiding lights, the light of God and the light of reason. He has a transcendental destination to truth itself and good itself, to God who is his Creator and who has made him to His own image and likeness. As God created man from nothing, man needs His conserving power, and as He has ordered man to Himself, man needs His tutelage and direction. The Creator must enter into his life to conserve it. He must enter into his conduct to direct it. We said that the mystic artist expresses the divine in the human; he represents in the human the true and the good, in the measure of his capacity, and the product of his genius embodies the beautiful in art. The Creator manifested Himself to the world in His Christ, that He might reveal to man His life of God, that man might fashion his own life upon it as a model, and embody its perfections in his conduct. The expression of the life of God in the life of man, in the measure that the infinite can be expressed in the finite, constitutes the Christian life. In Christian life and Christian conduct we have the expression of the true and good, because God is truth itself and goodness itself; we have the expression of unity, because the Christian life is united to life itself, to God, the origin and source of life, and in its conscious acts it manifests the will and providence of its Creator. Christian life, then, since it is the manifestation of the divine life, of the divine will and of divine providence, in the human, is beautiful, and in its conscious activity it expresses the beautiful in conduct. Christian conduct is beautiful.

Who does not admire the conduct of the Saints, in whom we find the expression of the divine life? Their simplicity of character, their humility, their self-abasement, their love of the poor, their love of their fellow-men, their charity, their unselfishness, their self-effacement, their generosity, their forgiveness of injuries,—all these are intensely beautiful. The beauty of their life and conduct appealed even to those who have no desire to imitate them. The mystic charm of their thought and of their communion with the divine casts a spell upon our lives, and we are compelled to admire them. They possess an attractive power, felt more often than understood, that is irresistible, and those who come under its influence, though attracted by motives of curiosity, cannot withhold their praise. What volumes of literature have grown around the gentle Saint of Assisi! Who can withstand the irresistible charm of St. Catherine of Siena, of Henry Suso or of St. Theresa! The divine was expressed in their lives and conduct, which were eminently beautiful.

Besides the light of God there has been given to man the light of reason to be his guide. Reason enables man to discern truth from falsehood. It has a transcendental destination to truth as to the object which perfects it. Truth is its complement. It acts in the light of truth and under its influence. It seeks truth of itself and if true to itself, it will nearly always find truth. The will seeks good, and, as we have seen, absolute good. It has a natural destination to good which perfects it. Wherever we find vitality we shall find an inclination and propensity to something that affects its perfection. As the reason and will are endowed with liberty, there is given to them the alternative of choice; and, as they are finite, they may err in their choice of truth and goodness and may mistake apparent truth and apparent good for real truth and real good, which alone perfect the intellect and will.

The reason acts in the light of truth as its end and object, both in the speculative and practical orders. In the practical order reason is called practical reason or conscience, which, in our direction and guidance, exercises four distinct functions. It is a light that distinguishes between right and wrong; it is an imperative, commanding us to do what is right, and avoid what is wrong, in any given line of action; it is a tribunal that condemns if we do what is wrong; it is an avenger who tortures when wrong has not been righted.

The conscience acts under the influence of truth and good, which constitute its ideal, the realization of which, in our conduct, is the aim of all rational effort. The conscience is extremely complex if we consider all that it presupposes; it is simple if we consider it as the practical judgment it forms at the moment of action and with which it is identified.

In the first place, the conscience presupposes a knowledge of the ideal which is to be realized. In the Christian it presupposes enlightened faith; it presupposes a knowledge of oneself. How can we strive after an ideal to realize it in our lives, if we do not know how far we are separated from it, if we have not studied our souls, measured the capacity of our faculties, counted our resources and numbered our weaknesses; if we are ignorant of the psychological laws which, in every domain, govern human activity; if we have not analyzed our mode of thought, of desire and of action; if we have not reflected on our temperament or our prejudices, arising from race, family or education; if we have no knowledge of the difference between instinct and reason, passion and virtue? The conscience further supposes a knowledge of moral law, human and divine, to which our activity as rational beings is subject in the realization of the end or ideal.



It would be useless to know ourselves, however profoundly, to analyze, as far as possible, our moral energies, if we had not some ideals before us, in the light of which our conduct should be directed and guided. History clearly teaches us that a people without an ideal cannot progress, and we may say the same of the individual, whose moral qualities will depend, in great measure, on the ideal which exercises its influence upon his life. "The idea of the better," says a contemporary philosopher, "is for us the means of realizing the better." The intelligence initiates all its acts in view of certain ends. And the greater number of these ends, far from being indifferent, have a moral value. Character appears from this high standpoint as an order of finality, or, in the words of Emerson, a "moral order," introduced into the nature of the individual by the reaction of his intelligent will, so that a cultured understanding of things, moral and social, in fostering the continuous evolution of character, furthers an ever-increasing progress of moral conduct itself. Did not Socrates conform his life and conduct to his principles and ideals, and that, according to his own testimony, in spite of certain evil propensities of his temperament? Did not Kant realize in his entire life the "categorical imperative?" "I slept," he said, "and I dreamed that life is beauty, but I awoke and saw that it was duty." He awoke under the influence of the ideal. St. Augustine, influenced by his temperament to the excessive indulgence of pleasure, became, under the directing power of the ideal, a great saint."

If conduct is to be beautiful, it must conform to an ideal; it must be ideal conduct. It must be the conduct of an upright man or woman. The ideal must be based on the knowledge of truth and goodness, and must be fashioned under the influence of the true and the good, in their relation to the intellect and will respectively. It must be the product of human liberty acting under the restraint of law, and the direction and guidance of conscience. As an end to be realized it must be in keeping with the dignity of a rational creature. It must be the expression of the mind and will, subordinating to their activity the emotional nature of man, rendering him master of himself and all his actions, otherwise conduct will not express, in its content, the dignity of a rational being, it will not be true. If his conduct is not the expression of his rational and volitional life in its relation to the true and the good, it will not be good, since it will not perfect his nature; for, as St. Thomas observes, if the act of a faculty—especially a spiritual faculty—is not the adequate product of the potential energy of the faculty itself, the faculty is not perfected, but loses in the intensity of its energy. If his conduct is not the adequate

product of the potential energy of the faculties of intellect and will, it will not be the expression of that unity which the beautiful in conduct demands, because it will not express the subordination of the emotional to the intellectual and volitional life.

What, then, is the nature of the ideal which should be the guiding light in conduct, if it is to be beautiful? It does not consist in placing ourselves upon a pedestal, as superior to others, but in becoming masters of ourselves, and of all our actions by the exercise of our free will in the light of reason and conscience. Each of us has a little moral world in himself, which has its own laws, its lights and its shadows, its quiet and its excitement, its days of sunshine and its days of gloom. It is by no means an empty world. Truth diffuses its light therein, but the passions disturb the serene light of truth. They obscure its peaceful shining and truth can hardly penetrate their dark shadow. The ideal should establish in our moral world the light of truth and of reason and blot out the tumultuous clamorings of passion. The ideal should permeate with its light our rational, our volitional and our emotional activity, it should establish in our moral life and conduct a condition of stability, which should make us masters, not of others, but of ourselves.

Ideal conduct, then, is that conduct which is the product of our rational life exercising a mastery over ourselves, and giving us the assurance that we can confidently trust ourselves, in any circumstances whatsoever, to act in the light and under the guidance of that ideal; which further assures us that reason and will and conscience directed in the light of the true and the good shall ever seek them as our end. Ideal conduct, then, is beautiful, because it is true and good, and it secures us that unity which the beautiful requires for its perfection.

To every man and woman who thinks, it must appear evident, that in our modern world conduct is in a state of instability, which gives us every reason for anxiety. This instability, which confronts us everywhere, is the outcome of modern conditions arising from a false conception of duty and conscience. In the modern world there is a disposition to look for the ideal not outside ourselves but in ourselves. Man is no longer to consider himself as a being existing by the power of his Creator, and directed and guided by his providence, but as a law unto himself. We have, unconsciously perhaps, imbibed the subjectivism of Kant, which makes man the source of knowledge and the measure of law. It may be, we are told, that there is a God, and a life after death, but we have nothing to do with that—our only business is to educate man to become a good citizen of the world, who in the domain of



science and art, of morality and education and in public life will no longer depend on faith, which has no right and no value in the direction of human conduct. The deification and the glorification of human nature is the principal source from which what is called modern conduct originates. Its principles and ideals are supplied by the world, not by reason and conscience acting under the influence of the true and the good.

It has been said that conscience presuppose a knowledge of ourselves, of human and divine law, but times have changed and science, we are told, has relegated to the dreams of the past the conception of conscience cherished by Catholic theologians and philosophers. In the light of science and under the impulse of progress, the problem of the moral conscience has changed. Science establishes facts, but knows nothing of the ideal. It attributes no other value to moral laws than that which one gathers from experience. Experience has only a relative value, which is subject to perpetual change, the influence of which even moral laws do not escape. We are told we must no longer distinguish between moral law, hitherto reputed absolute, and universal and positive law, which has only a restricted and relative authority. All moral law in future will be at once natural and positive,—natural in the sense that it shall be bound to adapt itself exactly to all conditions of time and space to which human nature is related in its evolution.—positive in the sense that this adaptation, to be adequate and vital, must take into account that these conditions are produced by the existence of positive facts. Nature as an ideal is a chimera—only *natures* exist. Man as an ideal no longer exists—there are only *men*.

It is clear in this conception of morality that instead of saying a fact is a moral fact, because it corresponds with the rights and laws of conscience, we shall be obliged to judge of the morality of conscience from the relations of its conformity with facts. In other words, law will no longer regulate morals, but morals themselves will have the force of law. But then who will determine the moral value of facts of conscience? By what standard can it be determined that one act is morally good, another morally bad?

Those who reject traditional morality are involved in considerable difficulty when there is question of substituting another in its place. The divergence of opinion on this fundamental point is very great. The principal systems adduced in substitution of traditional morality may be reduced to two, the psychological system and the sociological system. The psychologists tell us that to distinguish between good and evil, between virtue and vice, we have only to study psychological laws. Virtue and vice are products,

like sugar and vitriol. The association of ideas, habit, education, temperament and heredity, the laws of which psychological observation discovers, are the creative and the explanatory causes of the moral conscience, of its apparent unity and real variety, of all the so-called moral judgments and of the sentiments which accompany them. Thus the moral conscience is nothing else than an aspect of the psychological conscience.

The sociologists, though they admit that the psychological solution is simple, assert that it does not cover the complexity of moral phenomena. Psychology only tells us what is, not what ought to be. The question of duty in morals, it is evident, is inseparable from the question of fact, and hence the sociologists conclude that the explanation of duty and moral good cannot be found in psychology. It is to society, they say, we must look and to the laws which it enacts, as exigencies arise, for a solution of the moral problems. The problem of the moral conscience and of conduct admits of only a social solution.

In the first of these systems, the psychological system, it is evident that man is the centre and source of morality. It is by studying himself and the psychological laws that govern his activity, that he discovers moral facts, and the conformity of these facts with the activity and its laws, of which they are the product, constitutes their morality. In this system man is no longer a dependent being, he is absolute without any relativity save to himself. He is responsible to no one but himself. His activity and the morality of it are identified. All his acts are moral, even the most wicked and debased. In this system of morality every crime—murder, robbery and the rest are moral acts and completely justified. In principle the psychological system leads to anarchy and chaos in conduct. Is man an absolute being? It is contrary to evidence and experience and common sense to even suppose it. He is a relative being, having relations to his fellow-man in society, who is a personality having rights like himself. He has relations to the true and the good, as we have seen, because he has an intellect and a will. He has relations to his Creator because he is dependent on his Creator's sustaining power. His psychological activity itself and his conscience tell him in unmistakable language that he is responsible. The psychological system of morals and conduct contains the refutation of itself, and it is abundantly clear that it does not express the content of man's moral activity, and hence it is neither true nor beautiful.

The psychological system of morality and conduct is the parent of all the other systems of morality and conduct that modern philosophy has elaborated. Hedonism, utilitarianism and pragmatism



must recognize it as their source. I can but mention them in passing. They have their origin in the immoderate glorification of man. Their dominant note is egoism and humanism, in a philosophical sense, and as none of them is true, none of them is beautiful.

The sociological system of morality has a more practical, though perhaps a less fundamental bearing on morals and conduct than the psychological system. We cannot conceal from ourselves that conduct in modern times is governed, in large measure, by the principles which society formulates. In pagan nations the state absorbed the individual and violated his rights. In modern times, while the state leaves individual rights intact, society in large measure absorbs them. There is this difference, however, that in ancient times violence was done to the individual in usurping his rights while in modern times the individual voluntarily sacrifices his rights to the principles and canons that society so insinuatingly enforces. We can hardly deny the fact that our convictions, our habits, our tastes, our intellectual activity, our social intercourse, our mode of thought, and even our estimate of morality are influenced and in some measure inspired by society. We have a concrete illustration of this in the insensate vagaries of modern social life, in the artificiality of modern social intercourse, in the extravagant freaks of fashion, especially among women, in our games, in the unprofitable use of time, productive of no good for ourselves or society, in the feverish desire of amusement, usually of an inane and unprofitable sort, and especially in the fact that the two most intense applications of human activity are directed to the invention of the means to slay one another, and to enable us to forget ourselves. We have the one in the invention of engines of destruction in war, and the other in the invention of sources of so-called amusement, which enable us, in most cases, to forget that we are rational beings, and to persuade ourselves that the world has entered on a state of second childhood.

Man has received the faculty of reason to know truth and the faculty of will to desire good. Can we say that the principles which modern society formulates for the conduct of those who surrender themselves to its direction make for the true and the good? Are its canons in keeping with the dignity of reason and conscience and common sense? Are its votaries who have sacrificed their convictions to its empty formularies living in accordance with the dignity of a rational creature? We think not. The aggregate of human beings who constitute society must live in the light and under the influence of the true and the good just as much as the individual. They must direct their life in the light of conscience.

Their conduct must conform to an ideal that shall be in conformity with the true and the good, with reason and conscience; it must be directed to the realization of the ideal, which we have seen constitutes the beautiful in conduct.

We are of opinion that modern social conduct cannot be called beautiful. We do not find in its content the true and the good; its instability excludes that unity which the beautiful conditions, and it does not conform to any noble ideal. We are consequently bound to conclude that modern social conduct can lay but small claim to the beautiful.

We find, then, the highest expression of the beautiful in Christian conduct, especially in the lives of the saints, because in it we find the expression of the divine. We find the beautiful in ideal conduct, because in it we find the expression of reason and conscience and the ideal under the direction and guidance of the divine. We find lastly the lowest expression of the beautiful, if, indeed, it can be called beautiful at all, in modern social conduct, because in it there is no expression of the divine, the lowest expression of reason and enlightened conscience, the expression of an ideal that is ever changing, and that appeals only to sense and imagination, while the beautiful, as we said in the beginning, appeals to and is akin to the intellect, man's highest faculty.

M. M. O'KANE, O. P.

Dublin, Ireland.

---

### IS DOGMA OUT OF DATE?

ONE of the most fashionable notions of the present day is that which proclaims that creeds and dogmas are antiquated. They are belated survivals from ruder and less enlightened times. Today, the world is too busy, too practical and progressive, on the one hand, or too enlightened, too highly civilized, on the other, to see any value or validity or sacrosanctity in religious or philosophical formulas. The men and the nations that lead the modern world in all forms of progress have shown their contempt for dogma, by silently ignoring it, or by violently suppressing it. The leaders of modern thought have swept away its very foundations, and their work has been popularized on the platform, in the newspapers, magazines and best-sellers.

The attack upon dogma runs upon two main lines. It is impossible to formulate religious and philosophical truth in propositions that will have definite, intelligible meaning, and permanent validity.



Even if it were possible, it would be useless. Dogma is of no use, either for the daily life of duty or for the higher life of the spirit. The enemies of dogma are the Agnostics and skeptics, the so-called Mystics and the practical man.

In revealed religion, a dogma is a truth revealed by Almighty God, and propounded as such by the Church to the faith of believers. It is stated in plain, precise, unambiguous language, so that all men may be able to distinguish it from the error which, as a rule, was the occasion for its formulation. In natural theology the name of dogma may be applied to the truths about God, His existence and attributes, which human reason is able to discover and to formulate in terms of scientific exactness.

The opponents of dogma deny its validity and its utility. They fail to observe that their denial itself is based on some principle. If they attempt to defend their denial by rational discussion they have to give reasons, and these reasons are ultimately traceable to a view of life, a system of philosophy and metaphysics to which they themselves stand committed. This view, this system of theirs, has to be stated in precise intelligible propositions. And these propositions themselves are nothing more or less than dogmas. The opponents of dogma are themselves the most inveterate of dogmatists. Just as the absolute skeptic cannot so much as state his position in words without contradicting himself, so the opponent of dogma cannot make a movement without taking his stand on the very principle of dogma. He aims at undermining the solid ground on which he stands, and he is hoist with his own petard.

Let us first consider the practical man. He has no use for creeds and dogmas. There are good men of every creed and there are good men without any creed. The important thing is to be a good man. The golden rule is religion and ethics enough for any man. Do your duty, be kind, just, generous, obey the laws, give everybody a square deal, bear your share of the burdens, dangers, sufferings of life; that is, enough to make you a good man and a good citizen. If you are affiliated with any church, that is your own affair. Do not criticise or condemn any other man's church. Creeds are not important enough to quarrel over. If creeds were abolished we should be rid at once of bigotry, religious rancour, and all the squalid squabbles and controversies that waste so much time and energy and do so little good. Abolish creeds and all the churches can co-operate in the excellent work of ethical teaching, and engage in a noble rivalry to see which will turn out the best citizens. The practical man will go on to say that Christ was not a dogmatist but an ethical teacher and exemplar, that He taught no creed, no religion; nothing except the golden rule and the duty of fraternal

love among men. He is ready, however, to drop the New Testament, should it appear that his reading of it is at fault.

Now, the practical man does not like argument on abstract themes, though he is quick enough to pick up and to use any argument, however abstract, that may help out his own side, and he will pay professors and preachers and editors to uphold his views by abstruse reasoning which is quite beyond his own comprehension. Thus, it is not easy to get at him, so as to begin to persuade him that there is another side to the question. At the same time he is not without shrewdness and candor and there are a few points worthy of his consideration which might be put before him in a way to arrest and hold his attention, till he begins to grow suspicious about his own infallibility, and about the sufficiency of his view of the whole duty of man.

In these days of evolution and the struggle for existence, and the zeal for eugenics, the golden rule itself must be defended. Some writers in a hurry have been claiming that the European war betokens the failure of dogmatic religion. If religion has anything to do with the matter, one could point to the fact that the foes of religion have always claimed that France, England and Germany were enlightened and progressive, precisely in the degree of their rejection of dogmatic religion. Austria now and before the war got less sympathy than any of the other belligerents, precisely because Austria is Catholic; Austria is sneered at, as the mere vassal of Germany, and the very men who are opposed to Germany profess their regret that Germany does not now produce more Schopenhauers, Herders, Goethes, etc., to do the very work of undermining that dogmatic religion which, they say, has failed to hinder the war. But just listen to John Bull, as he tells the world that the Germans have no use for the golden rule, that they are all believers in Nietzsche's theory of the superman with his iron rule of might against right; while the Germans retort that "Britannia Rules the Waves" is a far more flagrant and far less honest avowal of the same ruthless creed of force. If we come nearer home, we find our Socialists declaring that big business is a mighty upholder of the superman idea; the strong, the efficient, the men with the power may and must control the business, the lawmaking, the very lives of the citizens of the country. Liberty, fraternity, equality—all these words stand for dogmas, for rigid principles which have to be explained and defended against avowed or secret opponents. The golden rule itself is an inheritance from ages when men believed in the doctrine of the incarnation; decay of belief in that truth is the root-cause of the decay of the sense of human brotherhood, and when the root is withered or cut away,



it is vain to look for flowers or fruit. The example and the words of Christ established the golden rule in the hearts of men, because He taught as one having authority, and men accepted His word as the word of God, the immutable truth.

The practical man must also say what he means by duty. The sound ethical notions that still prevail among civilized men are part of the Christian tradition; apart from that tradition they gradually become vague and obscure, so that there is scarcely one of them which has not been made the object of attack by some enlightened scribe. The very concept of duty itself has no sacredness if it be divorced from religion; the sacredness which it still has for men who do not believe in God, is another inheritance from the time when men could address Duty as the

“Stern Daughter of the Voice of God.”

Then why ought man do his duty? The practical man may be tempted to quote some Stoic formula about virtue being its own reward; but as a rule he believes no such thing. Voltaire himself would retain belief in heaven and hell in order that pickpockets, assassins, and all that class of people might be kept in their place. Our practical man likes to see his wife and children going to church, believing in God and in Christianity, in the sanctity of the home, and the need for parental authority. He is careful enough to keep out the extreme forms of feminist literature, and words would not express his feelings if he found wife or daughter studying the latest and most advanced theories about free-love and platonic affinities. Perhaps he is an advanced thinker himself, and sees no objection to woman suffrage; he thinks, perhaps, that women are intelligent and strong enough to engage with profit in the struggles of the political arena. In that case he is involved in one of the curious contradictions of advanced thought; for he thinks woman is not intelligent and strong enough to do without religion, while at the same time he thinks she is intelligent and strong enough to take part in politics.

He has to make up his own mind about such difficult subjects as matrimony, justice in public and private life, education, and a host of others. Divergence of view on these matters invariably springs from divergency about root-principles; these principles, definitely formulated, are dogmatic in their nature. Should our practical man be unable or unwilling to test and to verify them for himself, then he accepts them and their consequences on the authority of other men; that is he accepts in practice, what in theory he rejects as the most objectionable aspect of the dogmatic principle, namely, docile submission to another mind than his own. He imagines,

perhaps, that he is an independent thinker, when he is no more than a feeble echo of the last editorials he read or the last lecture he heard.

For him and for all men the fundamental question is not what I or any group of men, or phase of public opinion, may say about duty in general or my duties in the concrete, but what God commands me to do, and what He forbids. The practical man does not deny or question the existence of God, out of the abundance of his own sense; when he goes that far, he usually is following some fashionable leader, or goes with a crowd and does not want to seem odd. In any case, he says, he has not time or capacity for these abstruse inquiries, and is content to stay neutral. He cannot do so, however he may try; he cannot make his wife and children worship and obey God, without feeling the sting of conscience himself. He must be one thing or the other; and he is too shrewd and too practical to fail to see that his duties to God are the most important of all his duties. In moments of trial and sorrow, this will come upon him with a vividness and force from which there is no escape. Then he will see that the only thing of real practical importance for him to do, is to make an act of faith and to say his prayers. The very quarrels of religious people will suggest to him that there must be something really worth quarreling about. He is fundamentally right in his suspicion that the multitude of sects is a sign of some initial error of temper or method or of both. He is also right in his dislike of man-made dogma in revealed religion. Dogma, like the Bible itself, must be divine as well as human. Divine in its origin, and in the providence which secures the correct statement of heavenly truth in human language. The practical man, even in spite of himself and his superficial theories he introduces into his conversation, is at bottom an inveterate dogmatist; and he cannot fail to see, if he be sincere, that revealed religion must be dogmatic, and dogmatic teaching demands a living teacher.

He is big-hearted and he is a gentleman, and he respects the ministers of religion, but he feels that there is something more than mere good nature and good breeding in it. In every city block the church spires direct his thoughts to the skies, and he feels that they were not built by fools or for any foolish purpose. He shudders when he hears the blasphemies at the street corners, and that shudder, too, reveals some holy secret in his heart. He will not stand for vulgar language about sacred things, and he wants to take off his hat when he hears the names of God and of Christ, even though he has forgotten or neglected many a sacred lesson he learned at his mother's knee.



If he tries to live up to his own principles, he cannot fail to observe his own weakness and his own ignorance. He often cannot say what is right to do, and often he finds it a hard struggle to do what he knows to be right. He is not satisfied with his good name among men; he wants to stand right with his own conscience. How is he to do that? Where is he to get light and strength in his difficulties?

You cannot ask him to go down to the public library and become a Wandering Jew of literature, poring over all the pages from Plato to Mrs. Eddy. He has no time for it. He has not that brains for it. He is not built that way. He has not the bent or the gift for that kind of study, nor has he the training or the leisure. He cannot help feeling that God must have provided an easier way for the sons of men to gain the light and the strength they need. Common sense tells him that the squabbling sects must be astray; and he finds that they all err in their initial principle of rejecting the messenger accredited from God to man. Common sense bids him ask God's help and use that help when it comes, till he recognizes that Messenger by her Divine Tokens of Unity, Holiness, Catholicity, Apostolic origin. The practical man, if he is really practical, and gives himself fair play, will see that the Catholic Church is the right place for him and for all men.

## II.

Now we come to the mystic. He is a more difficult proposition. The practical man has common sense, or at all events, he professes a certain regard for that oracle; the mystic has no words to express his scorn for it, and therefore is content to show his disrespect for it in his methods and manners. Moreover the practical man is often endowed with a sense of humor; while the mystic is too heavily weighted by the secret he bears in his bosom to notice how he looks in the mirror. And, thirdly, the practical man has some little respect for the usages of human language, which he has to attend to in his business or his profession; whereas the mystic looks upon language as a plastic medium to be worked up into fantastic forms, or as an instrument on which he may play the rhapsodies of his imagination and the music of the spheres. The mystic is as elusive as the vapor out of which he weaves his cloudy theories. To attempt to argue with him would be about as profitable an undertaking as to shell a cloudbank with a forty-two centimetre howitzer. Still there is just a little method in his madness; to detect a few of his ways that are dark and his tricks that are vain may not be unprofitable to folks who are content to keep their feet on solid earth.

Of course, there is a true as well as a false mysticism. The chosen servants of God are raised up by Him, even in this life, to an intimate union, which no human mind can conceive, no human imagination can picture, no human language describe. Thus, St. John of the Cross warns us that his writings could not fully describe his experiences. But there is rational and logical coherence in them. They are always in harmony with the truths of faith. The true mystic loves Jesus Christ, because he believes that Jesus Christ is God made man for our salvation. He loves and adores the One God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and would die rather than entertain the slightest doubt about the Blessed Trinity or any other doctrine of the Faith. He sees and obeys Christ in His Church, and is sensitively loyal to the Church in all things, and in all things is animated by her spirit. He is exact and punctual in the discharge of the ordinary duties of his state of life, and frequently, as in the case of St. Teresa, displays practical shrewdness in the management of affairs, and business capacity of a high order. He is content to tread the common track of purification by penance and self-denial, by humility and obedience and even in the way of Illumination and of Union; he will never lose sight of his nothingness in the presence of God. His favorite prayer will always be that of the publican, uttered with a sincerity proportioned to the Divine Light that is vouchsafed to him, "O God! be merciful to me a sinner!" At all times, he will be conscious of the great truth, that the Divine Favours he enjoys, are far above the reach of human merits and of the natural powers of man. His consciousness of this will but deepen his humility, and increase his gentle kindness to all men. But two things will stir him to holy zeal and anger; he is sensitive about the sacred truths of religion and about the image of God by grace in the human soul, and so he cannot abide wilful error or sin. He has Faith which works by Charity. He is a believer and a saint.

False mysticism is something vastly different from this. It considers vagueness and obscurity the mother of wisdom. It delivers its Delphic oracles with an assumption of utter indifference as to their reception among the vulgar herd, yet it is pretty exacting in its demands upon the publishers. It delights in speaking about "the diviner life," about the sanctities and the mysteries and the Holy of Holies. It finds the Divine everywhere, not in the sense that all creation tells of God, not in the sense that God is everywhere, not in any sense that can be grasped by the non-mystical intellect of man. It ignores cause and effect, as savoring too much of the solid earth which it despises. It floats among the clouds, and delights in remote analogies, obscure metaphors, opal hushes and rhythmical twilights. It utters contradictory statements without



the slightest compunction and will show its acquaintance with modern thought by giving you a quotation from Hegel to show that contradiction is not merely the spice of life, but one of its fundamental laws. It will recite the Apostles' Creed with a vague feeling that there may possibly be some sense in the words different from the Orthodox sense, which it despises and ridicules, yet sufficiently thin and vaporous to justify the initial "Credo." It is equally edified by the Bible and the Koran, by the Imitation of Christ and the Rubaiyat of Omar. The lack of honesty and sincerity, as well as of clear thinking, here displayed, is justified by the calm assertion that it is all a question of moods. This vagrant bee finds honey in every flower according to its own sweet will, even though the honey be mostly invisible to the naked eye. The Pseudo-Mystic tries to sit on two stools. He keeps the phrases of Orthodoxy, but hastens to fall on his knees before the rude Agnostic who shouts aloud that these phrases are devoid of meaning. He then repeats the phrases of the Agnostic until the Positivist comes along; and then he substitutes Humanity with a capital H for the Unknowable with a capital U. The materialist, the Spiritualist, the Buddhist and the rest of the purveyors of intellectual novelties, each in turn, takes the poor Mystic captive, and he goes along obediently in his train. For the modern mystic follows the fashions, and that for very practical reasons. He likes to be in the swim, to be popular, to be quoted, to have his long-haired coterie, to be taken seriously; and he likes to sell his books. His importance is mainly fictitious and artificial. He is taken too seriously, he is called a Teacher precisely because he declaims upon the futility of all teaching, and a Prophet, precisely because prophecy is impossible. He plays the game of the atheist and the agnostic in a subtle fashion which may be far more effective than the rude aggressiveness which is the characteristic of those men themselves. He helps to persuade the world that religion is only poetry, and minor poetry at that, a matter of vague sentimentality, the yearnings and soulful throbbings of sentimental schoolgirls.

After much shaking of the rainbow mixtures of the mystics, one sometimes gets a precipitate of intelligible language; and it usually means the doctrine of direct Intuition of the Divine, or what is the next step in error, the Pantheism of Hegel or of Spinoza. Some mystics are indiscreet enough to state these things definitely. Then, of course, they are just plain dogmatists like other people. They are upholding a dogma and an orthodoxy of their own. When pressed by argument or by ridicule they abandon these positions, saying that all knowledge, all thought is relative and changeable, and what is true today may be false tomorrow. Of course this,

too, is a dogma; the mystics, like the sceptics, must hold their tongues if they wish to avoid self-contradiction.

### III.

We come now to the Agnostic. He is the real enemy of Dogma. He is the modern prophet, who teaches the Practical Man, and who drives the Pseudo-mystic up a tree, and leaves him there in peace only so long as he consents to make minor poetry and wistful music out of doubts of the Agnostic.

The Agnostic himself ranges over a wide territory. He may discern in matter the promise and potency of all terrestrial life, and hold that the dramas of Shakespeare and the music of Mozart were once latent in a fiery cloud; or the cloud and the earth may seem to him no better than a phantasmagoria of the mind, projected by some mysterious mental chemistry upon the background of nothingness. In the former case he is a materialist, holding the dogmas of materialism with a tenacity as grim and unbending as that of the old Scotch Calvinists. In the latter case he is an extreme Sceptic, and therefore is condemned to eternal silence, since he can make no statement without contradicting his fundamental principle of universal doubt. But that principle itself is not any original intuition on his part; it is based on a theory of some kind about the nature of knowledge, the capacity of human faculties of cognition, and the like; and this theory, too, is dogmatic in its nature. It is derived from Hume or Kant or Mill or some other modern prophet; and many of the Agnostics are content with quoting the words of the master, whoever he may be. This, too, is a dogmatic procedure of an extreme kind. Still more offensively dogmatic is the attitude of those who say nothing can be known about ultimate realities, because they, by their arbitrarily chosen methods, have failed to find out anything. They make their own minds, and their own methods, the supreme criterion of all truth.

Akin to the utter sceptics are the Modernists, with their theory of the mutability of Dogma. Dogma, according to them, is no more than the temporary form in which the intellect expresses the experiences of the inner consciousness. It is true with a provisional truth. It is true today and will be almost certainly false tomorrow. This is, of course, to make conviction a matter, not of evidence and proof, but of moods and tenses. It is to make the vague sentimentality of the individual the guide of life, the source and the measure of truth and knowledge. It is bad psychology and unhealthy ethics, since it leaves the most important issues of life under the control of a factor that imperatively demands the control of reason and of facts and principles definitely ascertained.



To tell the sentimentalist to distrust his own yearnings and experiences, and to try to enter into the yearnings and experiences of other souls, alleged to be nobler and more enlightened, is to steal back the principle of tradition and authority, the very essentials of the dogmatic principle which the Modernists have rejected at the start. The principle that truth is relative, that dogma is changeable, is itself a Dogma, and therefore it shares in the relativity and changeableness of all dogmas; so that tomorrow the modernist may find himself compelled to hold that truth is absolute, eternal, immutable. If everything must change in the mental sphere of the modernist, then his fundamental dogma must change like everything else. In a word, the Modernist is caught in the same trap as the sceptic.

The human mind cannot stay on this Procrustean bed. The Agnostics, as a rule, take a step or two in advance of the sceptic. They feel safe and more comfortable away from the edge of the abyss. Man must have some theory of life and of the world, however imperfect it may be. He needs a system of ethics, and even though all the old religions are antiquated, the religious instinct remains, and some substitute must be found for the creeds outworn. A few feeble voices, it is true, have been raised from time to time, to protest against this belated pandering to superstitious instincts that had become atrophied, or rather wholly removed by the surgery of agnostic science. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen seriously scandalized many grave persons in the Agnostic camp, when he declared that he saw no need for religion of any kind or under any disguise, considering what a beautiful and interesting world we live in, with poetry, politics, history, business, art, music, love, and many other fine things to help us pass the time till we vanish into the nothingness we came from. This will never do, was the almost universal verdict of the Prophets.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Mallock<sup>2</sup> clearly showed that the sacredness of duty, the mystery and the holiness of Purity, of Love, and of Marriage, the charm and the dignity of art and literature, depended wholly upon the Christian tradition, and for that tradition modern prophets had as yet provided no adequate substitute. This was felt by the prophets themselves and they set about meeting the long-felt want.

Spencer, with his "Unknowable," was the first in the field. According to him, the religion of the future will consist in worship, mostly of the silent sort, at the Altar of the Unknowable. Matthew Arnold discoursed about the Stream of tendency, the eternal not-ourselves, which makes for righteousness. Here, of course, we

---

<sup>1</sup> See the amusing "Voices of Babel," by Father Gerard, S. J., published by the English Catholic Truth Society.

<sup>2</sup> "Is Life Worth Living?"

have dogma with a vengeance, dogma asserted with all emphasis, not merely without evidence, proof or authority, but coupled with the assertion that proof and authority are not merely absent, but unattainable. There is no possibility of proving that the Unknowable exists, and is worthy of worship, silent or vocal. There is no proof that there is a stream of tendency, that it is eternal, that it is not-ourselves, that it makes for righteousness; rather, according to these prophets themselves, all the evidence points the other way. Spencer, Arnold and all their disciples, all the devout believers in the Unknowable, are accordingly Dogmatists in that least creditable meaning of the term which they have in mind when they condemn the Christian Creed. This fact did not escape the notice of the vigilant critics who had notions of their own about what the world wants. They pointed out that nobody, not even Mr. Spencer himself, knows anything about the Unknowable, that for all we know it might be a gooseberry or a parallelopiped. The honest thing to do therefore is to drop the unfair trick of spelling it with a capital U; spell it with a small u and call it unknown.<sup>3</sup>

The weighty monthlies and quarterlies of England were made sprightly by the excellent fooling of Spencer's critics, such as Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Leslie Stephen, etc. Mr. Harrison came forward gallantly with his own divinity which was nothing more or less than the "Humanity" of Comte. He thought that this god would do in place of the Christian God, Who had been banished from the world by victorious analysis. But he reckoned without his confreres in the ranks of the Enlightened. He was calmly asked what right he had to spell Humanity with a capital letter any more than Spencer had in regard to the Unknowable; capitalizing in this way, he was told, was but a poor attempt at canonizing or rather deifying; one critic told him that humanity in the lump was but a poor thing, "a beast of a creature"; another told him that his choice specimens—Luther and St. Thomas Aquinas, Moses and Spinoza, Aristotle and Descartes—would not get on very harmoniously together, and could only, by their inveterate antagonisms, divide and confuse and mislead, rather than guide and enlighten poor humanity; while still another gave the unkindest cut of all, by calling him papistical, with the heavenly and the earthly hierarchies indefinitely enlarged according to no acknowledged rule of classification or canonization, and with M. Comte in the chair of Peter. That is to say, the Positivists are the most positive of Dogmatists. And so it fared with all who tried to cover some idol of their own device with the stolen clothes of religion. Each in turn was assailed by all the rest. Each in turn was told that his

---

<sup>3</sup> Gerard, *ib.*



substitute for religion was far inferior to the original article. Each in turn on the other hand gave the old religion the second place after his own substitute. It was like the old Greek story of the statesman whose name was second on all the lists of candidates voted for, after the name of the voter himself, which was put first in all cases. This disunion and strange agreement among the anti-dogmatic dogmatists gave the bystander the impression that the old Dogma is still able to hold its own. By a simple process of counting the second vote, we get the old Dogma restored.<sup>4</sup>

It is unnecessary to follow the agnostics in their other dogmatic affirmations and denials, such, for instance, as their confident assertion that miracles cannot happen, and do not happen, that any and every higher critic is in turn right, so long as he keeps clear of traditional views, that the latest theory about the Synoptic Problem or the Fourth Gospel, is immutable scientific truth, provided only it is objectionable to the orthodox. In all this we find the same confident, aggressive tone and manner, which is the very essence of Dogmatism. Childlike faith in every word of the modern prophets who attack Christianity, is another feature of the new Dogmatism. For, after all, the principle of Dogma is indestructible. Men need teachers. Men need definite teaching. If they abandon the Teacher sent by God, they can only turn to some blind leader of the blind, or bury themselves in the depths of their own ignorance and conceit. They can never get away from dogma of one kind or another, until they plunge into the abyss of Absolute Scepticism.

P. A. FORDE.

St. Paul, Minn.

---

## THE LARGE PHILOSOPHY IN THE LITTLE POEMS OF FATHER TABB.

IF literary fame depended merely upon the memory of man and upon a constant popularity instead of depending upon the quality and importance of a writer's work, the term "immortal," when applied to literary artists of the highest attainment, would be an uncertain epithet of praise and recognition of their undying worth. Their lives and the expression of their thoughts and fancies are so interlinked with the experiences, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and ambitions and aspirations of the lives of feeling, thinking and acting humanity, that therein lies the

---

<sup>4</sup> Gerard, *ib.*

solid claim to immortality enjoyed by the foremost literary geniuses in the world of letters. For the rest, where talent and even genius gives them a place in the history of any country's literature, their reputation must ever be subject to a varying popular favor. Reputation and popularity, when applied to authors, is so subject to change and fickleness of taste, that an author whose fame basks in the sunlight of public approval today, may on the morrow be forgotten. But the really great names in the world's literature seem to enjoy an undying fame; and while such great writers as Shelley, Keats, Byron, Browning, Wordsworth and Tennyson, among English bards, may be allowed to rest on their laurels, so to speak, for certain periods of time, yet they bid fair to hold their places among the "immortals," even if an occasional revival of these poets should at times be necessary to prevent them from sinking into a prolonged oblivion, as so frequently falls to the lot of really great writers whose names are emblazoned on the pages of the history of English literature.

The truly great writers do not die. Instance our great American poet, Edgar Allen Poe, whose popularity abroad is even greater than in America, tardy as we have been to accord him, because of unseemly prejudice, his proper place in a niche of the temple of literary fame. The memory of Tennyson is still green in the hearts and minds of English-speaking people the world over. Wordsworth is gaining more admirers with the increasing years. And so, while for a time still other great poets may have lost some of their popularity among readers in general, they ever find constant patronage in the best of literary circles. Some writers, it is true, have not that broad appeal which warrants popularity with the reading public, and so we find Browning, for example, more to the liking of deep thinkers and classical scholars. The German people worship Goethe and Schiller; but Schiller's plainer speech will appeal to a larger number of his people, and he will ever be in a sense more popular than Goethe for that reason. Nevertheless, Goethe, the patrician, is enthroned on high and is approached by the German-reading public, but ever with more awe than is accorded the plebeian Schiller, and, of course, less frequently.

It was not surprising, then, to the writer of this article, when in a recent conversation with Alfred Noyes, on whose brows rest England's freshest laurels of poetry, that he should say of Father Tabb that he was best known and admired in the exclusive literary circles of his country. In fact, Rev. John Banister Tabb was recognized in England a decade of years before he sprang into fame as a poet on this side the Atlantic. His popularity was not of the kind accorded Father Ryan, that other poet-priest of the South



whose war-songs were on the lips of so many during the late unpleasantness and for years afterwards. Father Tabb's poetry appealed and still appeals to the scholar rather than to the general reader. The lyric quality of his verse endeared him to all alike; but his oftentimes elusive flights of fancy and his intricate conceits and bits of fantasy necessarily made him a poet more closely studied and admired by the select few of scholarly attainments.

It may not be generally known, but according to one who was intimate with Father Tabb as a co-worker at St. Charles College, where he was a member of the faculty, the monumental work of the poet-priest's career was a hitherto unparalleled translation of Horace's *Ars Poetica*. This scholarly work of metrical translation, which a few of his intimate friends had seen in manuscript form, promised fair to be classed with Pope's translation of the *Iliad* and Dryden's translation of the *Aeneid*. Father Tabb had been urged to have the manuscript published, but death came to him with the crowning work of his genius still in manuscript form. It may be that his loss of sight in the last few years of his life frustrated a wish to carefully revise once more the completed translation before he let it go forth to the world. At least his death spared him the grief and disappointment that may well have come to him, when the treasured manuscript fell a prey to the flames that destroyed the venerable college building a few years ago. Here was a real loss to the student-world at large, and scholars who knew its worth may never see its like again. Accordingly, we are to know Father Tabb only by his lyrics and sonnets, wherein are stored such sweets as were distilled by the honeyed hyblas, Keats and Shelley, intermingled with lyric quality and melody inspired in him by the friend of his bosom, Sidney Lanier.

Lyrics, being the expression of deep and sudden emotion, are necessarily brief in expression. Brevity, too, is the soul of wit, and in Father Tabb are had a happy blending of deep feeling and flashes of wit. It was, therefore, his nature to write short verses. Like Dr. Johnson in his biographies, his poetic outbursts of song were couched in a "little language," and in this form of expression he has not been surpassed. In form and conceit his style was original; and his originality in the treatment of his poetic ideas will ever assure him a unique place in English literature. Nor is this all. Father Tabb's style of writing is not his only claim to originality and greatness. His is the happy faculty of expressing in a few best chosen words, a breadth and depth of meaning which makes of his poems the epitome of a wide range of human experience, secular knowledge and religious faith, and which denotes him to be not only a poet, but a philosopher as well. He has touched chords

of human sympathy as a lyricist and has sounded the depths of ethical and metaphysical insight, which only his character and education as a Catholic priest could afford him. And so he has written, for our delight and edification and instruction, those priceless cameos of faultless poesy.

We shall consider, in turn, Father Tabb's poems of friendship, his nature poems, his philosophical poems, his religious poems, and lastly his sonnets with their deep spiritual significance.

Firm and steadfast friendship is one of the sacred things of life. Vaunted friendship that will not stand the test when calumny and misunderstanding come its way, is but a travesty of true and lasting friendship, an essential characteristic of which is unity of sentiment. There can be no discord where there is a harmony of hearts.

History has given us many notable examples of true and devoted friends. The story of those two pagan paragons of friendship, Damon and Pythias, never grows old in the telling. The Old Testament tells us of the ties of friendship that bound together David and Jonathan. And in the New Testament we have narrated that crowning and for us an ever symbolic friendship that existed between John, the beloved disciple, and the God-Man, Jesus Christ Himself.

Aristotle tells us that perfect friendship is based on virtue. "Friendship," he says, "is either itself a virtue, or connected with virtue. "For:

"Friendship is still accompany'd with virtue  
And always lodged in great and gen'rous minds."

While utility is the meanest motive upon which friendship can be based, that which is founded on goodness must ever appear the highest. "Owe no man anything but to love one another; for he that loveth another, hath fulfilled the Law." Romans XIII-8.

Let us consider Father Tabb in his friendship for Sidney Lanier as expressed in his poetry. Like Shakespeare he could say: "I count myself in nothing else so happy, as in a soul rememb'ring my good friends." From the day that these two great souls met in Point Lookout prison as Confederate soldiers during the Civil War, their friendship continued warm and close. Of them Addison could have truly said:

"Great souls by instinct to each other turn  
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn."

Theirs were "kindred thoughts, deep sympathies and untold fancy spells." Aristotle has well said: "Men cannot know one another till they have eaten the requisite quantity of salt together; nor can they, in fact, admit one another to intimacy, much less be



friends, till each has appeared to the other, and been proved to be a fit object of friendship." As prisoners of war, these two kindred souls, at peace, shared their meagre meals of prison fare and interchanged ideas about the allied arts of poetry and music. Father Tabb seems to refer to this when in "Captives" he sings:

"Strangers in all but misery  
And music's sustaining tie,  
They lived and loved and died apart,  
But soul to soul and heart to heart."

The Christian's belief in immortality is coupled with the hope that he shall one day be united in heaven with those he loved upon earth. And so a writer well reminds us: "Friendship is love refin'd, and purged from all its dross. It antedates a glad eternity and is a heaven in epitome."

In the opening and dedicatory poem in the little volume of Father Tabb's poems that lies before us, this sentiment is beautifully expressed. It is entitled "Ave: Sidney Lanier," and runs as follows:

"Ere Time's horizon-line was set,  
Somewhere in space our spirits met,  
Then o'er the starry parapet  
Came wandering here.  
And now, that thou art gone again  
Beyond the verge, I haste amain  
(Lost echo of a loftier strain)  
To greet thee there."

Veiled tributes to Lanier appear from time to time in the verses of Father Tabb. Lanier was his guiding star, and so he sings on one occasion:

"While thine image in my heart  
Doth steadfast shine;  
There haply, in thy heaven apart  
Thou keepest mine."

And again,

"Beggared I am of want,  
This boon possessing,  
That thou dost love me."

He would seem to refer to the influence of the poet upon his life, when he sings:

"I feel thee, as the billows feel  
A river freshening the brine;

A life's libation poured to heal  
The bitterness of mine."

Two of his poems, besides those already referred to, speak directly of Lanier. Thus runs his poem *On the Forthcoming Volume of Sidney Lanier's Poems*:

"Snow! Snow! Snow!  
Do thy worst, Winter, but know, but know  
That, when the Spring cometh, a blossom shall blow  
From the heart of the Poet that sleeps below,  
And his name to the ends of the earth shall go,  
In spite of the snow"

And again in his poem, *To Sidney Lanier*, we read:

"The dewdrop holds the heaven above,  
Wherein a lark, unseen,  
Outpours a rhapsody of love  
That fills the space between.  
  
My heart a dewdrop is, and thou,  
Dawn-spirit, far away,  
Fillest the void between us now  
With an immortal lay."

Lover of nature that he was, Father Tabb was not a nature worshiper. He was possessed of the same love of the true and the beautiful as was characteristic of Keats. He did not, however, mistake nature for the God of nature; nor was he in any sense a Pantheist. His clear Christian vision enabled him to see the reflection of the beauty and the goodness of the Creator in the works of His creation. He loved the true, the good and the beautiful; but, in so loving them, he referred his love of them to the God whose gifts to men they are. In a word, Father Tabb in his nature-poems sees a God revealed in nature as a loving Father showering benefits upon his children.

In his poem "Blossom," pregnant with meaning, he indicates that the love of the Creator for man as manifested in the beautiful objects of nature can leave no room for mere prosaic utilitarianism. He sings:

"For this the fruit, for this the seed,  
For this the parent tree;  
The least to man, the most to God—  
A fragrant mystery  
Where Love, with Beauty glorified,  
Forgets Utility."

Addressing the rose in another poem, he says :

“Naught knowest thou of sin,  
Yet tears are thine ;  
Baptismal drops within  
Thy chalice shine  
At morning’s birth, at evening’s calm decline.”

His metaphors are all drawn from his intimacy with the Scriptures. He reveals the priest in the poet, and the poet in the priest. Thus, in “Golden Rod” :

“As Israel, in days of old,  
Beneath the prophet’s rod,  
Amid the waters, backward rolled,  
A path triumphant trod ;  
So, while thy lifted staff appears,  
Her pilgrim steps to guide,  
The Autumn journeys on, nor fears  
The Winter’s threatening tide.”

In “Earth’s Tribute,” we have another significant poem :

“First the grain, and then the blade—  
The one destroyed, the other made ;  
Then stalk and blossom, and again  
The gold of newly minted grain.  
So Life, by Death the reaper cast  
To earth, again shall rise at last ;  
For ’t is the service of the sod  
To render God the things of God.”

He strikes a Christian chord in these lines of his apostrophe to “The Cloud” :

“Thou, like the Cloud, my soul,  
Dost in thyself of beauty nought possess ;  
Devoid the light of Heaven, a vapor foul,  
The veil of nothingness.”

Emerson in one of his inimitable essays has treated of the subject of Circles. Reasoning man with his limited range of vision this side of the eternal and the infinite, first rings round the extent of his knowledge, setting within its bounds all that he knows of the material side of creation. He goes a step farther and despite finite limitations reaches out to the infinite, touching the very hem of the heavens. And so we have the dreamer, the mystic, the metaphy-



cian, the poet. In fact, he begins to consider that, after all, his mind is the starting point from which the evergrowing circles of his knowledge widen "to leave," as Father Tabb has said, "of Life an ever widening ring upon Eternity."

But, to come back to the Sage of Concord. He says: "The eye is the first circle; the horizon which it forms is the second; and throughout nature this primary figure is repeated without end. It is the highest emblem in the cipher of the world. St. Augustine described the nature of God as a circle whose centre was everywhere, and its circumference nowhere. We are all our lifetime reading the copious sense of this first of poems. Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth, that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end in nature, but every end is a beginning; that there is always another dawn risen on mid-noon, and under every deep a lower deep opens. The life of a man is a self-evolving circle, which, from a ring imperceptibly small, rushes on all sides outwards to new and larger circles, and that without end. The extent to which this generalization of circles, wheel without wheel, will go, depends on the force or truth of the individual soul—the heart refuses to be imprisoned; in its first and warmest pulse it already tends outward with a vast force, and to immense and innumerable expressions."

How much of this is relative to some of Father Tabb's poems we shall presently see. Let us examine, in the first place, how he embodies the idea of the circle in some of his philosophical poems. In "Cloistered" he has in mind Sidney Lanier and the idea of God's all-encircling love encompassing the love of friends as thus expressed:

"Within the compass of mine eyes  
Behold, a lordly city lies—  
A world to me unknown,  
Save that along its crowded ways  
Moves one whose heart in other days  
Was mated to mine own.

I ask no more; enough for me  
One heaven above us both to see,  
One calm horizon-line  
Around us, like a mystic ring  
That Love has set, encompassing  
That kindred life and mine."

The vision of the boastful man looms large on the horizon of ambitious enterprise; but how soon it narrows down to the few

practicalities of every day life. Men of power and influence build up in their lives a Babel of giddy success; but along blows an unexpected wind of adversity and the structure comes tumbling about their heads. The eye of the astronomer sweeps the heavens and this little world of ours, one amongst the myriads, might be bounded in a nutshell. He focuses his telescope upon a particular planet, however, and straightway he is lost in a maze of infinite worlds, all clamoring for recognition and attention. For one proud moment the philosopher dubs man king of the universe and the next, in the face of adversity, he realizes what a mite of a man he is after all. The theologian ranks man a little less than the angels and voices the sentiment with St. Paul that he is fearfully and wonderfully made; but we find him also exclaiming, "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity," and "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." He knows that the soul may rise to the heights of sainthood; but he also knows the awful degradation of the sinner.

Again, how buoyant is youth on the threshold of life as the vision of possibilities widens and broadens before it! Age comes on, and with nothing left of the past but memories, come tears, "idle tears," perhaps, yet how sweet withal, when the memories that cause them are linked with the Christian hope of the future life beyond the grave! And thus may the circle of our worldly vision narrow down at last to a tear, symbolic of the penitential souls of the best visionaries who see beyond the parapet of time. Something of all this has been admirably expressed in one of the poetic gems of Father Tabb, when he sings in "The Ring":

"Hold the trinket near thine eye,  
And it circles earth and sky;  
Place it further, and behold!  
But a finger's breadth of gold.

Thus our lives, beloved, lie  
Ringed with love's fair boundary;  
Place it further, and its sphere  
Measures but a falling tear."

Time sets its limits to the life of man; but the soul-satisfying limitation is the union of God's will and man's will; God's possession of man and man's possession of God—the state of perfect happiness hereafter. Thus Father Tabb in "Limitation":

"Breathe above me or below;  
Never canst thou farther go

Than the spirit's octave-span,  
Harmonizing God and Man.

Thus within the iris-bound,  
Light a prisoner is found;  
Thus within my soul I see  
Life in Time's captivity."

And in "Imagination," he sings:

"Here Fancy far outdoes the deed;  
So hath Eternity the need  
Of telling more than Time has taught  
To fill the boundaries of Thought."

The circle that Father Tabb would draw around life is the circle of love. Outside of that circle must be hatred, selfishness, sin. When man sins, he steps, so to speak, outside of the circle. The limitation that he sets is the love of man for his fellow-man bound up in the love of Christ. In "The Promontory," he sings:

"Not all the range of sea-born liberty  
Hath ever for one restless wave sufficed;  
So pants the heart—of all compulsion free—  
Self-driven to the Rock, its barrier, Christ."

Passion sears the human heart and it becomes silent in the desert of its desolation, as expressed in Father Tabb's "To the Sphinx" when he says:

"Ah, not alone in Egypt's desert land  
Thy dwelling place apart!  
But wheresoe'er the scorching passion-sand  
Hath seared the human heart."

The Christian's philosophy teaches a soul-inspiring doctrine of life after death. Father Tabb has touched upon this theme in many a little poem. In "Evolution," thus:

"Out of the dusk a shadow,  
Then, a spark;  
Out of the cloud a silence,  
Then, a lark;  
Out of the heart a rapture,  
Then, a pain;  
Out of the dead, cold ashes,  
Life again."

"Death," he says elsewhere, "is but a tenderness,



A shadow, that unclouded Love  
Hath fashioned in its own excess  
Of radiance from above."

So again in "Nekros" he calls to us:

"Child of the humble sod,  
Wed with the breath of God,  
Descend! for with the lowest thou must lie—  
Arise thou hast inherited the sky."

John Banister Tabb was not only a poet and a philosopher; he was a priest. And as such, it is to be expected that his priestly character and education exerted an influence upon his career as a poet. We may look for and shall ever find here and there an expression in his verses of what his sacerdotal nature prompted. His religious poems were part and parcel of his finest literary productions and, in fact, a religious vein is perceptible in many of his poems which are not to be strictly classed as religious.

The sentiments expressed in Father Tabb' religious poems run the gamut of sacred subjects from the Incarnation to the Resurrection. The joy of virtue, the pain of penance and the Christian resignation to the will of God in times of sorrow; gratitude for blessings received and an expression of love for the true, the good and the beautiful as reflections of the divine love of God for man—these are the all-pervading sentiments in the religious poetry of the poet-priest.

In "The Incarnation," he sings:

"Save through the flesh Thou wouldst not come to me —  
The flesh, wherein Thy strength my weakness found  
A weight to bow Thy Godhead to the ground,  
And lift to Heaven a lost humanity."

In "Resurrection" occur these lines:

"Welcome, then, Time's threshing-pain  
And the furrows where each grain,  
Like a Samson, blossom-shorn,  
Waits a resurrection morn."

Mary Magdalen has ever been an inspiring theme with artists of all kinds, and Father Tabb has sung of her as only a Catholic and a priest could sing. We quote his lines in "The Recompense":

"She brake the box, and all the house was filled  
With waftures from the fragrant store thereof,  
While at His feet a costlier vase distilled  
The bruised balm of penitential love.

And, lo, as if in recompense of her,  
 Bewildered in the lingering shades of night,  
 He breaks anon the sealed sepulchre,  
 And fills the world with rapture and with light."

Again in "Magdalen" (after Swinburne):

"She hath done what she could:  
 Lo, the flame that hath driven her  
 Downward, is quenched! and her grief like a flood  
 In the strength of a rain-swollen torrent hath shriven her:  
 Much hath she loved and much is forgiven her;  
 Love in the longing fulfills what it would—  
 She hath done what she could."

Christ, dying upon the cross, gave us His mother for our mother when he uttered those consoling words, addressing His beloved disciple, John, typical of all mankind, "Behold, thy Mother!" Father Tabb has thus expressed the idea in his quatrain, "Son of Mary":

"She the mother was of One—  
 Christ, her Saviour and her Son  
 And another had she none?  
 Yea: her Love's beloved—John."

This may be appropriately followed by quoting another of his quatrains, "To the Christ":

"Thou hast on earth a Trinity—  
 Thyself, my fellow-man, and me;  
 When one with him, then one with Thee;  
 Nor, save together, Thine are we."

and, finally, there is Father Tabb's Christian interpretation of pain and its penitential value. Suffering and sorrow are to be born by the Christian with resignation at all times. They are blessings in disguise to be offered up in a spirit of resignation to the will of God as an acceptable penance for our sins. The painful death is not to be hurried by deadening sensibility in an illegitimate way so as to shorten life. Christ died upon the cross in agony unto the shedding of his last drop of blood. He taught us how to suffer for our sins and blazed the way for the heroic sacrifices of the martyrs.

In "Angels of Pain," Father Tabb calls upon us to regard painful visitations as angels from heaven. He sings:

"Ah, should they come revisiting the spot  
Whence by our prayers we drove them utterly,  
Shame were it for their saddened eyes to see  
How soon their visitations are forgot."

Again in "A Lenten Thought," he prays :

"—with Thy bitterness make sweet,  
What sweetest is in bitterness to hide—  
Like Magdalen, I grovel at Thy feet,  
In lowly pride.  
Smite, till my wounds beneath Thy scourging cease ;  
Soothe, till my heart in agony hath bled ;  
Nor rest my soul with enmity at peace,  
Till Death be dead."

In "The Playmates," he pictures Joy, a boy, and his sister, Peace, as his dearest playmate. When a "man of sober brow," Joy, the merriest among his early playmates, is dead. But Peace remains and her he has wed. And the fruit of that union is Joy, "new born."

In his sonnets, Tabb, the priestly singer, soars to greatest heights and sounds the deepest depths. For, as he himself expresses it, "The lowliest the loftiest sustains."

In one of his sonnets on the subject, "Silence," he refers to the Immaculate Conception, thus :

Clear, midst a cloud of all-pervading sin,  
The voice of Love's unutterable word."

And he has prepared us for this with :

"A silence by no breath of utterance stirred."

There is a deep spiritual significance in a series of sonnets beginning with "The Petrel" and running through such sonnets as "At Anchor," "Shadows," "The Mountain" and "Unmoored." In "The Petrel" we have portrayed a wanderer "that from the wave no sundering light can ween." And this wanderer has a companion, Memory, that—"flits outward where the whitening billows hide.

What seemed of Life the one reality." But Memory returns "ghostlike, to the restless sea." And so man, the voyager on life's restless sea, finds that he lives in his memories, but these, too, must fade away with advancing years. But carry the thought over into the next sonnet "At Anchor," and hear the clarion call for a Christian soul that knows that the be-all and end-all are not here and the deathless soul a mere matter of memory, for the sea of life is, indeed, restless and the soul's anchorage is elsewhere. And so we have this :



"Star of my life, pale planet, far removed,  
 Oh, be thou, when the twilight deepens, near!  
 Set in my soul thine image undisproved  
 By death and darkness, till the morning clear  
 Behold me in the presence I have loved,  
 My beacon here, my bliss eternal there!"

Again in "Shadows" we are once more comforted by Memory who "her pilgrimage of pain

Renews, with fainting footsteps, overworn."

But, despite what "a desert seems of solitude oppressed" there still remains

"The pledges of returning night and rest."

In "The Mountain," he says:

"Around thee, too, the kindred sympathies  
 Of life—itself a vapor—breathe and flow,  
 And yearn beyond thy pinnacle of snow  
 To wing the trackless region of the skies."

In "Unmoored" we have a veritable outpouring of the desire for immortality and blessed life with God beyond the grave. "O blessed consummation," he exclaims, "thus to feel in Death no touch of terror," and further soliloquizes:

"To die in sleep—to drift from dream to dream  
 Along the banks of slumber, beckoned on  
 Perchance by forms familiar, till anon,  
 Unconsciously, the ever-widening stream  
 Beyond the breakers bore thee, and the beam  
 Of everlasting morning woke upon  
 Thy dazzled gaze, revealing one by one  
 Thy visions grown immortal in its gleam."

In "The Portrait," we find the poet contemplating a photograph of himself as a child. "The child is father to the man," and here the man considers his childhood and angel-guardian, and he would be a child again. Christ said: "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Changed as he is to a man, he now begs a blessing of the boy.

Father Tabb, too, passed through his allotted Golgotha and makes a plea in his sonnet on that subject:

"Oh! let me be,  
 As in those hours of anguish, hidden now  
 In shades of death, the light of life to find."

And so, unmoored at last, it was his "to die in sleep" and "drift from dream to dream." And well may we think of him in those last hours, when we recall the closing lines in "Unmoored," one of his choicest sonnets, where he speaks of Death,

"Tenderly  
As shadows to the evening hills he came  
In the garb of God's dear messenger to thee,  
Nor on thy weary eyelids broke the seal,  
In reverence for a brother's holier name."

J. B. JACOB.

Baltimore, Md.

---

## THE CROSS ON THE DARK CONTINENT.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE AS A MISSIONARY.

[This paper deals with the missionary life of the great African Cardinal, Mgr. Lavigerie. His life as a Cardinal has been written again and again, but no reference has so far been made to his life as the shepherd of his people. The tender heart of the great priest and missionary is very little known. The writer has tried to picture him as his co-laborer, Father Charmelant, described him to him.]

"And I was not thought worthy to go with them."

THESE words, spoken with the deepest regret, were said to the writer of this article by the Very Rev. Father Charmelant, Vicar General to His Eminence Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers. He was relating incidents in the missionary life of the great Cardinal, and among many other things he told me of the dangers of the desert and of the sacrifices made by the missionaries for the salvation of souls. One missionary after another, in attempting to cross the desert of Sahara, in order to reach the southern part of the diocese, lost his life, and his bones were left to bleach upon its burning sands. At a loss for missionaries to supply their places, Monseigneur Lavigerie went to France to the Seminary of Foreign Missions and made a touching appeal to the young Levites. He told them frankly that he had nothing to offer them save privation, suffering and even death. He did not conceal the fate of those who had gone before them; he asked for martyrs. Three young men came forward and placed their hands in his, saying, "Father, we will go with you." Tears filled the eyes of the good Bishop as he looked at their bright, young faces and thought of the fate that might await them. Again he described the trials and dangers that beset this mis-

sion, and again the young men replied: "Father, we entered the seminary to learn to be missionaries; our directors have told us all you have said, and more, too. We feel we are called to a missionary life, and we are ready to go with you." The parents of the young men were sent for and the Bishop explained to them what their sons might expect if they followed him to Africa. "*Nos enfants veulent être missionnaires; que la volonté de Dieu soit faite.*" ("Our sons want to be missionaries; may God's will be done.")

The young men were ordained, and after a preparation of three months, in Algiers, one fine morning, the Feast of the Seven Dolors, they set out for the work assigned them. In order to reach their destination they were obliged to cross the desert. A Mahometan guide was furnished them; they mounted their camels and, accompanied by Father Charmetant and other fathers, they in due time reached the desert. Here they were to leave their friends. The parting between the old missionaries and the young ones need not be described. The young men and their guide turned their camels toward the desert, and, singing the *magnificat*, went cheerfully on their way. The old missionaries watched them for a time, and good Father Charmetant, as he turned homeward, murmured sadly: "I was not thought worthy to go with them."

Nothing was heard of the young heroes for some time; uneasiness was felt as to their fate. Finally, a searching party was sent out to inquire after them. When three days out the party came upon their mutilated bodies bleaching upon the desert sands. The guide, being a Mahometan, was killed, but his body was not mutilated. This interesting narrative led me to look up the life of the great Cardinal as a missionary bishop. To the late Canon Jules Jollón, of Brooklyn, who was for a time in Algiers, and who was a friend of the Cardinal, I am indebted for some valuable information.

Charles Martial Allemand Lavigerie, the great apostle of the African slaves in his day, was born at Esprit, France, October 31, 1825. He made his studies at St. Sulpice, in Paris, where in due time he was ordained to the priesthood. His career as a priest was such as to single him out as a man to command, and on March 10, 1863, he was preconized Bishop of Nancy and Toul. But such a field was inadequate to meet the yearnings of his great soul. Bishop Lavigerie had devoted his life to the service of his fellow-men. He was at heart a missionary. His was to be a life of sacrifice. He had taken a deep interest in the French colonies of North Africa. He heard the Arab children calling upon him to deliver them from error's chain, and he longed to be among them. On



March 27, 1867, Pope Pius IX, of blessed memory, appointed him Archbishop of Algiers, and he at once set out for his new field of labor. The diocese to which he had just been appointed was full of hardship, privation and suffering. The native population was smarting under the humiliation of European conquest, and the conduct of many of the French colonists was anything but edifying. These influences had to be counteracted. It required no little tact to accomplish all this, and to overcome the influences and hostility of Mahometanism. The Archbishop was fully alive to the wants of his charge. He had longed for that field of labor; he had studied its situation, its wants and the means of supplying them. He repaired to the Seminary of Foreign Missions, that fruitful source which supplies the world with trained missionaries, and called for volunteers for his far-off diocese. He wanted men of intelligence, men of sacrifice, men of strong constitutions, men with a knowledge of the manners and customs and the likes and dislikes of the African people; men acquainted with the peculiar diseases of these regions, and possessed of sufficient medical skill to treat them; men trained in mechanical arts, who could teach the natives how to make a living after they had abandoned their half-civilized mode of life and embraced Christianity. His appeal was earnest and full of Christian charity, and it met with a hearty response.

When Archbishop Lavigerie landed in Africa he was surrounded by a band of missionaries who knew the great work that was before them, and who were ready to endure all manner of trials and dangers for the salvation of souls. The diocese of Algiers was large; it extended south to the Soudan; there were blacks as well as Arabs to be cared for, and to be brought within the pale of Christianity. They lived in abject slavery, the prey of the Arab slave trader. It would be a long time before the good Archbishop could do all he wanted to for this portion of his flock, but he looked forward to the day when he could at least begin the work of redeeming the African slave.

In the course of his episcopate of over twenty years he had an opportunity to visit the greater part of his diocese; he crossed and recrossed the Great Desert of Sahara, that divided the northern from the southern portion of his territory, and he had ample opportunity to see slavery in all its horrors. In the early part of his episcopate, as we shall see further on, Archbishop Lavigerie appealed to the French Government for aid for his suffering Arabs; later on he appealed to the whole world in behalf of the negro slave. He started out to preach a crusade against African slavery, and Pope Leo XIII not only encouraged him in his glorious work, but gave him \$60,000 to help it along. In July, 1888, Cardinal Lavigerie

(raised to the Cardinalate in March, 1882) addressed the Anti-Slavery Society of London, and gave a touching picture of the sufferings of the blacks at the hands of the cruel Arabs, who were pushing their way into the very heart of Africa. He described the burning of African villages and told how the unfortunate inhabitants were yoked together and driven on long and painful journeys to the market places; how the weak ones fell by the wayside and were slaughtered or left to die of starvation. "May God preserve me," said the Cardinal, "of accusing without compulsion any man, and especially any people. . . . But I cannot resist saying that of all the errors fatal to Africa, the saddest is that which teaches with Islam that humanity is made up of two distinct races—one, that of believers, destined to command; the other, that of "the cursed," as they call them, destined to serve. Now, among the latter they place the negro in the lowest grade—on a par with cattle."

It is a source of great gratification to know that the Cardinal met with great encouragement in all the countries he visited. Part of his plan was that five or six hundred European soldiers, well equipped and organized, would be able to abolish the slave trade from Lake Albert Nyanza to the south of Lake Tanganyika. He also proposed to purchase young slaves with the object of bringing them up in schools and sending them back as missionaries to the parts of Africa to which they originally belonged. We shall see farther on how successful a similar plan was in civilizing the Arab tribes in and around Algeria. Cardinal Lavigerie had already sent several young Africans to the House of the White Fathers, at Lille, France, to pursue the course of the Catholic Faculty of Medicine in the hope that by sending among the natives of Africa physicians of their own race, who would give their gratuitous services to their countrymen, he would be able to draw them to him and lead them more readily to the foot of the Cross.

In an address made by the Cardinal on an occasion when twelve young missionaries and six ex-Pontifical Zouaves responded to his appeal for laborers in his arduous and dangerous field, he said:

"In the prisons of the Catacombs the Christians of Rome were wont, on the eve of martyrdom, to gather around the Confessors to kiss their feet as a token of veneration, not deeming themselves worthy to kiss those venerable heads that were about to fall under the sword of the executioner, and in her maternal foresight the Church has placed among the prayers in her liturgy the one in which she invokes upon her children at the moment of their departure, the protection of heaven.

"It is that prayer we are going to offer up tonight, at these

altars, for these young men, for these apostles, sons of our African Church, who are about to leave us, never to return. You know their history, my beloved brethren. Coming from our France, prepared by you for their hard battles, they are going to join, in the center of this continent, the gates of which we are guarding, their brethren who left us a year ago and who are calling them to come and share their labors. They are going forth with their valiant companions that Belgium and England are sending, and this is the last day that they shall tread the soil of their native land; that they shall hear their mother tongue; that they shall have their fathers and mothers near them; that they shall see their fellow priests, the faithful people; everything that they are sacrificing forever.

"The whole world has heard the glad tidings. It is only the barbarous regions of Africa that has yet to hear them. All the Christian countries of Europe are in line, envying one another in their zeal to open the gates of barbarism hitherto so unfortunately closed against them. America has led the way, England, Germany, Italy, Spain and Belgium follow in her wake. On every side valiant conquerors penetrate unknown depths where the wealth of nature brings out more fully the deep miseries of humanity.

"Do not marvel, then, that a Bishop entrusted by the Holy See with a part of the vast territories in which human slavery still holds sway, that I denounce it before God's holy altar, with all the freedom of my ministry, and that in the name of justice, of my faith, and that in the name of God I war upon it with all my might and declare it accursed."

In order to break up the slave caravans that left the bones of its helpless victims to mark their path across the desert, Cardinal Lavigerie founded an order known as the Brothers of the Desert, sometimes called the Warrior Monks of Sahara. Members of the *jeunesse doree*, of France, formed its first contingent. The main object in view was the liberation of slaves. They were to seek to attract sympathy and good-will by developing the productiveness of the oases and by the creation of new ones, where they would form stations for the relief of the sick, for the offer of hospitality to all comers, and for the relief and protection of fugitive slaves. The Brothers had no office to recite, but had certain prayers to say at stated periods, when possible. They were always to sleep fully dressed, with their weapons beside them, so as to be ready for any emergency. They were to live on the food of the district; where it was impossible to obtain bread they must be satisfied with dried dates. Their uniform consisted of a long white tunic, descending below the knee, belted at the waist, and with a large red Mal-



tese Cross on the breast. The pantaloons were loose and baggy, like those of the Zouaves; a full white burnoose, or woolen mantle, hung from the shoulders, and on the head was a white pith or straw helmet, surmounted on grand occasions by a white plume and embellished in front with a red Maltese Cross. Except when on the move or while in action they invariably wore a veil of white or black cloth, covering both the nose and the mouth. These veils were intended to protect the mouth and nostrils from sand during the fierce desert storms.

The Brothers were assigned to stations along the desert, one at Wagla, an important oasis some three hundred miles south of Biskra. The second station was at the oasis of Mes Jonah, near the Morocco frontier, which was traversed by all great caravans coming from the south. It was here where the military training of the warrior Brothers was brought into full play. The slave dealers were sure to make a hard fight to prevent the establishment within the narrow limits of the oasis of a fortified station, where every slave who was able to effect his or her escape from their cruel masters were certain to find refuge and protection. The Brothers were to attack caravans and rescue the slaves wherever and whenever it was possible for them to do so, and they contributed largely to the abolition of slavery in the region in which they were employed.

But it was not among the blacks alone that the good Cardinal labored for his people. The Christian Arab villages are the outgrowth of the famine of 1868, and were built by Christian charity. The events of that terrible period will never be forgotten by the Algerian Arabs. Famine, closely followed by the plague, carried off one-fifth of the native population in the space of a few months. The most revolting scenes met the eye along the mountain sides, in the valleys and by the roadside, everywhere. Men reduced to the condition of mere skeletons; women eating the weeds they found in the fields; children starving at the dried-up breasts of their mothers or perishing along the highways; and all this enshrouded in the somber veil which Mahometan fatality throws around suffering and death. Added to this misery were crimes unknown to civilization. Fathers and mothers slew their offspring and fed upon their flesh; brother strangled brother and drank his blood; ties of kindred and of friendship were severed, and naught was seen but a savage fever that shone from the eyes of wandering and famished hordes.

It would have been one of the blackest episodes in the history of our day had not the light of Christian charity gleamed through this darkness. Amid the silence of death a cry was heard; it was

the cry of the Shepherd pleading for his flock. Its sound went forth into Christian lands, and it was not long before offerings of money, clothing and food poured into his lap. France herself came to the rescue, and emulation in charity, courage and heroism was manifested on all sides.

Pious missionaries, Sisters of every religious order, charitable ladies, headed by the leading lady of France at that time, the Duchess of Morgento, Madame MacMahon, physicians, soldiers, all responded with energy, and cheerfully faced death in the plague that had broken out. How many noble souls fell victims to the cause of charity is known only to God. One community alone lost twenty-two Sisters, who caught the malignant typhus and died praising God.

The Archbishop of Algiers, Mgr. Lavigerie, was to be seen wherever there was the most need for his services; but he devoted himself in an especial manner to the rescue of little orphans. He directed the Priests and Sisters of his Diocese to seek out all they could find and bring them to him. Committees were appointed in different parts of the Province, and they, too, sent in all the children they found wandering about in a state of starvation; and it was not long before Algiers beheld a scene full of horror and pity. Day after day mules and government wagons were seen stopping before the Archbishop's door and depositing their loads of children, many of them so emaciated as to be scarcely recognizable as human beings. Their limbs were like those of skeletons; their stomachs swollen almost to bursting by the poisonous herbs they had been eating for some time past, and the raiment of filthy rags that enveloped their little forms, exhaling the offensive and fetid odor of the deadly typhus.

Sometimes horses and wagons, thus loaded down with these poor little unfortunates, presented the most horrible scenes. Among the living might be seen little prostrate bodies, with their heads thrown backward, their faces paler, if possible, than those around them, their large eyes staring wide open, their arms thrown out and moving back and forth with the motion of the horse or wagon. They had perished on the way of hunger, cold and disease.

Others, and by far the greater number, evinced the greatest terror in their faces. Those of them who recovered laughed heartily when they explained the cause of their fears. It was customary among the mountain tribes, to which most of them belonged and where the strongest prejudices still exist against Christians, and against the French people in particular, for mothers to tell their children the most horrible stories about the *Roumis* (Romans),

as the French were called. "The French," they would tell them, "suck the blood of infants and children, and when they succeed in carrying them off to Algiers they either eat them or cast them into the sea." This accounts for the fact that as soon as the children of these tribes saw a Frenchman they fled for their lives.

In the case of the children brought in in panniers on mules and horses and in wagons, flight was out of the question, but they trembled from head to foot as they were set down before the Archbishop's door. But when they saw kindly and venerable men—the Archbishop among them—come forward and lift them gently, in their filth and their offensiveness, and put them down tenderly and give them what they most needed, food, they gradually became reconciled to their fate. Indeed, it became necessary to watch them carefully, lest their anxiety for food be attended with fatal results in their weak condition.

In the course of a few weeks over two thousand of these little outcasts were left at the Archbishop's house and formed his adopted family. All France knows how he provided for it, how he raised it, how he saved it, both body and soul. Twenty years passed away since that time. Another problem presented itself to the great Archbishop.

It was not enough to bring up these children; their future must be looked after, and that, too, in a colony where bad examples were more frequent than good ones, and more shameless. How was this to be accomplished? How guard his wards against the temptation of returning to their tribes and resuming their former lives? These anxieties filled the mind of Mgr. Lavigerie, and as far back, too, as 1869, when he appealed to the Christian people of France for the adoption of his children.

"I have already taken steps," he said, towards settling them down in such a manner that they shall be able to help one another and retain the excellent training they have received. I have purchased land for this purpose, so that later on we may be able to establish villages of Christian Arabs, after the manner in which villages comprised of Frenchmen, Spaniards, Swiss and Italians have been formed at different points in Algeria.

"We shall form families by uniting our orphan boys and girls in marriage; we shall allot to each family a sufficient piece of land to support them and their children, and we shall take groups of twenty, thirty and forty of these young families, organize them into villages and continue to extend such help to them as our means will permit. We are confident, also, that the State will join in giving a helping hand to these young people. Moreover, the State is greatly interested in their welfare, as this is the only means by



which these people can be rescued from their misery and made to become good citizens.

"It is true that we shall not make much headway with the adult population who refuse to yield to civilizing influences, but if we had only been able to do for the last forty years what we are doing now for the children we have picked up along the highways, what glorious results would have been ours!

"We are pushing forward with confidence and are ready for our work. The land is ready; our children are growing up; some have already reached the years of manhood, and we shall found our first village before the close of the year. Others will follow, and in a few years all our children of today can be settled down in different places, some of which I have already carefully selected.

"When I reflect over my plans at night, in my solitude, at St. Eugène, with my eyes fixed upon the transparent depths of an African sky, I pray to God for time and grace to finish the work I have commenced, and I sometimes imagine that my grave would not be out of place near one of these peaceful villages in which my children are to dwell. I feel as if my last sleep would be more tranquil among those who are, indeed, my children in gratitude and in tenderness. It seems to me that those souls for whom so many sacrifices have been made, and whom my care shall have regenerated, will pray with greater earnestness for forgiveness for the sins of my life."

The good Archbishop lived to see the realization of his hopes. In less than eight years two villages were built and peopled by young Christian Arabs, one named in honor of St. Cyprian, the great Bishop and martyr of Carthage, and the other in honor of St. Monica, the mother of the great St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. Passengers on the trains between Oran and Algiers get a glimpse of a very pretty village on the side of a hill; the River Chelif flows at its foot, and another little stream bounds it on the right. On this site a Roman colony existed long ago, and that it was a Christian colony is evident from the fact that the columns of a church were found in digging among the ruins. Six years before, where this village now stands, the deep silence of the surrounding solitude was only occasionally broken by the sharp cry of the jackal or the hyena. Now the village forms a sort of oasis in the desert. The houses, which are built apart from each other, and arranged in streets, are unpretending, it is true, but are models of cleanliness—the never-failing sign of civilization. Rows of young eucalyptus trees already hang their green branches over the white walls. An humble chapel, as white as the dwellings it looks down

upon, is surmounted by the emblems of the salvation brought to this youthful population by devoted missionaries, the representatives of the Father of the Fatherless. Adjoining the village is a large garden, divided up into as many parts as there are families living near it, and back of the village is a sort of park, in which are kept the oxen that do the work, and the cows and goats that supply the milk for this model community. In the country around the sterile land is gradually being cultivated, and waving wheat fields are to be seen on every side. All around there is presented a scene of life and activity. Should a stranger inquire the name of the village, he is told: "This village belongs to the Marabout's children." The Marabout is the Archbishop, for these people call the Christian missionaries by the same name by which they designate their own priests. The Marabout's children are the orphans, and the Arabs have come to look upon Archbishop Lavigerie as the father of the children he saved from death, and it is customary with them to name villages after their founders.

In speaking of this village, Archbishop Lavigerie said: "In this village, built by our own efforts, we have commenced the work of settling down those of our wards who have reached the years of maturity. We have found no more efficacious manner of doing this than that of keeping our promises to them, and of assuring their future by gathering them together far from the dangers of city life and from contact with dissolute Arabs."

These villages became, indeed, the safeguards of the young. Dwelling there, under the watchful eyes of their guardians, helping one another, encouraging one another to labor and to practice the virtues of the Christian family they are protected against the temptations and the example of reckless colonists. "Here," as the good Archbishop used to say, "not only are my children growing up around me, but my grandchildren also, for I have been a 'grand-father' for some time now."

It was, indeed, a touching sight to see the venerable Archbishop, in his visits to St. Cyprian, surrounded by numbers of these little ones, calling him "Grandpapa Monseigneur," pulling his cossack and ruthlessly climbing upon his lap and searching his pockets for *bons-bons*.

But the good Father's work was not finished when his children had been provided for. He had children of a larger growth to look after. The victims of diseases, so numerous among the native population, needed a place in which their afflictions could be relieved and their diseases treated. A house, isolated from the others, was fitted up as a dispensary, and here the Arabs of Sahara came, with their loathesome sores, their filth and their fevers, to be treated

by the missionaries. In a short time the cures effected were noised far and wide, and soon the good missionaries were obliged, for want of room, to treat their patients in the open air. There, kneeling upon the bare ground, they would wash and dress the running sores, and treat them for all their ailments. It was not long before another difficulty confronted the Archbishop. The Arabs began bringing their women for treatment, and cases arose which the Fathers could not undertake to treat. To meet this want Mgr. Lavigerie founded the Community of Sisters of the African Missions, and they did for the women what the missionaries did for the men. But there was still a want that was keenly felt. This was the means, not merely of giving temporary treatment to the sick Arabs, but to provide for those whose feeble condition made their immediate return to their homes dangerous, if not absolutely impossible. What was to be done? To allow them to attempt to return was to condemn them to death, to keep them at the Mission was impossible for want of room, and to assign them to any of the houses was to expose the inmates to infection. The only way to overcome this difficulty was to build a hospital. But, where was the money to come from for this purpose, and how was it to be supported when built? Mgr. Lavigerie pondered over these difficulties, and trusted to that Providence which never failed the French missionary, and that Providence came to his assistance in a manner he least expected.

General Wolff was in command of the Military Department of Algeria. He was imbued with the Christian and sympathetic spirit of the Bedeaus, the Soris, the Ladmeraults, the Macmahons. He had watched the courageous and trying efforts of the devoted Archbishop. He admired his zeal and his perseverance. He was fully alive to the benefits, both moral and civil, that had grown out of the charity of the missionaries towards the sick and suffering Arab tribes in the vicinity of St. Cyprian, and meeting the Archbishop one day on his rounds, he broached the subject to him.

"These people feel at home in this neighborhood," the General went on to say, "they appreciate the care and attention of your missionaries. Why not build a hospital, right here, large enough to accommodate them? It will be a work of Christian charity as well as of political advantage. Besides, Your Grace is aware that it has always been the policy of France to win over her conquered subjects by acts of kindness."

We can readily imagine the effect of these words upon the Archbishop. He, too, had thought of government help, but he was hardly prepared to ask for it just then. He thanked General Wolff for the suggestion, and intimated that he was ready to give the



land at his disposal as a site for the buildings, but he added that the most important thing was still wanting—money.

“And how much do you think it will take to erect a hospital such as you require?”

“At the very lowest calculation it would take \$20,000 to put up one wing alone.”

“Very well,” said the General, “if I can obtain the consent of the Governor, I will give you a part of this amount. We have had, for the last fifteen years, quite an amount in the treasury of this division, collected during the visit of the Emperor, for just such a purpose; but, as no practical plan was ever agreed upon, the money, some \$8000, has remained untouched. If this can be transferred to you, charity will soon supply the balance.”

General Chanzy, the Governor, was not slow in recognizing the great advantage to be derived from the plan suggested by General Wolff. Mgr. Lavigerie set to work at once. Trusting in Providence for the means yet to come, he determined that everything in the new hospital should be of the best, and arranged so as to afford the greatest amount of comfort to the inmates. The style of architecture was Moorish, and when the natives saw the magnificent structure, with its splendid appointments, its baths and its gardens, they inquired whether it was to be the palace of a prince. When told that it was to be an asylum for the sick poor, they shook their heads sorrowfully, remarking that the sick poor could never pay for attention in such a place. It was with the greatest difficulty that they could be persuaded that the doors of the hospital were to be open to all, without money and without price.

It took two years to build the new St. Elizabeth's Hospital and prepare it for the reception of patients. In February, 1876, Mgr. Lavigerie saw the completion of his great work of charity. He was anxious to celebrate the event in a manner that would long be remembered by the natives. He sent out invitations to their chiefs, and they came from all parts of the country in great numbers. Neither distance nor the rainy season could deter them. Invitations were also sent to all distinguished foreigners within reach, and to all the government officials in and around Algiers. A Prince Royal of Holland, the widow of the illustrious General Lamoriciers and a large number of English families visiting Algiers sought and obtained permission to witness the *diffa*, which the good Archbishop was about to give to his African children.

It is not necessary, here, to enter into a full description of the opening and dedication of St. Elizabeth's Hospital. We refer to it only because of the time, place and conditions under which the great work was accomplished. The scene around and about the

building was picturesque and full of life. There, on the hillside, was the bright and happy village, peopled by what were once dying and plague-stricken outcasts, rescued by the hand of charity. A short distance beyond it was the beautiful new hospital, decorated with flags and pennants, and surmounted by the Cross of Salvation. The plain below was white with the tents of the Arab camp that had come to participate in the ceremonies. The whole scene is encircled by the mountains, which form a background to this picture, and high above them may be seen the snowy peaks of Ouazan-senis, rising to a height of nearly 7000 feet. The whistle of the train from Algiers set every one in motion. Arabs, in multi-colored costumes, rode back and forth, their steeds at full speed, and performed all manner of strange evolutions, discharging their carbines, and forming again in line with wonderful rapidity. The newcomers from the capital were alarmed and imagined that the warriors had attacked the abode of charity; but they were soon convinced that they were being welcomed in truly Arab style. General Wolff, attended by a brilliant staff, advanced, as Commander-in-Chief of the Department. The *Maire*, with his two adjuncts, one a Christian, the other a Mussulman, and the Municipal Council, also half Christian and half Mussulman, came next in order, and these were followed by a long procession. The *Maire* addressed a few words to General Wolff, and then the roar of cannon echoed and re-echoed along the mountains, bells rang out joyful peals, and squadron after squadron of Arabs discharged their carbines and rent the air with their peculiar cries. The happy Archbishop, in his pontifical robes, with miter and crozier, surrounded by his clergy and a number of native orphan acolytes, stood under a crimson velvet canopy, and after blessing the Arab and negro hospital, turned to the four corners of the earth, and in a loud, distinct voice sang out the words of Solemn Benediction. This was followed by a salvo of artillery and the ringing of bells. The Prince Royal of Holland, General Wolff, with Madame de Lamoriciere on his arm, and the civil and military officers of the place, at once came forward and offered their congratulations to the true pastor of his people.

The scene presented on this occasion was, indeed, one never to be forgotten in those regions. Here was a country just emerging from darkness into light; throngs of natives, respectful and deeply moved at what had taken place around them, gazed in wonder at the priests in their sacred vestments, at the Archbishop invoking the blessing of Heaven upon the land he had converted, and especially upon his Christian villages, and upon the new hospital, over the door of which was the simple inscription: "*Bit Allah*"—the House

of God. Such a deep impression did all this make upon the spectators, that Colonel Playfair, the Consul-General of England, exclaimed to those around him: "We have seen another Augustine."

The religious ceremonies were followed by Arab races, tournaments, games, feasts (*fantasias* and *diffas*), which we cannot stop to describe here. Suffice it to say that provision had been made by Mgr. Lavigerie to feed this vast multitude. Oxen and sheep without number were roasted in the open air, and French and Arab cooks looked after the wants of their respective nationalities.

Ben-Alem, the Arab chief, was visited in his tent by the Archbishop, the Prince Royal of Holland and Madame de Lamoriciere. To the latter he said: "Madame, the first time I made 'powder speak' along this valley, it was by order of your lamented husband, General Lamoriciere, for the subjugation of the country. I am an old man now, and I make it 'speak' today to celebrate the conquest achieved by Monseigneur—the conquest of all hearts by good deeds."

When the Archbishop returned to the hospital he was obliged to sit on the porch and listen to the songs of the Arab bards and to some Christian hymns that had been composed for the occasion. The celebration ceased at nightfall, and when the sun rose next morning the camps were deserted and the Arabs from a distance had "folded their tents" and returned to their homes.

It is impossible to estimate the good results of the work accomplished by Cardinal Lavigerie for the civilization of the native population of his vast diocese of Algeria. But, as we have seen, it was not the Arab alone that claimed his attention. The poor negro, the victim of Arab cruelty, had a soul to save as well as his Arab master or his white brother, and the Catholic Bishop is the bishop of *all* his people, without distinction of race or color.

When we consider the enormous pecuniary advantage derived from the capture and sale of negro slaves we can readily understand why those engaged in it were loath to give it up. It is well known that the Sultan of Morocco levied an *ad valorem* duty on slaves brought into his dominion, the annual profit of which was \$25,000. Where there is no humanity it was useless to appeal to humanity. If the slave trade was to be abolished in Africa it was to be done *by force*. Laws were *enacted*, it is true, but they were not *enforced*. It was necessary for the Christian nations of Europe to take united and decided action in the matter. No one understood this better than the great African apostle of the nineteenth century, Cardinal Lavigerie. A great portion of his life was spent in the careful study of this question. He was, finally, authorized to visit the countries of Europe and to enlist the sympathy of the



noble-hearted of all religious denominations to act in concert in behalf of the enslaved negro. England, France, Belgium, Italy and other countries received him favorably, and gave him the most generous proofs of their sympathy. The immediate result of his labors was seen in the organization of an Anti-Slavery Congress held at Lucerne, in Switzerland, which discussed the most effective means for accomplishing the object in view. The work of Cardinal Lavigerie was crowned with success and his aims were, to a great extent, at least, attained.

Undoubtedly the finger of God was visible in the wonderful things accomplished by the great Cardinal. St. Peter, who increased the early Church by thousands, and St. Paul, who was a vessel of election, brought Pagan civilization under her rute, have most assuredly been interested patrons of the Church in Africa. Their charity and zeal have been emulated by those who were engaged in work similar to theirs, and the results are that, religiously considered, the desert has been made to bloom with luxuriant harvests that bless and beautify northern Africa. Everywhere, within the confines of the Diocese of Algeria, the benign influence of religion is manifest.

The great missionary Archbishop has gone to his reward; his work is over, but the perfume of his charity will never die.

MARC F. VALLETTE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

---

## THE CULT OF MEDIEVALISM.

THE echoes of the celebration in honor of Roger Bacon, the thirteenth century Oxford friar-scientist, have scarcely died away. Men ordinarily little given to the study of what was commonly considered a barren period in the history of human achievement have been led to look more closely into the intellectual life of those times. As their interest has been aroused by the multitudinous manifestations of a many-sided vigorous scientific spirit, the sneering contempt or the cold indifference have given way to an eager desire to investigate further. Upon every unbiased mind the conviction forces itself with singular insistence that, during the wonderful thirteenth century the human mind soared to such heights as were witnessed only in Rome in the palmy days of the empire, and in Greece when Socrates, Plato, Aristotle shaped the thoughts of countless future generations. Yet,

there was this abysmal difference between those latter epochs and the former, that the giants of the Middle Ages were deeply Catholic in their life and thought. And this had acted as an effective ban upon all claims for consideration at the hands of most students\* for the last several hundred years.

Nor were Catholics themselves altogether free from blame in this regard. Even in the great centers of Catholic learning the masters of the thirteenth century were for a long time little understood, and even utterly neglected since the time of Descartes. As for their influence, it no longer permeated the life, fired the enthusiasm, visioned the ideals of men one with them in religion. The world, as of one accord, followed in the mad rush after the idols of science, alluring in their novelty, and cast its heirlooms of centuries on the waste pile.

During the nineteenth century artists of worth, together with some dilettanti dabblers in things esthetic, sated with the cult of facts, gradually came to appreciate the medieval spirit of "stained glass and liturgy, knight-errantry and pageantry." But for many, even to this day, "the tyranny of modernism in the field of philosophy is so great that it has become well nigh impossible for any mind not of the first order to form direct personal relations with any thinker older than the nineteenth century. To ask originality from average minds would be absurd; tutorship in some form is indispensable; but a practice which restricts the choice of tutors, which cuts off access to the majority of the world's thinkers, is a needless aggravation of servitude. A mitigating fact, however, is the patronage granted by influential moderns to certain older themes or writers. Science, eager for new fields, at the same time that it asserts that every field is inexhaustible, intersects its former course, describes a loop, as it were, and numbers antiquity amongst the conquests of modernism. The past as material becomes invaluable, however lightly it may be esteemed as coadjutor. The passion for novelty is as dominant here as elsewhere. What we crave is the latest upheaval of the earliest deposit, and the oldest papyrus would be inestimable as long as it was also the newest."<sup>1</sup>

It is the very surfeit of modernity that has thrown thinkers back on the past, and the Catholic Middle Ages are now reaping the benefit of this movement. If a deeper understanding of its life and thought does not always lead to a deeper appreciation, it is at least a preliminary step towards a fuller grasping of what the Catholic Church has stood for through the ages, especially when, unhampered, she imbued all nations with her teaching unalloyed.

<sup>1</sup> O. W. Firkins, "The Cult of the Passing Hour," *Atlantic Monthly*, 1914, pp. 665-666.

One phase of this revival of interest in the many-faceted intellectual life of the thirteenth century has only recently been brought in agreeable relief. It has been done by one who, in his training and religion, was so far removed from its tenets that the fact of its having claimed his sympathetic interest is worthy of more than passing notice. Nay, it is a clarion call to those amongst us who still feel that they owe an apology to their contemporaries for the supposed vagaries of thought, the useless disquisitions, that fill the musty tomes so laboriously penned by the thirteenth century. This interesting study of Catholic life is from the pen of an English Unitarian minister, and is entitled "Dante and Aquinas." Except for one lapse from Catholic orthodoxy, no Catholic scholar could have written with more sympathetic insight and deeper understanding, and perhaps few could have done equal justice to the task. The book is based upon the Jowett Lectures delivered before the Edwards Passmore settlement, a characteristically English and Protestant audience.

Reviewing it in the "Philosophical Review" for July, 1914, p. 443, Lane Cooper, of Cornell University, observes that "it is one more sign of the growing semi-popular interest in medieval culture taken as a whole, scholastic philosophy not excluded." And summing up a rather general attitude of mind, he adds: "Time was, not so long ago, when the general reader, though not indifferent to Gothic architecture, or to the 'Inferno of Dante,' yet blind to the glory of the *Paradiso*, conceived of medieval thinkers as busied with contentions about the number of angels that could dance on the point of a needle. . . . In fact, the general reader did precisely what he accused Aquinas and the rest of doing: he failed to look at things with his own eyes before pronouncing judgment."

The renaissance of scholarly interest in the main intellectual movement of the Middle Ages is clearly shown by the avowed purpose of the author, who aims in the first instance, to bring out the special significance of Dante's work by helping to throw out its distinctive features against the background of the accepted and authoritative exposition of the received philosophy and theology of his day, while, at the same time, enriching his utterances by relating them to the implications and presuppositions on which they are grounded. He trusts, moreover, that his able sketch of the scholastic philosophy and especially of the teaching of Aquinas may have some independent value and may be found useful to many whose interest, or, at the lowest, curiosity, has been aroused in relation to medieval philosophy. Mr. Wicksteed is one of the best known Dante scholars in England at the present day.



## I.

In order to gain the correct perspective, and to evaluate mediæval culture at its true worth, we must rid ourselves of the false assumption that mediæval learning was exclusively scholastic and theological. In the early Middle Ages literature was almost entirely ecclesiastical and based upon patristic authorities. But all through the twelfth century the tide of scientific and secular learning was rising; soon it had acquired such momentum that in the first part of the next century the University of Paris was powerless to prevent the study of the newly discovered books of Aristotle in natural philosophy. Aristotle, moreover, was far from being the sum and substance of mediæval learning, which drew from many other sources, such as Ptolemy, Pliny, Galen and the Arabs, and which made original contributions and practical discoveries of its own. Western Europe had, by that time, become, as it were, the great melting pot of scientific, philosophical and theological theories. Into the receptive minds of its thinkers were being discharged in quick succession the Hellenic conceptions of Plato, of his belated successor, Plotinus, of his Christian disciple, St. Augustine, but more especially the systematic world-knowledge of Aristotle.

Plato had been known for centuries, at least, in translations and commentaries, to Christians of the west, while all trace of Aristotle had been lost for several hundred years. Greek was a sealed book to the great majority, and it was through Averroes (died 1200) and his Arabic commentaries that the Stagyrte's works filtered through into the west. But, oh, the excitement of scholars, the avidity with which they fell upon this discovery, the enthusiasm with which he was studied, analyzed, commented, expounded! All give us a vivid realization of the eagerness for knowledge, the restless search after truth, which show that the inquisitive human mind is the same in all ages and in all climes. The vicissitudes of search and discovery are excellently and faithfully sketched by Mr. Wicksteed. And, far from being exclusively occupied with theological lore, men's minds were stimulated as much by works on nature. The collection of facts was an engrossing pursuit; there was keen curiosity about the things of this world. Merely bookish scholars received scant consideration at the hands of men like Albertus Magnus and Roger Bacon, who frequently have recourse to observation and experimentation as a criterion of truth.

Nor was there any willingness to submit slavishly to Aristotle in all things; but wherever new facts do not chime with the theories of the Stagyrte, they are summarily rejected as insufficient explanations, unworthy of credence. That some of their theories and

experiments bring a smile to our lips in this twentieth century need not militate against the ability of the investigators, as most surely some of our present-day facts and theories will be an object of mild merriment to succeeding generations.

It is beyond the scope of this study to list the numerous scholars who contributed their share to this rapid, many-sided development of human knowledge. It was an age when philosophy in its broadest meaning was the common patrimony of every one; when young men in quest of learning, as true knight-errants of science, traveled from country to country and often studied at various universities before they considered their education in any way complete. Such feverish intellectual activity, venting itself in treatises and pamphlets and disputations, could not but make for an ultimate amalgamation of the various sometimes conflicting elements which had been acting and reacting upon each other. A synthetic mind was needed with masterful grasp of minute details and underlying principles. To Thomas Aquinas was to fall the honorable and onerous task. And Mr. Wicksteed, in a few deft strokes, etches this characteristic portrait: "Nothing can derogate from the stupendous nature of the task with which Thomas was faced, or qualify our admiration of the mastery with which he accomplished it. He developed, with so sure a touch, the tentative solutions and harmonisings that he inherited; he detected and precipitated the latent possibilities that the situation held in solution with such infallible instinct, that, in spite of opposition and dispute, his utterances were felt, almost from the first, to have a certain quality of conclusiveness that makes him not only the most representative of the schoolmen, but, after Augustine, the most influential theologian of the Western Church. . . . I am very far, indeed, from professing to have covered the whole of his stupendous mass of work, but the continuous and careful study of thousands of pages of it, and frequent consultations of the volumes up and down, during many years, have left me with the vivid impression that in the whole of his output the cutting edge of Thomas' mind is never to be found blunted. His whole material is always under command. Whatever he says on any subject, he says in relation to his thought on every other subject. I may add that a few attempts at translation will be enough to teach any competent student to appreciate the condensed precision of the thought and pregnant felicity of diction that characterize this great writer. . . . The certainty and firmness of his treatment of the vast variety of subjects with which he deals is not the result of elaborate tentatives and rearrangement. His advance follows the spontaneous swing of his mind, and he plants each point in its true place with unflinching precision. Like the blameless painter, he never makes a false stroke with his brush.

This impression of perpetual alertness and readiness is particularly vivid when we are reading the treatises written as answers to sets of questions sent by friends. He could never be taken by surprise.

. . . No less striking is his unflinching honesty. He is so certain of his ultimate ground of faith that he is never afraid of putting the opinions he is combating on their very strongest ground. Again and again we read with amazement his concise and forceful expression of objections, against which he, perhaps, has nothing equally clear and penetrating to urge. It is true that he sometimes puts up a man of straw, but never if he knows of a man of iron that can be put in the same place. We see throughout that he feels personally responsible for concealing nothing and for disguising nothing, whereas the issue of the battle, which is 'not his, but God's,' does not really depend on his skill in fence. It rests upon a rock. He must declare the truth wherever he knows it, and declare without flinching all that can be said against it. Then he must say what he can in its support, and if it chances that what he can say is imperfect or even weak, he can leave it, in full confidence in its own strength.'<sup>3</sup>

And when we consider his literary output during a comparatively short life (he died at 1274, at the age of 48 or 50); this praise is quite justified. The Parma edition of his complete works (1852-1873) comprises twenty-five folio volumes. His literary activity extended over some twenty years. Allowing for the space occupied by the texts commented upon, and by editorial matter, and for doubtful and spurious works, we shall, perhaps, not be far out if we reduce the twenty-five volumes to twenty double-column folios of some 500 pages each. This gives one such volume per annum for the whole period of Thomas' literary career.

His great work consisted in bringing about a systematic amalgamation between philosophy and theology. While before him the two had run side by side, while expounders of Aristotle had often read Platonism into him, and had understood much of Aristotle in a Platonic sense that had not been so meant, Aquinas succeeds in dissociating the two so completely that Aristoteleianism emerges in its pristine purity and vigor and is made the permanent ally of Catholic dogma; nay, the two become warp and woof of a single web. The audacity of his synthesis excites our wonder by its vast sweep. And our amazement becomes all the greater as we realize that this abstract language was transmuted from highly technical—and barbarous, some would say—Latin into the fluent Italian of Dante. For scarcely a page of the great singer's poem but is

---

<sup>3</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 87, 96, 112, 113.



based on Aquinas' philosophy and theology, often quoting him literally.

In order to make clear the poet's true greatness, which consisted in his thorough comprehension and poetical rendering of the highest and most abstruse themes, a closer glance at Aquinas' work will prove enlightening.

His literary legacy may be divided into three great synthetic works, which may be thought of the first as completed before his thirtieth, and the second as completed before his fortieth year. The third was still incomplete at the time of his death.

The first of the three great works just referred to is his enormous commentary on the "*Liber Sententiarum*" of Petrus Lombardus. It represents his first period of activity as a theological lecturer in Paris and rivals the more celebrated "*Summa Theologica*" in bulk. Though he found occasion to correct and modify the conclusions of this his earliest work on several details when he had reached a greater maturity and independence of thought, it is of peculiar interest to the Dante student because it contains the only elaborate treatment of the state of souls after death and of the final consummation which we possess from the great theologian's hand.

During the years that follow he traveled extensively, and we find him successively in Anagni, Rome, Bologna, Orvieto, Viterbo, Perugia, Paris, Naples. It was during one of his sojourns in Rome, from 1261 to 1264, that, at the request of Raymond of Pennafort, the general of the Dominican order and himself a great scholar and missionary devoted to the conversion of Jews and Moors then so numerous in his native country Spain, he wrote a treatise which should particularly appeal to those who, like the Jews, in part, or like the Saracens, in totality, denied the authenticity of the Christian revelation. This work was the "*Summa Contra Gentiles*, or the *Summa Philosophica*."

Although the smallest of his three great synthetic works, it is most important. For all his other works are an explanation of Christian teachings for Christians, and he assumes the truth of what he explains. It is only incidentally that he throws light on the ultimate foundations of his belief, or answers the insistent questions of the modern inquirer as to the grounds on which he accepts the premises from which he often draws such stupendous conclusions. When face to face with the Saracens and Jews he is compelled to change his method and to start from the ground common to all mankind: the data of human reason. As a corollary he determines with perfect precision the relation of reason to revelation, thus leading on the philosopher at the prompting of reason

itself, to cross over into the region of faith, to accept the supernatural.

Hence the first three books of the "Contra Gentiles" treat of what we can find out by reason: the scibile. Book I, after establishing God's existence, inquires into His operations as far as unaided reason can explore. Book II puts us in presence of God's creatures, tells us of their origin, their differences, their nature. Book III shows us the providential direction given by God to his creatures, irrational and rational. He draws them all to Himself, both by the laws of nature and by the special Providence that watches over His intelligent creatures. The fourth book completes the teachings of reason by those of faith.

The "Summa Theologica" is built on the same general plan, and, although it was never completed, it remains a monument of zeal, wonderful insight, methodical and critical exposition; in short, an inexhaustible storehouse of learning. "The form and purpose of almost the whole body of his work keeps his mysticism, that is to say, his immediate sense of the divine (as distinct from his reflection and philosophising about it), latent or in solution. It can be felt throughout, subtly guiding his hand and warming with an inward glow the calm surface of intellectual expression; but the extreme severity of his method gives him little opportunity of direct appeal to the spiritual consciousness of his reader."

And so is the great epic of Alighieri built on the same outline. The "Inferno of the Divine Comedy" is, in man's journey towards eternity, the terminus a quo, the starting point, the state of sin, from which the soul must free itself to attain salvation and final perfection. The "Purgatorio" is the terminus per quem, the means by which the soul frees itself from sin and advances by the practice of virtue towards Him who calls it to union with Himself. The "Paradiso," the terminus ad quem, is the state of grace in which the creature, redeemed by Christ and beloved of God, loves Him in return and lives in union with Him.

The three great works of St. Thomas just mentioned fill seven only of the twenty-five folio volumes of the Parma edition. These remaining volumes include commentaries on Aristotle, Boethius, the pseudo-Dionysius; numerous *Quæstiones Quodlibetales* and *Opuscula*, treating searchingly of fundamental questions of philosophy and theology dealt with incidentally in the longer works. Also a number of treatises of edification and devotion, and sermons. For with all his learning Aquinas was a most acceptable preacher to simple folk. He addressed them in his own provincial vernacular, which he had never shaken off, and on these occasions he put aside all subtle scholastic disputations and spoke only things

useful and profitable to the common man. Such was the personality and work of Aquinas, a synthesis of thirteenth century holiness and learning. There were, indeed, other great, saintly, learned men, who left their indelible impress upon the times. But concerning all essentials they were in agreement with him, and he is facile princeps in scientific discernment and systematic co-ordination. Sculptors and painters and architects and poets, all were his debtors to some extent; not slavish copyists or servile imitators: original creators, they were all stimulated by his genius. His spirit was theirs; they breathed the atmosphere he created; his work was the background against which they worked, it impregnated their thoughts, their very being. And especially was this true of Dante Alighieri. While it is noteworthy today that many serious non-Catholic students of life and letters owe a totally different conception of the Catholic religion to the study of the "Divine Comedy," many cultured Catholics are almost complete strangers to the contents of the wonderful poem and lack an understanding and appreciation of its unique beauty.

## II.

There is a general opinion that philosophy and poetry do not amalgamate; that the stern discipline and precise definitions of the former lend themselves in no wise to the wide latitude and fanciful imagery allowed the latter. And St. Thomas himself might be adduced as a case in point. Although his hymns are part of our liturgy and justly appreciated as such, they can hardly be ranked with the masterpieces of the world's poets. And right here is where Dante's greatness is first felt.

Some well-known passages of the "Comedy" have always been regarded as reaching the utmost heights of tragedy: the fruitless magnanimity of Farinata degli Uberti, the fatal love of Francesca da Rimini, the fall of Guido de Montefeltro, the doom of Count Ugolino. Yet none of these characterize Dante and make him stand out a unique personality among poets. What makes him essentially the great Christian poet of his time and of all times is the fact that he has succeeded in blending reason and imagination; that he has molded the deepest philosophical and theological truths in the purest poetical language. And yet we realize clearly that the preoccupation of Dante's mind, as he wrote the "Comedy," was neither philosophical nor theological, but artistic. The beginner may be dazzled by the display of learning he finds in Dante, and the opinion is frequently expressed that he carries science and philosophy to the furthest limits which had been reached in his age. After more detailed study, however, one learns to appreciate the artistic



tact and self-restraint that withheld him from pushing his science, philosophy and theology a step beyond the boundaries within which they can support his ethical, religious and poetical purposes and at the same time his boldness and independence in handling them and the moulding ascendancy of his own mind.

Perplexing as the beginner may sometimes find his treatment of philosophical and theological topics, the student of scholastic philosophy will be impressed by the infallible instinct or art with which he abstains from pushing intellectual analysis to the point at which it would divert the mind, instead of stimulating it, and would obscure rather than illuminate moral and spiritual issues. He is content to accept the mystery of the Trinity without attempting to penetrate into the abyss of the infinite. He is content to look forward to the time when the union of the Divine and human natures in Christ shall be as obvious to the beatified vision as the axiomatic law of contradictories, and meanwhile to accept it by faith:

How much more

Must the desire inflame us to behold  
That Essence which discovers by what means  
God and our nature join'd. There will be seen  
That, which we hold through faith, not shown by proof,  
But in itself intelligibly plain  
E'en as the truth that man at first believes.

Parad., Canto II.

But there is more than this. Dante not only knows where to stop himself, but he knows where science stops. He knows that by trying to explain what is inexplicable, you may not only fail, but may wrench the instrument of reason itself in the process. Thus in Canto II of the "Paradiso," when Dante and his celestial guide have entered the moon, he begs of her:

But tell, I pray thee, whence the gloomy spots  
Upon this body, which below on earth  
Give rise to talk of Cain in fabling quaint?

There follows a lengthy attempt at explanation, which dismays by its apparent intrusion into heaven. Yet, Dante's purpose seems evident: he intends to show that when he had left the earth, one of the first lessons he had to learn was, that if you try to explain the things of heaven by the laws of the laboratory you will not only fail in your attempt, but you will strain and violate the laws of the very science that you put to a task which is not its own:

. . . since thou findest the wings  
Of reason to pursue the senses' flight  
Are short.

And yet how lightly he can touch upon fundamental doctrines of scholastic psychology, and condense them into a few musical lines without any sense of strain!

Only the universal is object of knowledge, and it is abstracted

from the concrete, individual object by the senses. The concrete alone enjoys an independent existence; the universal has merely a mental esse; the whole deep-seated difference between Platonism and Aristotleanism. And Dante lets Beatrice explain to him, still in the flesh, why she speaks to him of the spiritual intervals between the souls in heaven as if they were material spaces:

Così parlar conviensi al vostro ingegno  
però che solo da sensato apprende  
ciò che fa poscia d' intelletto digno.

Parad., Canto IV., 40ff.

Thus needs, that ye may apprehend, we speak:  
Since from things sensible alone ye learn  
That which, digested rightly, after turns  
To intellectual.

And the question which still agitates all modern idealistic ideology, especially since Kant: do we know merely the image or idea within us, or do we, through this image, acquire an immediate and actual knowledge of the object outside us, is solved in Dante's simple lines:

Vostra apprensiva da esser verace  
tragge intenzione, e dentro a voi la spiega  
sì che l'animo ad esser volger face.

Purg., Canto XVIII., 20ff.

. . . of substance true  
Your apprehension forms its counterfeit;  
And in you the ideal shape presenting,  
Attracts the soul's regard.

The above quotations from a standard English translation of the "Comedy," show that pregnant conciseness of the original which only genius can display and which a translator can seldom render. They also make evident the need of living in the intellectual atmosphere, of being on familiar terms with thirteenth century thought and speculation, if one would enjoy Dante to the full. Yet such passages are not so numerous as to deter a well-informed and thinking reader from appreciating Dante. The ideas of Aquinas and his terminology once grasped remain stamped upon the mind with a lucidity all their own.

Nor need it be concluded that Dante is always a slavish copyist, fettered and bound by the master's ipse dixit. Instances are fairly numerous in which Dante spontaneously or deliberately departs from Aquinas, at least in matters purely philosophical, or even theological, when they involved mere popular tradition. Mr. Wicksteed remarks that "in this respect Dante's attitude towards scholastic ideas differed from his attitude towards Christian dogma, which he accepted without question, however grievous a strain it put upon his conscience or his affections." Of this supposed feeling of strain there is not the slightest evidence in Dante. As Dr. Moore said, "there is no trace of doubt or dissatisfaction respecting

any part of the teaching of the Church in matters of doctrine authoritatively laid down." And he who could write that prayer to the Blessed Virgin in terms of such glowing fervor that no saint has ever surpassed them, and which are infinitely beyond the empty words of praise that have at times been wrung from Protestant poet pens:

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son!  
Created beings all in lowliness  
Surpassing, as in height above them all;

Not only him who asks  
Thy bounty succurs; but doth freely oft  
Forerun the asking.

Here kneeleth one  
Who of all spirits hath reviewed the state  
From the world's lowest gap unto this height.  
Suppliant to thee he kneels, imploring grace  
For virtue yet more high, to lift his ken  
Toward the bliss supreme.

This yet I pray thee Queen,  
Who canst do what thou wilt, that in him thou would  
Wouldst, after all he hath beheld, preserve  
Affection sound, and human passions quell!

Parad., Canto XXXIII.

He who could write thus from the depths of his soul will stand the rigid test of Catholic orthodoxy.

The most noteworthy instance in which Dante departs from popular religious tradition and gives full sway to his poetic imagination is in his representation of the site of Purgatory. The Catholic Church has never laid down anything as de fide on this point. The popularly accepted view then, as now, considered Purgatory as a sort of cavern in the bowels of the earth. Dante, however, represents it as a sunlit hill rising out of mid-ocean at the exact antipodes of Jerusalem. The reader feels arising within him ever new sensations of delight at the beauty of the descriptions, and still more of the atmospheric suggestions conjured up by the poet's vision.

Why should Dante thus depart from the popular and common tradition? Is it merely a poetic artifice to avoid a repetition, on a smaller scale, of the scenery of hell? Perhaps. But there is another and more significant answer to the question, if we look for it in another special feature of Dante's handling of the doctrine of Purgatory.

The last six cantos of the "Purgatorio" have really nothing to do with Purgatory itself, but are concerned with the earthly Paradise or Garden of Eden. And it is the connection between the two that gives us our clue. In Dante's mind the Earthly Paradise he paints so vividly is literally the Garden of Eden of Genesis, and not a mere type of figure of it. The mountain of Purgatory he regards as an outside court, or as the first rung of the ladder that leads



us to the Garden itself in which Adam and Eve led their brief life of innocence. And the souls in Dante's Purgatory whom we see climbing the mountains are literally regaining the very Paradise that our first parents lost, to taste there for a short while the actual joys of Eden. Thus one by one they make good, as it were, the great lapse of the Fall, and actually partake of that earthly bliss which would have been theirs by birthright had it not been forfeited by the first sin.

And so vividly does Dante visualize this fact that Virgil, having brought him through Hell and Purgatory to the Earthly Paradise, tells him that he shall now give him no further direction of any kind. He must take his own impulses for his guide. They cannot lead him wrong; the only fault he could commit were to resist their promptings:

On me the Mantuan fix'd  
His eyes, and thus he spake: "Both fires, my son,  
The temporal and eternal thou hast seen;  
And art arrived where of itself my ken  
No further reaches. . . .  
Now thy pleasure take  
For guide. . . .  
Expect no more  
Sanction of warning voice or sign from me,  
Free of thy own arbitrament to choose,  
Discreet, judicious. To distrust thy sense  
Were henceforth error. I invest thee then  
With crown and miter, sovereign o'er thyself.  
Purg., Canto XXVII.

Thus Paradise is regained, and more than regained. For the souls are now not merely where Adam and Eve were before the fall, but where they would have been had they come out triumphant of the test set for them by the Creator, and thus freely harmonized their own will, henceforth irrevocable, with that of their Maker's irrevocable plan.

Hence the souls pass to the celestial Paradise, the heavenly Jerusalem, to enjoy the fruition of the Divine Aspect, but only when they have first enjoyed the fullness of earthly bliss as the original purpose of the Creator planned.

Here Mr. Wicksteed, non-Catholic though he be, is especially felicitous, and has succeeded in grasping the spirit of Dante and Aquinas as nowhere else. "In expounding the ecclesiastical tradition concerning the life of Eden," he writes, "Aquinas is particularly beautiful and moving, and finds scope for the imaginative splendor of his mind. It is his angel lore that is more abundant, and it is that which gave him his title of Angelic Doctor. But nowhere is he more beautiful, and nowhere do his speculations come closer and more directly home to us than in his psychology of unfallen man. For he so describes the life of Eden as to wake in us exiled sons of Eve a home sense that we belong to Eden still, that its life is

yet within us, as well as heaven being above us, and that even now and here it is abnormal for us to live any lower life than that of the earthly Paradise. Before the fall, he tells us, man had all the physical appetites that he has now, and, moreover, the delight of the senses was much keener yet than it now is. But the desires and appetites were all in perfect harmony, because they were all completely subject to reason. But reason does not mean cold ratiocination. It means the harmonizing and totalizing balance that combines the animal, intellectual and spiritual powers into a full and systematical humanity. When subject to reason, therefore, no passion or desire could ever urge its own special claim without reference to the whole balance of perfect manhood. It could never be a warping or disturbing pressure, but must always be a note in a harmony." And yet, this ungrudging tribute notwithstanding, the Catholic reader feels better at home in Dante than the best informed and most sympathetic outsider. Dante, even if belonging to mankind, is particularly our very own. There are some things in which the non-Catholic's rationalizing tendencies will dampen his ardor of admiration, and which the inner sense of the Catholic trustingly accepts on divine authority, even if the totality of their implications presents a forbidding aspect to mere reason. And Mr. Wicksteed himself is a conspicuous example, in his treatment of the fundamental theme of the "Comedy": free will, and eternal reward and punishment consequent upon it.

A thorough comprehension of the subject demands that we go slightly farther afield.

The "final cause" of all things, the end for which all things are made, the goal towards which all things strive, is the universal order, the realization of the plan of the Prime Mover, by Whom and for Whom all things are made. God Himself is the ultimate end that all creatures seek. The inmost trend of anything, animate or inanimate, conscious or unconscious, by which it strives to realize this end, is: love. All that we speak of as "attraction" is included by the medieval writers, without any sense of strain or improper metaphor, in the term: love. And it is, perhaps, significant that if we want a word that includes the falling of the stone and the yearning of a soul for goodness, beauty and truth, we use the term attraction, which is primarily a physical conception, but which we extend without a sense of breach to the most abstract and spiritual relations; whereas the medieval mind fixed upon "love," primarily a spiritual conception, and imported it, with no sense of discontinuity, into the most elemental of physical phenomena:

Among themselves all things  
Have order; and from hence the form, which makes

The universe resemble God. In this  
The higher creatures see the printed steps  
Of that eternal worth which is the end  
Whither the line is drawn. All natures lean  
In this their order, diversely; some more,  
Some less approaching to their primal source.  
Thus they to different havens are moved on  
Through the vast sea of being, and each one  
With instinct given, that bears it in its course.

. . . by the Love impelled

That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars.

While love is thus the sole motive power of the universe, man also is actuated by it: he finds ineradicably fixed in the depths of his being a supreme desire for blessedness. Under the impulse of this desire man not only can adapt his means to his ends, but he also selects his ends, a faculty not given to any lower beings. It is in connection with this power that man's free will manifests itself, and leads him deliberately to choose either good or evil:

That as, oftimes, but ill accords the form  
To the design of art, through sluggishness  
Or unreplying matter; so this course  
Is sometimes quitted by the creature, who  
Hath power, directed thus, to bend elsewhere.

Without freedom of the will the moral life is impossible, rewards and punishments are meaningless, and the very idea of divine justice disappears.

St. Thomas is sharply consistent and thoroughly exhaustive in his analysis of the freedom of the will. Mr. Wicksteed would have it that "he analyzes the freedom of the will until he has analyzed it away and leaves us with the sense, not that we are really and ultimately responsible for our own choice, but that we choose, even when we choose wrong, in obedience to the inevitable and unfathomable will of God." (p. 192) "In the mechanical succession of material events only one consequent of any given set of antecedents is possible within the limits of the nature of the material thing concerned. If a stone is released in free air, nothing is possible within the limits of its nature except that it should fall towards the center of the earth. God could, indeed, make it rise, but that would be by miracle, superseding the nature of the stone, and making it act counter thereto. But in the case of man there is no such natural, internal determination of the future by the past. So far as the intrinsic nature of man is concerned diverse courses are open, and God could urge him or suffer him to move along any one of the diverse possible routes without any violation of his nature or breach with the natural continuity of past and future. The freedom of man resolves itself, then, into the existence of open possibilities within the range of his natural powers, and the determination of his course



ly his own preferences." "But his preferences themselves," he urges, "are ultimately determined by God."<sup>4</sup>

The fact remains that, since God ultimately moves all things, he must have a share in the very act of man's making a free choice. How then can man be said to be absolutely free?

The question has vexed theologians for centuries, and while they have considered it from every possible angle, and labored diligently at a solution, we are face to face with one of those ultimate problems which it is not given to finite human reason to clarify completely. Implicit trust in an all-wise Providence is the only solution, and this the Catholic faith alone supplies.

At any rate, Dante does not carry his critical analysis as far, but he is as one with St. Thomas in the consequences it implies, and which Mr. Wicksteed so vehemently repudiates: the eternal punishments of hell. And to give a semblance of consistency to his repudiation, he tries to point out a divergence of opinion between the dogmatic teacher and the poet who interprets him. The former's pitiless logic has made him conclude that "by the justice of God the sinner gets what he *deserves*," although this same God is all love, and ultimately influences man's free will somehow; a repulsive sight to contemplate. The poet, however, "sees only what the sinner *chose*, and conceives of the divine justice as giving him that."

As a Catholic understands it, the two conceptions harmonize perfectly in the scholastic psychology to which both Dante and St. Thomas subscribed; in this life, man's free choice is determined by concrete presentations—good or evil, in harmony or not with his ultimate end—of particular goods apprehended by the senses and then by the mind. When death separates body and soul, the latter is no longer dependent upon the senses or set in motion by them; it can no longer change, therefore, from one particular good or evil to another; it is bound to remain in the state it was in when the separation took place; a fixed, unchangeable state or disposition. If, at the moment of death, man had freely turned away from his ultimate end, the very nature of his soul, the very conditions of his activity make a reversal of his will and another choice impossible, force it to remain forever in the state it put itself in at death.

Thus the sinner chooses the eternal punishment of hell, as Dante points out; and by the justice of God gets what he deserves, as St. Thomas holds. His very nature makes eternal punishment the final consequence of his free act, and in this sense it is deserved, since it is in harmony with God's plan. However some minds

---

<sup>4</sup> Lane Cooper, in *Phil. Review*, July, 1914, p. 443.

may rebel against its "gratuitous" horror, without it the freedom of the will would be illusory and to no purpose; the soul would be ever moving, and never arriving at its goal.

And herein lies one more proof if such were needed, that Dante does not merely versify the doctrines of others, however great and imposing their learning may be; he has assimilated and organized their ideas with uncommon poetic genius.

To say that while he is found worthy of deep study and admiring appreciation by outsiders, he is deserving of more than superficial praise and unknowing commendation at the hands of Catholics, seems commonplace. "Our generation is on the point of discovering that there is an essential relation between the great orderly imaginative structure of scholastic philosophy, the architectonics, as one might say, of medieval thought, and the quality of mind and feeling embodied in the French cathedrals and in the great structure of the *Divine Comedy*; in other words, that we cannot understand in its larger aspects the life of the period which gave ours life, we cannot sympathize with the manifestations of vital energy in the art of modern times, as opposed to classical antiquity, without rectifying our notions of scholastic philosophy."

J. B. CEULEMANS.

Moline, Ill.

---

## MEISTER ECKHART AND THE FRIENDS OF GOD

### A PHASE OF GERMAN MYSTICISM

GERMAN philosophy may be said to have entered history in the guise of mysticism, for the German mysticism of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was the richest and most complete expression of this form of spirituality, both on its philosophical and its religious side. German philosophy has gone far since then and has assumed a very different aspect. It is strange indeed that the teaching of such gentle spirits as Eckhart, Tauler and Blessed Henry Suso should, in the course of centuries, have developed into the materialism of Nietzsche, Treitschke, Bernhardi and others of the same school.

In the middle ages religious speculation went hand in hand with faith. Since then speculation has dropped faith's hand and gone sadly astray, first losing itself in agnosticism and ultimately culminating in atheism supported by militarism, which also will pass

---

<sup>4</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 195.

as all things earthly must. Philosophies may come and go, but mysticism belongs to eternal things, and is ever present with us in some form: for the eternal root of all mysticism is the craving for the absolute, stated philosophically, the yearning for union with God, speaking in terms of religion.

The illustrious group of German mystics known as the Friends of God, and sometimes erroneously called Catholic Quakers, contained about seven or eight persons who stand out above all others, and some may be described as the founders of German mysticism, and of these seven or eight choice spirits the most learned was undoubtedly Eckhart, though owing to some of his writings having been condemned by the Avignon Pope, John XXII, he has not exercised so much influence over Catholics as John Tauler and Blessed Henry Suso, both of whom were his disciples.

A certain mystery envelops Eckhart and adds to his interest; it is not known exactly when he was born nor when he died, all that can be said for certain is that he lived at the latter half of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century. He was a Dominican, and his life was hidden with Christ in God. Much more is known of his inner life through his writings than of himself personally, over whom time has cast a veil that can never be penetrated. He exercised so potent an influence over some of the other Friends of God, that he often appeared to them in their visions. The latest opinion is that he was born at Hochheim.<sup>1</sup>

He studied in Paris at the College of St. Jacques, which gave the Dominicans the name of Jacobins. He received the theological degree of doctor under Pope Boniface VIII, in Rome. Report says that he was for a long time Provincial of the Order of Preachers in Saxony; later he became Vicar-General in Bohemia: he is always spoken of as Meister Eckhart in history. He was noted for his high morality, and for the strictness of his discipline. He worked as a teacher of mysticism chiefly in Strasburg and Cologne, and appears to have died in the latter place.

He taught that Hell was absence from God. It was not until after his death that his writings were condemned in 1329, but before he died he had withdrawn the teaching that caused him to be accused of heresy, and he was then reconciled with the Church.

The time in which this band of mystics lived was one of great unrest in social, political, religious and spiritual things, a longing for freedom, not only from feudal bonds, but also for freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of spirit possessed the world. The German language was effected by this longing for freedom, and Eckhart and the writers with whom we are here concerned

---

<sup>1</sup> Delacroix. *Essai sur le mysticisme speculatif*. Paris, 1900.



had considerable influence in freeing it from the Latin swaddling clothes in which, witness its grammar, it had been bound. On this account these mystics have been called the "Minnesingers" of German prose.

In spiritual things their tendency was to lead the soul from the formality of vocal prayer, through meditation, to the free and open heights of contemplation.

It was in the Rhineland in the twelfth century that St. Hildegarde and St. Elizabeth of Schönau lived, and it was in the Rhineland, in the thirteenth century, that this latter group of German mystics sprang up, especially at Cologne and Strasburg.

We know too well to what the craving for freedom ultimately led in the sixteenth century, and the Friends of God did not altogether escape from its effects, as we shall see. We cannot, however, believe that Eckhart could ever have wilfully fallen away from the teaching of the Church, on which his whole spiritual life was based, or that he did not himself believe that his teaching was reconcilable with that of the Church, and as a matter of fact it is stated in the bull in which he was condemned, that he recanted his errors before he died. He is supposed to have had pantheistical tendencies, of which he was accused by Archbishop Henry of Cologne.

The only writings of Eckhart that have come down to us are his sermons, which were printed in the Basle edition of 1521 of Tauler's sermons: there were fifty-five of Meister Eckhart's originally, though they disappeared mostly from later editions of Tauler's Sermons, but when incorporated in them are easily recognized by their style. He is known to have written many other works which have not come down to us, notably an explanation of the Gospel of St. John, and another of the *Canticum Canticorum*.

The fact of his condemnation is no doubt the reason that so little of his work has come down to us, for it has caused him to be looked upon as a dangerous writer. That we have so little matters the less, that we have enough to know his whole view of things, for it has been well said that when a mystic enters the scene either in speech or writing, he comes *omnia sua se cum portans*. Formerly Eckhart was accused of sharing some of the errors of the sect called "Brothers of the Free Spirit," but the later critics, notably Herr Schmidt, have cleared him from this suspicion, and have proved that he and his disciple, Tauler, reflected the same spirit in their different individualities, and their writings are only different representations of the same system."<sup>2</sup>

But now it is time to let him speak for himself, and we proceed to give some quotations from some of his sermons, which if frag-

<sup>2</sup> See "Meister Eckhart," von Dr. H. Martensen, Hamburg.

mentary, nevertheless reveal the soul of the man, better than a whole discourse could do, for the most characteristic of his sayings have been selected for translation. From one of Eckhart's sermons for the 2nd Sunday in Advent:

"I have a power in my soul which enables me to perceive God: I am as certain as that I live that nothing is so near me as God. He is nearer to me than I am to myself. It is a part of His very essence that He should be nigh and present to me. He is also nigh to a stone or to a tree but they do not know it. If a tree could know God and perceive His presence as the highest of the angels perceives it, the tree would be as blessed as the highest angel.

"And it is because man is capable of perceiving God and of knowing how near God is to him that he is better off than a tree. And he is more blessed or less blessed in the same measure as he is aware of the presence of God. It is not because God is in him and so close to him, that he is blessed, but because he perceives God's presence and knows God loves him, and such an one will feel that God's kingdom is nigh at hand."<sup>3</sup>

"Who seeks God and something else other than God, he does not find God, but who seeks God alone, he finds all things with God." Meister Eckhart.<sup>4</sup>

"Everything rests in the place in which it was born. Throw a stone into the air, it rests not, it comes back to the earth. Why is that? The earth is its country, the air is its exile. The place out of which I was born is the Godhead. The Godhead is my fatherland. Have I a Father in the Godhead? Yes, I have not only a Father there, but I am myself there also. Before I was born to myself I was born in the Godhead." Fol. 293.

"What is Eternity? Eternity is the present now, that knows not of time. The day that passed a thousand years ago is not farther from eternity than the hour that I stand here, and the day that shall come one thousand years hence is not farther from eternity than the hour in which I now speak.

"What is Truth? Truth is so noble that if God could turn Himself from it, I should stick to Truth and would leave God. For God is the Truth and all that is in time and all that God has ever created is not the Truth." Fol. 252.

"If thou seekest God for thine own use and thine own blessedness, thou seekest not God in truth. Some people would see God with their eyes as they see a cow and would love God as they love a

<sup>3</sup> Tauler's sermons. Winkworth; 208.

<sup>4</sup> Martensen. The following extracts are all translated from Dr. Martensen's critical study on Eckhart.

cow, which they love because it gives them milk and cheese for their own use. Also they love God for the sake of exterior riches and interior consolation, but these people do not love God aright, but they seek only themselves and their own needs." Fol. 252, 300.

"If anyone asks me what I judge the Creator meant when He created all things I answer, Rest. If one ask me a second time, what all creatures seek in their natural desires, I answer, Rest. If one asks me for the third time what the soul seeks in all her ways, I answer, Rest. For the countenance of the Divine Nature draws all the powers and all the desires of the soul after it. This God adorns so well and it is so pleasing to Him, that all His divine nature is inclined and turned towards it. As much as the soul rests in God, so much does God again rest in her. If she rests only partly in Him, He rests only partly in her. If she rests wholly and entirely in Him, He rests wholly and entirely in her. In the pure soul God finds a reflection of Himself, there God rests again in the soul and the soul rests again in God. Who would deprive God of resting in the soul, deprives Him of His Godhead. For God seeks rest in all things and the Divine nature is Rest." Fol. 292.

"God loves Himself and His nature and His Godhead. In the love wherewith God loves Himself, He loves also all creatures, not as creatures but the creatures as God. Now I beg you to understand this. I will speak as I have never spoken. God delights in Himself and in that delight, wherein He delights in Himself, He delights in all creatures, not as creatures but the creatures as God." Fol. 301.

"As thou lovest so thou art. Lovest thou the earth so art thou earthly: lovest thou God so art thou divine (godly). If I then have love for God do I then become God? That I do not say, but I refer you to the Holy Scriptures where God says, 'You are gods and children of the Most High'." Fol. 246.

"The eye with which I see God is the same eye whereby God sees me. My eye and God's eye is one eye and one face and one knowledge and one love." Fol. 313.

"As I came hither today, I thought how I could preach to you so reasonably that you could understand me well. Then I thought of a parable, and if you can understand this well, then you can understand the sense and the foundation and the meaning of all my teaching.

"And the parable was taken from my eye and a piece of wood. If my eye is open it is an eye, if it is closed it is still the same eye, and through sight nothing goes from it to the wood, nor comes from the wood to it. Now understand me rightly. If my eye is open and cast upon the wood with a glance, each remains as it is,



and yet are they in the actuality of sight so one that one must say the eye is wood and the wood is the eye. But if the wood were without matter and spiritual like my eye, then one might with truth say that in the actuality of sight, the wood and my eye exist in one being. Now if this is true of bodily things, much more is it true of spiritual things." Fol. 300.

"There is something in the soul that is above the power of the soul to procure: it is something divine in kind, simple in itself, a pure nothing more unnamed than named, more unknown than known. Could you annihilate yourself for one moment or for less than a moment, then you would have all which is in itself, but so long as you regard yourself as something, you know as little what this something is, as my mouth knows what colour is, and as my eye knows what taste is. Of this something am I accustomed to speak in my sermons, and sometimes have I called it a power, sometimes *an uncreated light*, sometimes a divine spark. It is free from all names and empty of all forms, as God is free and empty in Himself. It is higher than knowledge and higher than love and higher than grace. For in all this there is distinction. In this power God blooms and flourishes in all His Divinity and the Spirit blooms. In this power the Father begets His only-begotten Son as really as in Himself: in this light is the Holy Spirit." Fol. 274.

"As much as thou retirest from thyself and from all created things, so much art thou purified and blessed in this spark of the soul, which is untouched by time and space. This spark contradicts all creatures and will only have the naked God as He exists in Himself. To this spark suffices neither the Father nor the Son nor the Holy Ghost nor the Three Persons, so far as Each stands in its own attribute. I will say still more, something that sounds still more wonderful. I will say it by the eternal truth, and by the everlasting truth, and by my soul, to this light suffices only the super-essential Being. It desires to go into that simple ground of the Soul where the Three Persons are known, into the quiet wilderness where no one is at home, into the One where no distinction appears, into the simple stillness, which in itself is immovable, but by which immovability all things are moved." Fol. 301.

"I take a glass of water and lay in it a mirror, and set it under the disc of the sun, the sun throws out its bright lustre into the mirror, and yet diminishes not. The reflection of the mirror in the sun is the sun in the sun, and the mirror is still what it is, a mirror. So is it with God. God is in the soul with His nature and His essence and His Godhead, and He is still not the soul. The

---

<sup>5</sup> This is one of the condemned propositions.

reflection of the soul in God is God in God, and the soul is still that which it was." Fol. 301.

"Whosoever has understood this sermon to him I willingly yield it. If no one had been here, I should have been obliged to have preached it to this stick. Whoso has not understood this sermon let him not trouble his heart about it, for so long as the man himself is not like this truth, so long will he not understand it, for it is an unthought truth that has come out of the heart of God without any medium." Fol. 302.

"A Master says God has become man, and thereby He has raised and honored the whole human race. On this account should we rejoice, that Christ our Brother is carried by His own power above all the choirs of angels, and sits on the right hand of the Father. This Master has spoken well, but truly I don't think much of it. What would it help me if I had a brother, who was a rich man, and I was thereby a poor man? What would it help me if I had a brother who was a wise man, and I was thereby a fool? I speak of another and a nearer than a brother. God has not only become man, but He has taken upon Him the whole human nature." Fol. 266.

"God is always working in the Now of eternity and His work is the bringing forth of His Son, Whom He is always bringing forth. The Son is the first outbreak of the fruitfulness of the Divine nature, and this breaking out is without the medium of the Will, therefore He is called the Image and Word of the Father. In this Word the Father utters my soul and thy soul. He brings forth His Son in the soul, in the same way as He brings Him forth in eternity and not otherwise. He must do so whether He likes or not. The Father brings forth His Son unceasingly and I say more. He brings forth His Being and His Nature. There spring I forth in the Holy Spirit; there is one Life and one being and one Work." Fol. 268, 299, 304.

"It is the Father's nature that He should bring forth the Son, and it is the Son's nature that He should be brought forth, and that I should be born in Him, and it is the Holy Spirit's nature, that I should burn in Him and melt away in Love." Fol. 245.

"When the will is so united that it becomes one single One, then the heavenly Father brings forth His only begotten Son in Himself, and in me. Why in Himself and in me? I am One with Him, He cannot shut me out. In the same action the Holy Spirit receives His nature, and becomes of me as of God. Why? I am in God, and if the Holy Spirit does not take His nature from me, neither does He take it from God.<sup>8</sup> I am in no way excluded." Fol. 251.

"The Fathers say generally that all men are alike noble in their

nature. But I say that all the goodness that the Saints and Mary and Christ have possessed after their humanity, that is my own in this nature. Now you may ask me, since I have all, is this nature that Christ and His humanity can give, why is it then that we hear Christ and honor Him as our Lord and our God? It is because He has become a messenger of God to us and has brought our salvation to us. Yes, this same salvation which He brought to us was ours. Fol. 266.

"The Lord said: 'All that I have heard from my Father, that have I revealed to you.' Now I wonder that some people who are very learned and would be great prelates, let themselves be so quickly satisfied. They wish also to understand here the Word, He has revealed to us, on the way which is necessary to salvation. That I do not hold, for it is not the truth. All that the Father has and that He is, the abyss of the divine Being and nature, that He brought forth at once in His only begotten Son. This is what the Son hears from the Father and He has revealed to us, that we may be the same Son. God is become Man, that I may become God.<sup>e</sup> God died that I might die to the world and to all created things." Fol. 263.

"Humanity and the human creature are not alike. Humanity in itself is so noble, that it has a likeness to the angels and kinship with the Godhead. The greatest union which Christ possesses with the Father is possible for me to win, if I could lay aside all that is of this or of that (all distinction that is), and could assume humanity." Fol. 251.

"The Father brought forth the Son in righteousness. All the virtue of the righteous and every work of the righteous is nothing else, than that the Son is born of the Father. The Father rests not, it may be then that the Son will be born in me, and He hunts and drives me always, that I may bring forth to Him the Son. This should wise people know and ignorant people must believe it." Fol. 245.

"The righteous man serves neither God nor the creature, for he is free, and the nearer he is to righteousness the more he is freedom itself. All that is created is not free. So long as there is Something of me that is not God Himself that oppresses me, however small it is, and if it were reason and love, in so much as they are created and God Himself is not, they oppress me, for they are not free." Fol. 274.

"A Master says: 'the soul that loves God loves Him under the garment of goodness.' But I say that nature may be purer than goodness. If Nature were not, then goodness also would not be,

---

<sup>e</sup> These seem to be very rash propositions.



and only as far as it belongs to nature is goodness good. That God is good does not make me blessed, and I will never desire that God make me blessed of His Goodness, for He might perhaps not do it. Thence only am I blessed that God is reasonable and that I perceive it." Fol. 287.

"God has many names, but the first of His names is Being. All that is destructible is a falling off from Being. As far as our life is Being so far is it in God. There is no life so weak and ill, but as far as it is Being, it is nobler than all that Life ever won. If thou couldst perceive a flower as it exists in God, then is this flower nobler than the whole world." Fol. 279.

"It is a certain truth, that it is as necessary to God to seek us, as if His Godhead depended upon it. God can as little do without us as we without Him. Should we run away from God, still God can never run away from us. Therefore I will not ask God that He should give me anything, nor will I praise Him for what He has given me, but I will ask Him that He will make me worthy to receive Him, and I will praise Him that He is the Nature and the Being that He must give." Fol. 252.

"The Will lets itself be satisfied with the goodness of God, but Reason neither lets itself be contented with goodness, nor with wisdom, nor with truth, nor with God himself. She seeks God as the goal from which goodness flows, she seeks Him as the kernel from which goodness springs, she seeks Him as the root from which goodness blooms. She breaks into the Ground where goodness and truth have their origin, and takes them in the beginning (in principio) before they have yet earned their names. She draws off from God the garment of goodness, and takes Him bare and divested of all names. Therefore neither does the Father suffice to her, nor the Son, nor the Holy Spirit, but she breaks through the innermost depths of the Godhead, and presses into the root from whence the Son springs forth and the Holy Spirit blossoms." Fol. 260, 288, 301.

"St. Paul says: 'All that I am that I am by the grace of God.' These words are true and yet was not the grace of God in him. For grace had worked and had brought Paul into Being, and then had grace fulfilled her work. But when grace had fulfilled her work, then became Paul what he was in eternity. Then has the creature the true spiritual poverty, and has no distinction, and knows neither of God nor of the creature nor of itself, and has neither Before nor After, and waits for no future thing, and can neither win nor lose. Therefore I beg God that He will make me quit of God (that He by grace may bring me into Being), for Being is above God and above distinction." Fol. 307, 308.

"When I remained in my first creature, then had I no God, then was I my own, I willed not, I desired not, for I was a mere being, and I perceived myself according to divine truth. What I willed, that I was, and what I was, that I willed, and I remained empty of God and of all things. But when I escaped from my free will and received my created Being, then had I a God. For before creatures were, was God not God: He was only what He was. When creatures became creatures and received their created being, then was God not God in Himself but in creatures was He God."<sup>7</sup>

In the foregoing passages we have let Eckhart speak for himself, and enough has been quoted to show that by his extraordinary originality, bold speculation and love of paradox he certainly laid himself open to criticism, as well as by his fearless attempts to put into plain language the deepest mysteries of the Godhead, though one of the cardinal points of his teaching is that "there is a certain mystery which for ever lies beyond the range of knowledge." He draws a great distinction between God and the Godhead. "God is a personal Being Who reveals His Divine nature to us, but the Ground out of which the revelation proceeds, is the Godhead, the central mystery of the Godhead."

He went further than any other mystic in teaching that God is beyond all knowledge. He was very paradoxical and was fond of using negative terms to describe the mysteries of the Godhead: as for instance the "Nameless Nothing"; "the Wordless Godhead"; the Unnaturaed Nature"; "the Wordless One"; "the Naked Godhead." In the poetical phrases "the Immovable Rest" and "the Still Wilderness where no one is at home," he describes the mystical place or state wherein God is revealed to the soul, rather than the Godhead Itself.

Just as he teaches that the Godhead is Something beyond God, so when he turns to the human soul he teaches that there is something in the soul which is above the soul. In one of the passages quoted above he describes this something as "simple, divine, unnamed rather than named." In trying to explain this transcendent quality of the human soul, he gives this something various names, as "A Little Glimmer," "a Spark," "the Soul's Eye," "the inner Man," the "Ground of the Soul": which last expression corresponds to the "Fund of the soul" which Father Baker in "Sancta Sophia" is so fond of using.

Eckhart is considered the most profound of all German mystics, and an old couplet said of him:

<sup>7</sup> These passages from Dr. Martensen's book include some which were condemned by Pope John XXII., but Meister Eckhart retracted all to which exception was taken before his death. The extracts are taken from the Basle edition of 1521 of Tauler's Sermons.

This is Meister Eckhart,  
From whom God kept nothing hid.<sup>8</sup>

His faith was almost *scientia*. He says of himself: "I am as certain as that I live that nothing is so near to me as God. God is nearer to me than I am myself."<sup>9</sup>

In speaking of the intimate union between Almighty God and the soul, although perhaps he never wilfully lapsed into sheer Pantheism, for he taught that the identity of the soul is never lost, yet he goes further than any other Catholic mystic has ever gone in defining the closeness of the union, as for example in the passage quoted from Folio 251, on a preceding page, which is one of the propositions objected to by Pope John XXII. Apropos to his definition of Union with God, there is a passage in one of his works called "On the Steps of the Soul" in which he says: "The spring of Divine Love flows out of the soul, and draws her out of herself, into the nameless Being, into her Origin which is God alone." Pantheism was one of the charges brought against him. Twenty-eight positions in his writings were condemned by the Bull of 1329, of these seventeen were said to be heretical, and the others "dangerous and very rash." The Pope said of him, "that he had wished to know more than he should." One of the condemned propositions which was declared heretical referred to the union of the soul with God in which Eckhart said "We are transformed totally into God, even as in the Sacrament the bread is converted into the Body of Christ." This, said John XXII, "has an ill sound and is very rash."

The historian Trithemius said of Meister Eckhart "that he was the most learned man of his day in Aristotelian philosophy." He was of course greatly influenced by St. Thomas Aquinas, whose "Summa Theologica" was then the text book of the Dominican schools, in which Eckhart taught. He preached in German to the people and lectured to the clergy and students in Latin, in the Dominican monastery at Erfurt: when he was Prior Provincial of Saxony he had fifty-one monasteries and nine convents under his jurisdiction. At Strasburg alone there were in his time no less than seven Dominican convents, and he probably instructed the nuns in most of them. There is still in existence a poem of a Dominican nun of this time in which she mentions "how wisely Meister Eckhart speaks to us about 'Nothingness.' And commenting on it she says, "he who does not understand that, in him has never shone the light divine."<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Studies in Mystical Religion by Rufus Jones, 1909; p. 224.

<sup>9</sup> "The Mystic Way," by Evelyn Underhill, 1913; p. 117.

<sup>10</sup> Rufus Jones, p. 221.



Many monks and nuns and some of the "Friends of God" were under his spiritual direction. He had a spiritual daughter at Strasbourg named Sister Katrin, who was probably either a nun or a Dominican tertiary, who seems to have outstripped eventually her director in the Mystic Way, and latterly to have instructed him in mysticism. This custom of lay-people acting as directors even to priests was not uncommon at this time, and prevailed among the "Friends of God," many of whom were lay-persons.

Sister Katrin was subject to ecstasies and trances, and on one occasion she was being carried out as dead for burial, when her confessor arrived upon the scene just in time to discover that she was not dead, but only in a trance.<sup>11</sup> She appears to have been one of the "Friends of God." Some confusion has arisen between Meister Eckhart and another Brother Eckhart, and the latter's errors have been attributed to the great Dominican by a modern German writer named Preger, and also by Karl Schmidt, both of whom accused the Master of being connected with the heretical sect, called the Beghards, for which assertion there is no foundation of truth, as Mr. Rufus Jones tells us in his "Studies in Mystical Religion."<sup>12</sup> In Cologne, Eckhart had a large number of disciples besides the "Friends of God," on some of whom he impressed his teaching so deeply, that in spite of his original style, it is difficult to distinguish his writings from theirs when, as sometimes happens, his sermons are bound up with some of those of other "Friends of God."

He was very human in his sympathies and taught that, "what a man takes in by contemplation he must give out in Love." He even seems to a certain extent to have set the active life above the contemplative, for he says, "Mary was still at school when she sat at our Lord's feet. Martha had learnt her lesson," a very original idea open to criticism. He also says that it is better to feed the hungry, than to see even such visions as St. Paul saw." And again in another place he says, "If a man were in a rapture and another man wanted something of him, I think it would be far better out of love to leave the rapture and serve the needy man." In this doctrine however Eckhart is like all true mystics who have arrived as near perfection as he had, for it is a great mistake to think that all mystics are unpractical dreamers. Few women worked harder than two of the great mystics, St. Bridget of Sweden and St. Hildegarde, not to mention St. Theresa's, the Queen of mystics, work as a reformer.

Meister Eckhart set a high value upon suffering and said "that

<sup>11</sup> Pfeiffer. Meister Eckhart, 1857.

<sup>12</sup> See page 223.

there was nothing nobler than suffering, if there had been God would have redeemed the world with it."

He insisted very strongly on poverty of spirit just as the Franciscans insisted on poverty of goods, and Eckhart taught that the only way to contemplation is to die to creature-knowledge and to renounce completely the world and the things of the world.

In one of his sermons he has two beautiful sayings on the willingness of Our Blessed Lord to come to us, whether actually in the Blessed Sacrament or mystically, when we seek Him in contemplative prayer. The first is "Where the door is open He cannot but come in," and the other is "Thou needst not call Him from a distance, thy opening and His coming are but one moment."<sup>13</sup>

In the Basle edition of Tauler's Sermons of 1521 and 1522 the following high appreciation, in old German, of Meister Eckhart is contained: "Here follow some very subtle and splendid and excellent sermons of very learned Fathers and teachers, out of whom we think Dr. Tauler has taken something as his foundation: namely and especially from Meister Eckhart (which he sometimes announces in his sermons), who was an extraordinarily learned man, and so deeply versed in the subtleties of natural and divine arts, that many learned people of his time did not understand him well. On this account a part of his teaching in certain places and articles is rejected, and should be read by simple people with great precaution. Although here in this book care has been taken to include nothing that cannot be well understood generally, and that may be endured. There is one part of his teaching and preaching that any one may study, however learned and subtle he may be, and on that foundation all his teaching and preaching, like Dr. Tauler's, may be comprehended."<sup>14</sup>

Modern non-Catholic critics have endeavored to clear Eckhart of the charges of Pantheism and Antinomianism that were brought against him in 1326 (charges which were often brought against Christian mystics) and to refute them has been rendered easier by the fact that Eckhart frequently contradicts himself directly, but for Catholics his condemnation is of course final as far as the passages involved are concerned, and he himself acknowledged his errors and retracted all unreservedly before his death.

Nicholas of Strasburg, who was a "Friend of God" and Vicar-General of the Dominican Order, defended Eckhart in 1327 from Archbishop Henry's accusations of heresy and appealed to the Holy See, and Eckhart did the same.

Two of the charges the Archbishop brought against him were,

---

<sup>13</sup> "The Mystic Way," by Evelyn Underhill; pp. 353, 355.

<sup>14</sup> Meister Eckhart, Martensen.

that he had said in insisting on the closeness of the union between God and the soul "that his little finger had created everything," which, separated from its context, is of course absurd, and that he had also said "there was something uncreated in the soul," which Eckhart tried to explain away in a sermon he preached in Cologne in 1327. He died two years before his case was settled in Rome, or rather in Avignon, where the Popes were then residing.

DARLEY DALE.

### AN IRISH SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

**A**MONG the numerous Irishmen, driven by stress of the penal laws in the eighteenth century to seek a career abroad, was Daniel Charles O'Connell, of Darrynane, County Kerry, uncle to another and more famous Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator of the Irish and English Catholics. They were both fighters, only one fought with the sword and the other with the tongue, weapons which both wielded well and successfully. While the elder's victories were won on many a battlefield whereon blood was shed, those of the younger Daniel were achieved in the Senate, where he faced the foe with equal courage, until the bloodless victory of Catholic Emancipation crowned his strenuous efforts to liberate his co-religionists from the galling yoke to which Protestant Ascendency had long subjected them.

Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell (Charles Bianconi's daughter) has, in two bulky volumes,<sup>1</sup> told the stirring story of the life of the former, whom she somewhat erroneously designates "The Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade," a distinction claimed for Henry Dillon; for Count O'Connell was never a Colonel in the old Irish Brigade in the service of France, the brigade which Davis has immortalized in undying verse and which won fame, if not fortune, "in far foreign lands from Dunkirk to Belgrade."

What was destined to be an eventful life began in an eventful year. It was on the 21st of May, 174, that Daniel Charles O'Connell, one of twenty-two children born to Daniel O'Connell, of Darrynane, and his wife, Mary O'Donoghue (daughter of O'Donoghue Duff, of Anwys), was born. It was the year of the Jacobite rising

<sup>1</sup> The last colonel of the Irish Brigade, Count O'Connell, and Old Irish Life at Home and Abroad, 1745-1833. By Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell, London, 1892.



in Scotland, when Charles Edward Stuart unfurled his banner, around which flocked so many chivalrous spirits, and made an unsuccessful effort to recover the throne upon which the rebellion of 1688 had seated a Hanoverian. His parents were popularly known as Donal Mor, or "Big Daniel," on account of his lofty stature, and Maur-ni-Dhuir, or "Mary of the Dark Folk"—Dhuir being the affix of a younger branch of the O'Donoghues of the Glens. The O'Connells were among the lesser clans who followed the Munster Chieftain McCarthy Mor, the Celtic rival of the great Norman Geraldine, the Earl of Desmond, and were hereditary Constables of the McCarthy stronghold on the western coast of Ireland. Darrynane ("St. Finan's Oak-wood") derives its name from a small ruined church on the Abbey Island<sup>2</sup>, a dependency of an abbey in the County Waterford, whose possessions were granted to Sir Walter Raleigh, and after the head of that great Englishman fell under the executioner's axe in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, passed into the hands of Boyle, first Earl of Cork, who leased it to the O'Connells. The family were as prosperous as prolific and divided their attention between farming, sporting and smuggling, the numerous small bays or inlets with which the coast of Kerry is indented affording special facilities for the last-named pursuit, in which many of the best families surreptitiously engaged, without thereby losing caste. The mode of life in that remote region of the country was primitive and patriarchal. The lord of the soil was like the head of a large family or a petty sovereign dispensing impartial justice in accordance with an unwritten code; his mountain tenantry paid him in labor or in kind; there were no middlemen or usurers to appropriate the fruits of the tiller's toil; and there is no record of any invasion of the Crowbar brigade to demolish their humble homesteads for non-payment of a rack-rent to an absentee landlord. It was like Longfellow's "Acadia," "there the richest were poor, and the poorest lived in abundance."

The military career has always had its allurements for a fighting race. The brilliant feats of arms accomplished by the Irish Brigade appealed with irresistible force to the young Kerryman, who, through the good offices of Chevalier Fagan, was, on February 13, 1760, admitted as a cadet into the French infantry regiment of the Royal Swedes, in which he subsequently obtained a commission. His mother, a woman of talent, from whom her illustrious grandson declared he inherited his gift of eloquence, composed, in Irish, a lament or valedictory poem on the departure of her son and four nephews, who sailed from Darrynane harbor. A metrical translation

<sup>2</sup> The abbey on the grounds of Darrynane was founded in the seventh century by the monks of St. Finbar, founder of the City and See of Cork.

of it by the late Father Charles O'Connor-Kerry contains the following remarkably prophetic lines:

"Ye go your ways. A greater chief from me shall yet be born  
 To trimuph over ocean's haughty lord.  
 Remember in your hearts the Sassenach's foul scorn;  
 In his breast find a sheath for your swords."

It was towards the close of the Seven Years' War, in which he made two campaigns, that O'Connell served his apprenticeship to what he calls "the trade" of soldiering. It was a momentous epoch. Frederick the Great of Prussia was then in death-grapple with the five allied powers that sought to overwhelm him and his kingdom. In the campaign of 1672 Dan and Morty O'Connell<sup>3</sup> and other Irish lads saw a good deal of hard fighting on opposite sides. They were following in the wake of many other sons of the sod who had preceded or leading the way for others who followed them. "Count O'Connell's own letters," writes Mrs. Morgan O'Connell, "describes the arrival of sundry Irish lads, imported by himself and other kinsmen of the Brigade. The little wanderers, ranging from twelve to seventeen (the younger the better, so as to get schooling in France) was entrusted to a friendly smuggling skipper, and by him handed over, generally with from £20 to £30 in gold, and two suits of clothes and a good lot of Irish linen shirts—plain and ruffled—to the correspondent of the firm, who either entertained him himself or passed him on to some retired veteran of the Brigade, many of whom had married French women and settled down as interpreters, or part instructors, part boarders, of Irish people; the lads learning certain branches of a military and polite education from the veterans, and attending classes for the rest. Others, again, had married rich wives, and lived at ease; but all were equally ready to take in a little boy from the old country, who came within the immense concatenations of a Kerry cousinship, where sixth cousins are quite countable. The new comer was as a son of the house, until an officer returning to his garrison, a merchant visiting his foreign correspondent, a friar changing from one convent to another, or a batch of students going to some great college, took charge of the boy, and consigned him to the Irish officer who had got him into the regiment." It was his cousin, the Abbe Fitzmaurice, who lent young O'Connell the price of his outfit, and Father O'Brien, Guardian of the Irish Franciscan Monastery at Prague, who equipped young Morty O'Connell of Tarmons, both clerical kinsmen.

It should be borne in mind that this was the period when, under

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards Baron Moritz O'Connell, of the Austrian service.

<sup>4</sup> *Two Centuries of Irish History*, p. 127.

the operation of the iniquitous penal laws, Catholics were forbidden to carry arms (except fowling pieces), a right they did not regain until many years afterwards. "An Irish Catholic," says Professor Sigerson, "might rise abroad to be field-marshal (a rank which seven did attain in Austria); if he landed in Ireland he could not wear a sword—a Protestant beggar might pluck it from him in the street." The O'Connells had, consequently, to observe caution in their correspondence with their kindred at home; while they signed their name "O'Connell" inside their letters, they wrote it "Connell" in the superscription. The people in Ireland who were entitled to use the distinctive prefix, O', which was the sign manual of the Catholic Celt, refrained from doing so until the penal laws were relaxed in 1782; the Irish abroad used it always. It was penal for any Papists to go or send any one for education abroad, to send money in aid of educational or religious purposes, and death to enlist in foreign service. People of rank had to seek safety in obscurity. Sir James O'Connell used to tell a story about Doctor Smith, who wrote the histories of Cork, Kerry and Waterford, that, when at Darrynane, he fancied a certain pony, the property of his host, and offered, if it were presented to him, to give a full account of the family of his entertainer, whose son Maurice instantly besought him to accept the animal, but for the love of Heaven not to say a word about them, but to leave them to the obscurity which was their safeguard. Irish Catholics were not only penalized and socially ostracized, but those who were willing to be loyal were driven to be disloyal, and those who would have willingly borne arms in the English service were constrained to place their swords and their unchallenged bravery at the disposal of foreign sovereigns. Thus O'Connell, writing to a relative in Ireland, August 6, 1765, says: "I hope in a year or two, if you obtain a passport, to go to see you, and if possible to get into the English service without injury to my religion." Commenting on this his biographer says: "The fervent hope expressed by the young soldier of fortune of entering the British Army gives a shock to our preconceived notions; but the penal laws, though still disgracing the statute-book, were gradually softening in their application. Year after year, Catholics hoped for that Emancipation, to which a Daniel O'Connell of a younger generation was to contribute<sup>5</sup> so largely, and which, but for the personal bigotry of George III, they would have received long before. In Kerry the old bitterness which had actuated the men whose broad lands were handed over to others, and whose homes had actually been uprooted, had passed away in the course of two

---

<sup>5</sup> More than contribute. No other man and no other methods would have wrung it from England.



or three generations; and the desire to serve at home was a natural one after all." O'Connell, in a letter from Paris, dated February 8, 1778, says: "Your public papers transmitted here the pleasing account of the new laws in favor of the Roman Catholics. A revolution so unexpected and so long wished for must needs procure, in course of some years, an accession to the power and prosperity of the Kingdom of Ireland, and unite in one common sentiment of loyalty the hearts of that long opposed and long unfortunate nation. One step more still remains to be made—I mean the liberty of spilling their blood in defence of their King and country. I doubt not 'twill soon be granted, though no other motive could ever induce me to bear arms against France, where I early found an asylum when refused one at home. I still wish the prosperity of the country, and at the same time that I pursue with inviolable fidelity that of my adopted King. Nature, stronger than reason or principle, still attaches my heart to Ireland." Irish soldiers spilled their blood freely, fighting under the English flag during the Napoleonic wars, but it did not hasten emancipation. It was only when the great Irish Tribune put a new spirit into the downtrodden Catholics and General Montgomery in America had organized a force of 40,000 men, largely recruited by the illustrious Bishop of Charleston, Doctor England, who were ready to cross the ocean to help Catholic Ireland if emancipation was any longer delayed, that Wellington, who knew it meant civil war, and doubtless not unmindful of his having been in Ireland, forced the measure upon the acceptance of a reluctant legislature.

But this is a digression. Young O'Connell, meanwhile having passed seven years on the borders of Alsace, where the Royal Swedes were usually quartered, paying passing visits to Switzerland, Paris and London, spent the winter of 1765-6 at the great military academy of Strasbourg, to which his Colonel, who took a great fancy to the tall, handsome young Irishman, sent him. It was a great privilege, only obtainable by the greatest interest, as the academy was specially destined for young noblemen of the first rank in the kingdom. O'Connell, who was a hard student as well as a hard fighter, made the most of his opportunities. He applied himself zealously to studies which prepared the way for future advancement. Besides mastering the art of war, he became a good linguist. "Considering the remarkable profusion of tongues in Kerry, where Doctor Smith actually deplores the classic lore so diffused among the peasantry, added to the certainty that among the gentry every child grew up to speak English and Irish with equal fluency, Dan's turn for languages," observes Mrs. Morgan O'Connell, "is not remarkable, such being the special aptitude of his native province. Cheva-

lier Fagan describes him as able to speak French and Dutch before he had been a whole year abroad, and we find him engaging private masters for foreign tongues at Strasbourg."

In August, 1767, when acting as Major-officer at Aire, he came in contact with sundry kinsmen serving in the Irish Brigade, namely, Fitzmaurice and two Mahonys, who were in Roscommon's (formerly Rothes) and Bulkeley's divisions or regiments. In the autumn of 1769 he himself entered the famous Brigade. As assistant-adjutant he had won his spurs in the Royal Swedish regiment, when, through the influence of Colonel Meade, he succeeded his cousin, Conway, as adjutant in the regiment of which the young Lord Clare<sup>6</sup>—the orphaned son of the veteran of Fontenoy—was the boy-colonel. Again his good friend and fellow-countryman, Chevalier Fagan, came to his assistance and outfitted him, enabling him to don the red uniform so conspicuous at "famed Fontenoy." A loan of sixty guineas provided him with a complete Indian outfit, for his regiment was under orders for the East. The kindly old soldier was at once his *Mecænas* and his *fidus Achates*. He was like a father to the rising young Irishman, whom he refers to as "Dan, the best-behaved and most brilliant of Irish lads," and to whom, in his apartments in Paris, he extended generous Irish hospitality; but for that timely shelter he emphatically declares he could never have pushed his fortunes. After a six months' voyage he arrived in the Isle of France or Mauritius on July 10, 1771, where the troops found provisions scarce, money lacking and things generally miserable. But, like Mark Tapley, O'Connell contrived to be hopeful and light-hearted, even under the most depressing conditions. "A happy and glorious campaign," he writes, "would console me of all my trouble and hardships." After this he served a couple of years in the East Indies, varied by excursions hither and thither, sometimes getting six months' leave. With one of the officers of the Navy he made a discovery in the South Sea during a cruise, but what it was is not precisely indicated. Doctor Sigerson surmises that the expedition in which he took part probably helped to found or augment French colonies.

Fortune is proverbially fickle, and O'Connell, like many others, was to experience its changeability. The young Comte, or Earl of Thomond and Lord Clare, dying under age and unmarried, at Paris, on December 29, 1774, after holding for a short time his place at the head of the regiment in which his brave old father had won

---

<sup>6</sup> He died young after a few months' garrison service.

<sup>7</sup> The scarlet coat was shaped much like the brown coats which used to be worn at Dublin Castle Drawing Rooms.

<sup>8</sup> The French journals of the time refer to him as Marshal Thomond.

the Marshal's baton<sup>s</sup>, the famous regiment of Clare, about eighty-six years after its first formation in Ireland, and eighty-five years from its first arrival in France, was, in accordance with new military arrangements, incorporated with the Irish infantry regiment of Berwick. Writing previously from Rocroi, on July 6, 1774, O'Connell remarks: "Our unfortunate nation has fallen into utter contempt among the French since the death of Lord Clare (the elder), whose favor with the King, and the then recent memory of Fontenoy and Lansfield, still supported us. It is impossible our Brigade can last much longer." [This apparently extinguished all hopes of promotion. With the exception of a visit to Ireland, he passed his time in Paris in company with Chevalier O'Mahony and Colonel Conway, still studying hard, in the Rue de Tournon. Promotion in the French Army then, he says, was not "much better than show . . . for whatever be the rank of a military man, the mediocrity of his pay keeps him in continual distress and makes him very little more happy than before." There was considerable risk of his having to go on half pay, which would have been very embarrassing, as he was constantly writing to his relatives in Ireland for help, being in a state of chronic impecuniosity. As it was, instead of being full captain and adjutant, he deemed himself lucky when appointed second captain under McCarthy Mor in a company of chasseurs formed of the pick of Berwick's and Clare's regiments. "Clare's grand old regiment," writes Mrs. Morgan O'Connell, "ends sadly and prosaically enough—not cut to pieces in such a rush as broke the English ranks at Fontenoy, but sinking into a state of inefficiency and finally losing its identity in mingling with 'Berwick's.' The brilliant verse of Davis contrasts strangely with the very prosaic version of the adjutant—for so I conceive 'aide-major' to mean. Drinking, gambling and running into debt, according to his later letters, had attained a great pitch among the Irish-French officers. Davis' beautiful song about 'Clare's Dragoons' has given rise to a wrong impression that Clare's were horse-soldiers. In point of fact, 'Clare's' was the infantry regiment, raised, clothed and armed for the service of King James by Daniel O'Brien, third Viscount Clare, early in 1689."

O'Connell was not one of those who revelled, drank and gambled. He was studious, reasonably abstemious and high-principled. His kinsman, Richard O'Connell, said of him: "He has a soul above policy, a soul whose passion is to do good and to redress the wrongs of fortune." His nephew, most famous of all who bore the name, said: "In the days of his prosperity he never forgot his country or his God. Never was there a more sincere friend or a more generous man." His biographer adds: "To my hero, his faith was



not merely the spiritual element by which he hoped to save his soul in the next world; it was indissolubly wedded to his honor here below: a successful career to be pursued with no stain to faith or honor was Daniel O'Connell's great object in life."

During a visit to his family, when free from professional engagements, it was rumored in Ireland that the government would accept the offer of the Irish Catholic nobility to raise regiments at their own expense for service in America. Had the proposal been acceded to, Lord Kenmare, who was the initiator of the project, and who, during his residence in France, had known O'Connell, proposed to give him command of one. But with its usual short-sightedness, and actuated by bigotry, government refused. Debarred from serving in the British army, he returned to Paris, where he devoted his time to the study of science at the University, making chemistry and literature his chief pursuits. Some criticisms which he made of a disciplinary ordinance by the French war office attracted the notice of General Comte de Maillebois, upon whose recommendation he obtained the brevet rank of Colonel and a pension of 2000 livres (about £80). It is presumed that the Count may have been favorably disposed towards the clever young Kerryman, because, during his own boyhood, he had been the pupil of another clever Irishman from the same county, Sir John O'Sullivan, Charles Edward's comrade-in-arms during "the '45"; one of the O'Sullivan Mor family who studied for the Church, but, finding he had no religious vocation, accepted the post of tutor in the family of the Marshal de Maillebois, the conqueror of Corsica, to whom he became military secretary.

A passage in a letter of O'Connell's dated "Corke, March the 2d, 1776," will be read with an amused interest: he was to take shipping from Cork to Havre and writes: "Troops are daily marching in here. All those destined for America are to rendezvous at Corke, and to take in provisions there, so that beef and butter will sell at a high rate. England seems determined to crush them next campaign. Fifteen thousand Hessians are taken into pay." England did not succeed in crushing the men who flung the tea chest into Boston harbor and revolted, but was very recently solicitous of forming an alliance with the great Republic of the West, to which the action of the American colonists gave birth. Before the eighteenth century closed, it used the Hessians in fomenting the rebellion of '98, and as a leverage to extinguish the Irish Parliament, and is now closing in death-grapple with these very Hessians and other Teutonic peoples. In this connection it is interesting to note that the imminence of war on the Continent determined O'Connell to decline very advantageous offers made him by an emissary of the

American Congress, and which Major Conway accepted. "It seems a great pity," comments his biographer, "that my hero did not, after all, get a chance of serving under Washington, whose genius he early recognized. All his life he seems to have had a hankering after the Russian service, whence doubtless the fame of the brave deeds and brilliant success of the Lacys came to inflame the Irish cavaliers of fortune all over Europe, but he never succeeded in carrying out this notion."

He tells us himself that he had formed a design of going to America, but on such advantageous terms only as might justify his taking that step. Everything promised him the greatest success, when suddenly the French Court came to the resolution to deny them any help, at least openly. He was to rank as a Colonel in France, and to be employed in America as Major-General, that is, Quartermaster-General of the foot; but, being refused the confirmation of the rank of Colonel in consequence of the above resolution, he thought it prudent to lay aside all thought of crossing the Atlantic merely on the promises of emissaries vested with power vastly limited. "If hereafter," he adds, "our Court should alter its plan, I shall willingly jump at every opportunity of promotion and glory." The prospects of promotion in France were discouraging, for every position was monopolized by those who held the avenues to Court patronage. He tells his cousin, Rickard O'Connell, that there was no sort of encouragement to be expected in France or Germany. "As he is determined to try fortune," he adds, "I think America is now the only theatre where bravery and conduct can open a road for a young man destitute of money or friends in power." He differed in opinion with his brother with regard to the event of the American war. "Though feeble and unsoldierly, the efforts they have made hitherto, still," he says, "if Washington pursues the plan he hitherto seems to have adopted, and that the inhabitants of that country do not fall off, it is almost impossible that England can support the enormous expense attending that war. The late check received by the Hessians proves that there is still a degree of spirit, and some notion of discipline, in the rebel army."

The Comte de Millebois, a man of the highest military reputation, introduced him to Court and to Ministers. To insure at once his social standing and to promote his military prospects, he importunes his relatives in Ireland to procure his pedigree<sup>9</sup>, duly authenticated.

<sup>9</sup> The O'Connells, not being a large clan with a chief, had no clan pedigree. The great clan pedigrees were exactly like the genealogical lists of Scripture. Their object was to preserve the direct descent of the princely family, the family truly sprung from some prominent chief, who in early times had left his impress on his tribe and was the father whose name his children continued to bear. The chiefs could only be chosen

Many friends and numerous and distinguished acquaintances and, he thanks God, a well-established character<sup>10</sup> gave him great reasons to expect a favorable change in his situation. Meanwhile, he frankly avows, he had a great deal to do to keep out of debt and support the decency suitable to his station. His friend, the Count, to whom he was so much indebted and to whom he swore an everlasting attachment, prevailed upon him to decline an advantageous offer from the East. At length his patience and perseverance were rewarded and he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of his old regiment, the Royal Swedes, about May, 1778, and obtained the Cross of St. Louis. He did not owe his promotion to any unworthy procedure. When General O'Reilly, Governor of Cadiz, years afterwards, congratulated him on his good fortune, and asked to what *impegnés*, or intrigue, he owed such rapid preferment: "To this, sir," replied O'Connell, drawing his sword, and giving Count O'Reilly<sup>11</sup> a most disdainful look, "to this, which has procured me the favor of my sovereign."

He took part with his regiment at the capture of Minorca, one of the Balearic Islands, at the beginning of the Spanish war<sup>12</sup>, when Port Mahon, one of the finest harbors in the Mediterranean, was wrested from the English in February, 1782. He was, at that time, Lieutenant-Colonel, was publicly thanked for his services on that occasion and recommended by the Commander-in-Chief to the Minister of War for promotion. Fort St. Philip, valiantly defended by General Murray, Governor of Minorca, surrendered to the Duc de Crillon, under whom O'Connell served in the German Brigade. Writing from Minorca, under date, December 1, 1781, our soldier of fortune says to his cousin, Rickard O'Connell: "I suppose you'll not expect from me any particulars of our operations. Your papers will put us all to death, most doubtless, and paint us as a dastardly race, undisciplined and cruel, but the knowing and impartial reader

---

from the princely stem recorded in the clan pedigree, and the descents of certain younger branches were recorded in the margin. Centuries ago the O'Connells had been among the smaller and less powerful clans absorbed into McCarthy Mor's great following. *Biog.*, p. 226.

<sup>10</sup> In a letter dated Paris, March 12, 1780, he writes to his brother Maurice, lest he might think him extravagant: "I venture to assure you that no character can be better established, as well in point of honor and delicacy as for prudence and economy, than mine."

<sup>11</sup> Don Alexander O'Reilly, Count Commander of the Spanish Armies, Field Marshal, Captain General of the Havannah, Governor and Lieutenant General of Louisiana, of which he took possession in 1768, when surrendered by the French. He fought in Spain, Italy, Germany, France and America. One of the principal streets in Havana is named Calle O'Reilly after him. He was a patriotic Irishman and a devout Catholic. His dream was to head a Spanish force against England, land in his native country, overturn heresy and tyranny; and the very first thing he swore to do was to burn to the ground his ancestral home, polluted by conforming kinsmen, whom he would put to the sword. Born in Ireland, 1725; died in Spain, 1794.



will, I hope, do us the honor and justice to believe the contrary. I find myself very happy here. You know how much I love my profession, and how much I longed to act. Although I've no opportunity of a separate command by which I may expect to be distinguished, yet such an undertaking as this must needs afford instruction. It's a capital point for me, and the siege of one of the strongest places in the world no bad lesson in the art which rendered Vauban and C—— so famous. I shall endeavor to draw some benefit from it." We have seen that he did draw benefit from it and added another wreath to his military laurels. The siege was severe and protracted, but in three years the Spaniards and their allies captured the whole island, which, at the peace of 1763, had been formally ceded to Great Britain. Scurvy had made dreadful havoc among the beleaguered garrison. General Murray, in his official description of the fate of Port St. Philip, says: "Perhaps a more noble or a more tragical scene was never exhibited than that of the march of the garrison of St. Philip's through the Spanish and French armies . . . Such were the distressing figures of our men that many of the Spanish and French troops are said to have shed tears as they passed."

The next important event in which he took part was the siege of Gibraltar (1779-1783), one of the most memorable sieges in history. It was the last and most noteworthy of the many sieges this rocky stronghold, which commands the western entrance into the Mediterranean, sustained since its capture by Tarik in 711. Its successful defence by General Sir George Augustus Eliot (afterwards Lord Heathfield) was no less memorable. Prince William (who later ascended the English throne as William IV) was present as a midshipman in the British fleet under Admiral Sir George Rodney. O'Connell again served under the Duc de Crillon, who was in command of the besieging forces. All his biographers are agreed that he achieved special distinction at this siege, served on board the floating batteries and had the narrowest possible escape of his life, through the bursting of a shell quite near where he stood. It was on this occasion that he made the acquaintance of another comrade-in-arms, the Comte de Vaudreil, who formed a very high opinion of his capacity. "O'Connell," he wrote to the Comte d'Artois, in 1790, "est encore un de ces hommes propres aux grandes entreprises." Grant records that O'Connell was one of the council of war appointed to assist the Chevalier d'Arcon in conducting the grand attempt in which France and Spain had resolved to try their full strength for the capture of that celebrated rock, the Key of the Mediterranean. In that capacity he repeatedly opposed the plans of the Duc de Crillon and the Chevalier d'Arcon, declared their system

of attack worthless, and in the sequel the triumph of General Eliot proved that his observations were correct.

His nephew and namesake, the Liberator, relates the following incident, which shows the esteem in which Colonel O'Connell was held by the rank and file, who, after all, are the best judges of a man's fitness from practical experience:

"Upon a point of honor recognized in the French army, he claimed a right to share the perils of an attack which was resolved upon against his opinion. When the attempt to storm Gibraltar was resolved on, it became necessary to procure a considerable number of marines to act on board the floating batteries. For this purpose the French infantry was drawn up, and being informed of the urgency of the occasion, a call was made for volunteers, among the rest, of course, from the Royal Swedes. Lieutenant-Colonel O'Connell's regiment was paraded, and the men having been informed he was to be employed on the service, the whole battalion stepped forward to one man, declaring their intention to follow their Lieutenant-Colonel." The Colonel-en-second, Count de Fersen, attributing the men's enthusiasm to his appearance, rode up and assured them he would be proud to lead them. "A murmur of disappointment passed along the line, and at length some of the old soldiers ventured to declare that it was not with him they volunteered to go, but with the other Lieutenant-Colonel, who had always commanded and protected them. Colonel O'Connell was named second in command of one of the floating batteries, and this battery was one of the first to come into action."

The French and Spanish Courts had fixed their hopes for the success of the siege and the capture of the place on the famous floating batteries, which numbered ten. A contemporary account says: "Here it was (at Gibraltar) that a far wider field presented itself to Mr. O'Connell for the display of his bravery and skill; nor was the opportunity lost upon him. In every attack he bore a part either with the regiment or as a volunteer, and such respect was paid to his judgment that he was consulted by the Commanders on every movement of importance. Though he disapproved of the last grand effort, notwithstanding all the tremendous preparations, so happily disconcerted, yet that no occasion of acquiring glory might slip him, he volunteered with eagerness, and in opposition to the wishes of his friends, for liberty of serving in the gun-boats. No doubt there were others as gallant in the same service. The Prince of Nassau may be called valor itself; possibly there is not

---

<sup>12</sup> Hostilities had begun between England and France in 1777, and two years later Spain, after proffers of mediation had been refused by England, espoused the part of France, and declared war with England on June 16, 1779.

existing a man who has stood the brunt of danger so often. Yet would all his courage have been of no avail that 'day of wrath' were he not accompanied by Mr. O'Connell; for to his exertions he certainly owed his preservation. Dreadful as 'the pelting of that pitiless storm'<sup>13</sup> must have been, when the veteran, whose glorious deeds are some compensation for the many shocks the national honor has sustained during a ruinous war, was like the god of thunder hurling destruction upon his enemies, it is to Mr. O'Connell's peculiar praise that he continued as composed as if he had been only sending them hot rolls for breakfast. In the midst of carnage and confusion, when his companions had abandoned themselves to despair, he conducted everything with coolness, and gave his orders so deliberately that he brought sure on shore the prince's own boat on which he served. Not content with this, he gathered assistance from all quarters for the unfortunates whom he left behind, and it acknowledged on all sides that it was by his activity that the greater part of those who escaped were saved. This generosity, however, had nearly cost him his life, for a party of Spanish sailors, averse as, it might well be supposed, they were to hazard themselves in such a scene, attempted to throw him overboard. Having providentially frustrated their nefarious designs, he received at last a wound on the head, which was thought for some time to have been mortal."

Mr. Daniel O'Connell, of Darrynane, thus relates the above incident as told him by his uncle, Morgan O'Connell: "After the floating batteries were set on fire at the siege of Gibraltar, Count O'Connell was endeavoring to rescue their crews with a boat manned by two Spaniards. The English were firing on the burning ships; their own guns were going off as they got heated, and, of course, there was the risk of explosion. The Spaniards, not liking the danger they must encounter by approaching the ships, agreed to throw Count O'Connell (then Colonel O'Connell) overboard and return to the shore. He understood what they said, took out his pistols, examined their priming, laid them on the seat by him, and, addressing the men in Spanish, told them he would shoot the first that attempted to stir except to row towards the floating batteries. The Spaniards submitted, and Count O'Connell saved several of his friends and others." He was also instrumental in this engagement in saving the life of the Comte d' Artois (afterwards Charles X); and it is well known that a marshal's baton was destined for him by that prince when he ascended the throne, had not the revolution of July, 1830, prevented it. He had received a slight wound in the forehead, the skin of which was a little scarred, by a case shot on the bursting of a bomb at his feet; but it did not put him out of

---

<sup>13</sup> The red-hot shot used by the besiegers.



action, for a short time after he was chosen to carry a message on which the lives of three crews depended.

Hostilities on a lesser scale were kept up until February 6, 1783, when the Duc de Crillon announced to Governor Eliott that peace had been concluded, and that the blockade was to cease.

The Prince of Nassau, under whom he served in the floating batteries, wanted him to go out and serve under him in Russia. He was also invited by the Portuguese Government to remodel the discipline of the army, holding the rank of Major-general on the staff. Promoted to be Colonel-commander of his old regiment, the Royal Swedes, he was shortly after replaced by Count Fersen, the King of Sweden having expressed a wish to have one of his own subjects in command of his regiment. He then received the command of the Salm-Salm Regiment, which put him in receipt of £600 a year. At a review of 30,000 French troops in Alsace in the summer of 1785, it was pronounced the best regiment in the field. To pass from the grade of lieutenant-colonel to that of colonel-commandant and inferior general in less than six months was rapid promotion.

He was now on the high road to fame and fortune. Everything seemed to promise a brilliant future. From his then viewpoint the perspective was alluring. Not a cloud obscured the horizon; he saw nothing to foreshadow the coming storm which was to burst over France and, in its onrush, to sweep away every vestige of the old regime he was serving, in the tranquil expectation that it had a long future before it and rested upon a solid foundation, which neither wars nor revolutions could undermine. The industrious pedigree-hunting of his friend, Chevalier O'Gorman, resulted in his being able to satisfy the exacting requirements of the French College of Arms and opened the doors of the Louvre and Versailles to the handsome Irishman and brave soldier, who was caressed at Court in the most flattering manner and raised to the dignity of Comte. A kinsman, writing in a contemporary Kerry paper, says: "Mr. O'Connell is not only the elegant gentleman, but he is looked upon to be as a soldier the best scholar in France, and the most conversant with the European languages; and, what is still more extraordinary in a person moving in the polite circles of Paris, he has never been known to play for a guinea." He became the intimate friend of the Comte d'Artois and the Polignacs. Afterwards, when the former ascended the French throne as Charles X, as in duty bound, he attended the King's first levée, and greeted his sovereign with the words, "Sire, an old servant comes to lay his homage at your Majesty's feet." The kindly monarch caught him by both hands, and exclaimed, "Do not say 'an old servant,'

O'Connell; say 'an old friend.'" In 1788 he first rode in the King's (Louis XVI) coach, a privilege only accorded to those who had the entrée of the Louvre and were among the *intimes* of royalty, and kissed the hand of Marie Antoinette. The Chevalier O'Gorman, writing from Dublin on May 20, 1783, to Maurice O'Connell, says: "You must not be a stranger to the military reputation that your brother has acquired since he has taken service in France, and more particularly since the commencement of the last war. That, together with his personal accomplishments, have procured him the special notice both of the Royal family, the Minister, and the lords and ladies of the Court of Versailles."

Notwithstanding all this favor shown him by those who, in eighteenth-century phraseology, called "the great," he kept a level head. Writing to his brother on the subject of his pedigree, he says, "Vanity has not the smallest share in this step. My sole desire and aim is to qualify myself to push my own fortune and that of my family, whom I may hereafter bring over here." He was a visible Providence to aspiring and adventurous Irish youth; and to him may be attributed the fact, for which he personally vouches, that there were three Kerry people in the Irish regiments abroad for one of every other county in Ireland. From first to last he brought over three nephews and two cousins,<sup>14</sup> not to mention many others, less fortunately circumstanced, to whom he was the friend in need. Such friendly aid was then much required. The penal laws precluding all Catholic schools at home, boys learned the rudiments from hedge schoolmasters, some of whom were very well-informed men, and the classics and French from priests who had been educated abroad, and who lived in the houses of the gentry, Darrynane having harbored many friars, who ministered to the oppressed Catholics, it being unsafe to appoint regular parish priests. Those who did not contemplate a military career and evinced a disposition to enter the ministry he succeeded in placing in one or other of the colleges on free bourses, the O'Connells exercising the right of patronage.

It was in 1788 that Colonel O'Connell reached the summit of his social ambition and was presented at court. Having failed to obtain the King's leave to make the next campaign either in the Austrian or Russian army, for which he earnestly wished, with a

<sup>14</sup> Eugene McCarthy, of Oughtermony, who died a lieutenant colonel in the British service; Marcus O'Sullivan, of Couliagh, who died a captain in the British service; Maurice, son of Geoffrey O'Connell, who also died a captain in the British service; Sir Maurice (Charles Philip) O'Connell, who was a British general and Governor of New South Wales; Maurice O'Connell, of Carhen, the Liberator's brother, who died a lieutenant in the British service, and the future Emancipator, his namesake, Dan.

view of extending and ripening his military knowledge, to court favor alone he was constrained to look for a chance of a career. "But, alas!" says his biographer,<sup>15</sup> the gilded doors opened too late, and all that his costly pedigree availed him was to taste the pleasures of hope and see the last of a brilliant, unreal world, bright and splendid to the eye as a glimpse of fairyland, but equally evanescent." To him, as to many others, the Revolution was a rude awakening from a day-dream. He lost by it his pension of 3,500 livres (£140) a year, a mark of court favor, and, later on, was very near losing his life, having had a very narrow escape from the guillotine, his name being on the list of the proscribed, after it was discovered that he had been in correspondence with the King.<sup>16</sup> He did not at first expatriate himself along with the *émigrés*, though pressed by them to join them in their hurried flight. While his friends, the Polignacs, and his princely patron, the Comte d'Artois, were in exile he remained in France at the King's wish. He always cautiously abstained from mixing himself up with politics, and now busily applied himself to infantry tactics and regulations. In a letter from Paris on January 14, 1790, he thus defines his position: "The events which come to pass in this country, what may hereafter come to pass, I can't answer for, but as an army will be always necessary, whatever be the form of government, I think I may always aspire to the honor of spilling my blood, whenever the occasion offers, for the defence of the country." He had been lately promoted to the rank of Major-General, but tells his brother that, had he any other means of livelihood, he should have declined new honors and quitted the service, which had become almost intolerable owing to the changes that had taken place. "Necessity alone," he adds, "could determine me to continue in a line of life which exposes a man daily to more than the loss of his life—I mean the loss of his honor." He was removed from the Salm-Salm Regiment to become Inspector-General of Infantry, and to edit or revise the regulations put in force in 1791.

Count O'Connell, whom he designated as "one of those men who are fitted for great enterprises, "was named by Comte de Vaudreuil in a letter from Rome in March, 1790, as one of the possible saviours of royalty. He was equal to the occasion. It was not yet

---

<sup>15</sup> Mrs. Morgan O'Connell. Biog., Vol. II., p. 71.

<sup>16</sup> "I am on the list of the outlawed persons. Some letters of mine to the late King of France having been found amidst many others in his papers, and having been printed in the collection of said papers by order of the Convention, as I am confidently informed by Dr. Jeffrey Connell, of Corke, lately escaped from that country, who read them." (Letter dated London, December 11, 1793.) This Dr. Connell was actually arrested in mistake for him.



a forlorn hope. At the beginning of the Revolution he had a command of 10,000 foreign troops around Paris, and wanted to be allowed to use them against the insurgents, but the humane, if weak, monarch would not consent. His plan was to get the King, Queen and rest of the royal family in the middle and surround them with German and Irish troops, fire on the mob and cut through them. Marie Antoinette, better realizing the desperate situation in which they found themselves, was ready to risk it, and pressed the King to do so, but he was loath to shed the blood of his people. O'Connell maintained that if he had been allowed to act, the Revolution would have been put down. He was a thorough royalist. He preferred to serve in the ranks as a common trooper to accepting commands under Carnot and Dumouriez, who would have placed him at the head of one of the armies they were hurling against the European coalition.

In February, 1791, the spirit of national resistance to foreign interference in domestic concerns had been so inflamed by the action of the coalition, that the popular voice demanded the abolition of foreign regiments in France. No distinction was made, and the old Irish Brigade was disbanded by the National Assembly. The Duc de Fitz James, grandson of Marshal Berwick, sought, in an appeal to the King, reminds him how his grandfather was accompanied by 30,000 Irishmen, who abandoned home, fortune, and honors to follow the unfortunate King of England, James II. "For the descendants of those brave men, whom your ancestors deemed so worthy of protection, because they had been faithful to their sovereign, I now entreat," he says, "the same favor from the great-grandson of Louis XIV. It is reported that the National Assembly propose disbanding the Irish regiments as foreign troops. The blood they have shed in the cause of France ought to have procured them the right of being denizens of that kingdom, even though their capitulation had not entitled them to that privilege." Having, in the event of their services being rejected, asked the King to recommend them to the Spanish Bourbons, he adds: "Fidelity and valor are their titles to recommendation. Of the former they expect an authentic testimonial from the French nation, as they have never once failed in their duty during a century, and wherever they have fought their valor has been conspicuous in battle." When the Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII) and the Comte d'Artois (Charles X) fled to Coblenz, the formal defection of several Irish officers hastened to extinction of the Brigade. The first of the French troops their loyalty to the fugitive princes were the Scottish and Irish soldiers of the old Regiment of Berwick.

After serving incognito<sup>17</sup> as a hussar in the Royalist army under his friend Berchini, O'Connell, fearing arrest, fled to London in the late autumn of 1792, to avoid being shot or guillotined. He was almost destitute, this *preux chevalier* who but a few years before had trodden the crimson carpet and breathed the perfumed air of the sumptuous salons of Versailles. He had tasted the sweets of success; he was now, like the other *emigres*, to taste the bitterness of exile and poverty. "Providence alone," he wrote to his brother, "can save from begging their bread as objects of charity men who a little while ago were rolling in the superfluities of wealth and luxury. What shall become of myself or befall me, I can't tell. I wish not to become a burthen to you, and ere that takes place shall seek every means of livelihood that an unbroken courage, a long experience of the world, and a strong constitution qualify me for." Meanwhile he went over to Ireland and sojourned in Kerry for a short time. "It is evident," says Mrs. Morgan O'Connell, "my hero remained unemployed at Darrynane for at least four months, and the fact that he was presented with boots and shoes and a suit of clothes, executed at Hunting Cap's<sup>18</sup> expense, would show that, whether he went to France or not, he had failed to redeem any of his savings, and was wholly and utterly destitute."

Soon after his arrival in London, Count O'Connell sought an opening for a new career. He and Count Dillon applied for permission to raise Irish regiments for the British service; the former proposing to raise either a Catholic or a mixed regiment, officered by Irish-French officers, and the latter to bring over his officers *en masse*, recruiting the rank and file in Ireland. "Notwithstanding the penal laws," says his biographer,<sup>19</sup> "they had some grounds on which to found this application. French Catholic royalists were employed largely by the English government, which had subsidized several noblemen and their regiments who had been serving in the hapless army of the princes, and the Irish Parliament had passed a seemingly liberal, but unworkable law, allowing Catholics to serve as colonels in Ireland." The ultimate outcome of these negotiations was the formation of King George's Irish Brigade. It was a sad reverse of fortune, a mistake and a self-imposed indignity, for the scarred and war-worn veterans who represented the men who had written their names large in the military annals of Europe, the

<sup>17</sup> He refused any command, lest his name should be mentioned in France, which in case of failure would exclude him forever from that country.

<sup>18</sup> Maurice O'Connell, known in Kerry by the name of "Hunting Cap," on account of his always appearing with that part of the sportsman's costume, because of his reluctance to pay a tax imposed on beaver hats. He gave O'Connell 300 guineas at parting.

<sup>19</sup> Mrs. Morgan O'Connell. *Op. cit.*, Vol. II., p. 113.

men whom Davis acclaimed as "the heroes and chiefs of the Irish Brigade," whose dauntless valor on many a well-fought field, "from Dunkirk to Belgrade," had reflected such honor upon themselves and their country, to offer their swords and their services to the power that had driven them into exile, had proscribed their religion, confiscated their lands, and persecuted and penalized their Catholic fellow countrymen. The only use England made of them was to send them to perish in pestilential regions in the West Indies.<sup>20</sup> A few of them, such as Sir Charles McCarthy-Lyragh, Sir Nicholas Trant, and Sir Maurice Charles O'Connell, did get opportunities of distinguishing themselves under British colors. Count O'Connell, however claimed that in opening the military career for Irish Catholics, it paved the way to emancipation, of which, in 1795, high hopes were raised when Lord Fitzwilliam was sent as Viceroy to Ireland, until those hopes were deceived by his recall and the abandonment by the British government of the policy of conciliation; a fatal turning point in later Irish history, followed three years after by the insurrection of 1798, deliberately fomented for the purpose of extinguishing the Irish Parliament, an incontestable fact to which Lord John Russell bears testimony in his "Life of Charles James Fox."<sup>21</sup> Before Wolfe Tone had invoked the aid of French intervention he had declared himself willing to accept the Fitzwilliam policy as a satisfaction of the then grievances of the people, and, Michael Davitt said, it is as certain as anything historic can well be, that if the humane and enlightened policy of Lord Fitzwilliam had prevailed, there would have been no Irish rebellion in 1798.<sup>22</sup> Count O'Connell, writing on March 1, 1795, said: "Lord Fitzwilliam would have not only procured the Catholic Emancipation, but also promoted by all other means in his power the general good of the country." His recall suspended recruiting for King George's Irish Brigade, in which O'Connell had been gazetted Colonel on October 1, 1794, Government having invited the Irish Brigade over *en masse* and Pitt expressing a very flattering opinion of his talents. But 'Connell saw himself a colonel without a regiment, the very first day a Catholic could have ridden at the head of his own regiment since the passing of the Test Act of Queen Anne.

The Duke de Fitz James, who had served for forty years, a general and the recognized representative of the old Irish Brigade,

<sup>20</sup> Biog., p. 179.

<sup>21</sup> Vol. III., p. 396. "He (Fox), like Mr. Burke, detested the rule of a miserable monopolizing intolerance of that Magnum Latrocinium, which, having kept the Irish in bondage, goaded them into rebellion in order to stifle their rightful requests in blood."

<sup>22</sup> Speech at the Parnell Commission inquiry.



the person whom the Government had specially invited over, and Count O'Connell, the colonel of the New Brigade, were reduced to the position of actually anticipating being placed on half pay with all their officers. When it was proposed to abolish the Regiment of Berwick, of which he was the colonel-proprietor, in favor of a new regiment, Fitz James complained bitterly that the compact was violated under which he and his brother officers had enlisted in the English service; and when Lord Blaney referred insultingly in the House of Lords to the French *émigré* officers, he challenged him to a duel, which was fought in the Phoenix Park, the Duke receiving a slight wound. Secretary Pelham, in a letter to Wyndham (quoted by Lecky), says: "I have never troubled you about the Irish Brigade, but it is a most shocking and disgraceful thing. I have been obliged to advance £1500 upon my own responsibility for the bare subsistence of the officers, who otherwise must have starved, and I very much fear that the opportunity of recruiting is lost."<sup>28</sup> It was not the only lost opportunity which British statesmen, lending a too-ready ear to the Protestant ascendancy faction, have had to lament. The next year, 1796, the year when "the French were in the Bay," and Hoche's expedition sent a thrill of hope through Irish Catholic hearts, was still more unfavorable to recruiting for the English army.

Count O'Connell, who, in 1796, married, in the French chapel, King street, Covent Garden, London, Marthe Gourand, Comtesse de Bellevue (née Drouillard de Lamarre) (his first love, the Vicomtesse de Gouy having apparently died), retired from active service in 1797, abandoning all hopes of acquiring further military renown. "His loyalty to a fallen race," says Mrs. Morgan O'Connell, "had shut out the scientific soldier of fortune from all share in the most marvellous campaigns the genius of one man had ever conceived and carried out. The long-cherished hopes of the Irish *émigré* officers to be let share, on the royalist side, in those great wars had been baffled by the jealousy of the Irish ascendancy party. Our colonel had to possess his soul in patience, and bear with obscurity and inaction for many a weary year. In a word, every hope and plan he had conceived was turned to disappointment, except one very prosaic hope of an assured competency." In the previous year he had written to his brother: "My ambition is extinguished. Tranquillity, retirement, peace of mind, with a revenue merely sufficient to keep me above want, is the sole wish of my heart." He got his wish. The sale of some West Indian property belonging to his wife later enabled him to purchase a

---

<sup>28</sup> Pelham to Wyndham, May 17, 1795.

country seat at Mâdon,<sup>24</sup> near Blois, in France. At the opening of the nineteenth century he wrote to his nephew, Dan, then a young barrister of twenty-five: "Doomed to a career of obscurity and idleness for the rest of my life, I have transferred my ambition to you, and do declare you from this hour debtor to your name and family for the lustre it was long my wish and hope to attach on them." How amply that debt has been paid history has recorded in preserving for generations the record of the career of the greatest leader which the Irish race in modern times has produced. "Each Danil O'Connell," says Mrs. Morgan O'Connell, "may be said to represent an Irish type of a different age. The elder Daniel is truly a typical eighteenth-century Irish cavalier of fortune, driven to work out his career in foreign parts with his sword. The brilliant nineteenth-century orator, whose tongue is a more efficient weapon, is essentially a man of our own age. The elder Daniel opened the career of arms to his co-religionists on British soil, though the remnants of the penal enactments prevented his attaining higher rank or employment than the position of a colonel." When the younger Daniel was at the bar he could not rise to be a K. C., and had to be content with a stuff gown of an outer barrister. Both contributed to the achievement of emancipation;<sup>25</sup> the elder in a minor way, the younger in leading the Catholic forces to victory. It was the only political points of contact between them; for the Colonel was an anti-repealer and did not regard with approval the nephew's democratic ideas, as to his mind they savored of the revolutionary, which he abhorred, being an aristocrat with strong conservative leanings, who held by the old order of things. It must have been with dismay that he read his young relative's maiden speech at the Catholic meeting in Dublin in 1799, when the future Liberator, replying to Canning's threat that it might be necessary to re-enact the penal code if the Union were defeated, declared that the Catholics of Ireland would rather accept that code and throw themselves on the mercy of their Protestant brethren than assent to the extinction of the Legislature of their country, and seek advantages as a sect which would destroy them as a nation.

In 1802 he returned to France, after a long absence. The sale of his wife's estates in St. Domingo, or compensation for them, after the Negro rebellion, raised them from genteel poverty to affluence. But the English Government, having seized some French subjects before war was actually declared, Napoleon took reprisals

---

<sup>24</sup> The Chateau de Madon, now the seat of Countess O'Connell's great-granddaughter, the Marquise de Sers.

<sup>25</sup> The Liberator himself and the Rev. Francis Sylvester Mahony ("Father Prout") credited Moore's *Melodies* with being also contributory to it.

and detained some English residents of Paris, including Count O'Connell, whose movements were watched by spies. At the Restoration all this was changed. In 1817 he was made a lieutenant-general and a Commander of the Order of St. Louis, a rare honor, the number being limited to twenty-four, exclusive of the royal family.<sup>26</sup> He was also made a Peer of France, with right of succession to his step-grandson, Daniel d'Etchegoyen, who, during his lifetime, bore the name of O'Connell, but did not survive to inherit the title. In 1818 he was naturalized as a French subject. When the "three glorious days" of July, 1830, supervened and Charles X fled from Paris and the Citizen King, Louis Philippe, usurped the throne, the oath of allegiance was administered to the army; but O'Connell, a staunch adherent of the elder branch of the Bourbons, refused to take it, saying he was too old to turn traitor at over eighty. He was consequently dismissed the service and struck off the paymaster's list.

The rest of his life was passed in studious retirement—for he was a great booklover and collector—either at his countryseat at Mâdon on the Loire, or in the Paris family mansion in the Rue Neuve des Capucines; wintering at Nice and paying occasional visits to his kinsfolk in Ireland, until advancing age and infirmities precluded the possibility of his again seeing his native land. "Poor Darynane, so dear to my remembrance!" he says in a letter to his grand-niece. He had had his last look at the ancestral home on the rock-bound coast of Kerry,

Where the brow of the mountain is purple with heath,  
And the mighty Atlantic rolls proudly beneath—

where his youth was spent within hearing of the sound of those "free-dashing waves," amid the mountains and valleys of that wild and remote region; the home so typical of the old Irish life, where open house was kept for all wayfarers, rich and poor, who were received with large-hearted Irish hospitality. He never saw it again! Native and to the manner born, he never sank the Irishman in the Frenchman, but was justly proud of his nationality; never quite lost his Kerry brogue, even when speaking French, and kept up his Irish to the last, being often heard to recite long Irish poems. His charity was only limited by his means. Mrs. Morgan O'Connell was told by persons capable of forming an opinion that, between gifts and bequests and charities during his lifetime to his relatives

<sup>26</sup> Count Bartholomew O'Mahony was the recipient of similar honors. James Roche, the literary Cork banker, who knew several of the most distinguished of the Irish Brigade, refers in his "Essays of an Octogenarian" to General O'Connell, "whose high order of mind, of principle and of conduct commanded the esteem, as the amiableness of his character won the love of all who approached him."



and the poor of his native parish and adjoining district, he expended at least £20,000. Mrs. O'Connell, of Ballinabloun, the Liberator's second daughter, in a letter from Clontarf, in 1890, traces from memory a pen-portrait in outline of the dignified, courtly and courteous old soldier, with his skull cap over his snow-white hair; a perfect specimen of the gentleman of the old school, who had mixed in the highest circles of French society under the monarchy and retained the high-bred manners of that epoch, which he represented to a younger generation. As steadfast in his Catholicism as in his nationality, his thoughts were naturally more drawn to religion as he was nearing the close of a long life; as his biographer quaintly expresses it, "When he got old he became excessively devout." The Marquise de Sers, who remembered his death, says: "My great-grandfather was a most superior man and a saint." The venerable Curé of Condé, near Mâdon (Canon Noury), the parish in which he died, bore the same testimony: he said his memory is still revered among the people, who say that he died like a saint. He passed away peacefully early on the morning of July 9, 1833, having nearly completed his eighty-ninth year, and was buried, in accordance with his wishes, in the chapel of the village cemetery, where he had bought a vault.

R. F. O'CONNOR.

Dublin, Ireland.

## THE TUNE OF THE ADESTE FIDELES.

IN a previous paper on the words of the *Adeste Fideles* I pointed out some of the curious ascriptions of authorship made in recent Catholic hymnals. Almost an equally attractive variety of ascriptions of the tune which is traditionally associated with the words, is due to various guesses of hymnal editors and other lovers of the hymn. Let me place in order the ascriptions which have come under my notice:

### I. WHO COMPOSED THE TUNE?

1. In his review-article on *The English Hymnal* in the (London) Month for September, 1905, Mr. James Britten speaks of our tune and says that "the writer of the musical notes in the Pall Mall Gazette last Christmas discovered that it came from a Spanish source, but observed a discreet silence when asked to give his authority for the statement." It would evidently be a futile task to investigate this surmise of a Spanish origin.

2. In the fashion which Protestant hymnals have of affixing a distinctive title to a tune for the purpose of ready identification, our melody is sometimes called "Portuguese Hymn." The mistaken title is accounted for by Vincent Novello, who in 1843 published a collection entitled *Home Music*, etc., in which the tune is set to a psalm and is ascribed to a certain "Reading, 1680." Novello places here a note explaining the wrong title of "Portuguese Hymn."

"This piece obtained its name of 'The Portuguese Hymn' from the accidental circumstance of the Duke of Leeds, who was a director of the Concert of Ancient Music, many years since (about the year 1785) having heard the hymn first performed at the Portuguese Chapel, and who, supposing it to be peculiar to the service in Portugal, he introduced the melody at the Ancient Concerts, giving it the title of 'The Portuguese Hymn,' by which appellation this very favorite and popular tune has ever since been distinguished; but it is by no means confined to the choir of the Portuguese Chapel, being the regular Christmas hymn, 'Adeste Fideles,' that is sung in every Catholic chapel throughout England."

The editors of the *Music of the Church Hymnary* (Edinburgh, 1901), from whose interesting volume I have taken the above quotation, think that Novello's explanation is correct, inasmuch as he was for many years organist of the Portuguese Chapel in London, namely, from 1797 to 1822. Let me add that, although Novello was born in the year 1781 and was therefore only about four years old at the time of the directorship of the Duke of Leeds, his posi-

tion as organist of the Portuguese Chapel in London could easily have made him aware, in his after years, of the tradition concerning the origin of the ascription of what he styles "this very favorite and popular tune" to a Portuguese source.

It is curious to note how slowly such appropriate information as this is diffused even amongst those whose labors as editors of hymnals should, one might naturally think, make them quickly familiar with it. And yet a very recent publication which gives evidence of much care in its preparation from the editorial standpoint,<sup>1</sup> as well as from that of the publisher, still gives our tune the title of "Adeste Fideles" (Portuguese Hymn). It would not have been amiss for the editor to place "Portuguese Hymn" in quotation-marks, or to have qualified the expression with some such addition as "so-called" or even "wrongly styled."

3. The title "New Portugal"—to distinguish our tune from a tune by Thorley which had previously been styled "Portugal"—I have also found in the curious volume entitled: *Hymns from the Sequel to Weyman's Melodia Sacra*. It is a Protestant Hymnal published at Dublin in the year 1840 (according to Dr. W. H. Grattan Flood) or between 1820 and 1825 (according to Mr. James Warrington). The tune appeared under these Protestant auspices, however, before the year 1814.<sup>2</sup>

4. Apropos of the title of "The Portuguese Hymn," I must next mention another strange ascription of the tune occurring in several Protestant hymnals. One<sup>3</sup> of these, for instance, ascribed the tune to "M. Portugal." Another gives it simply to "Portogallo." And still a third,<sup>4</sup> which was published in New York as recently as the year 1907, awards the composition of the tune, with great precision of naming, and with great particularity of dating, to "Marco Antonio Portogallo (1795)." Why this date of 1795 is so carefully and definitely assigned, I can not even surmise. Neither can I

<sup>1</sup> *Hymns for Schools and Colleges*, Boston, 1913.

<sup>2</sup> In a letter to me, dated December 11, 1914, Mr. Warrington says: "I am a little doubtful about the date of the *Sequel to Melodia Sacra*. The book is not dated, so far as I have been able to see copies, and Kidson gives no notice of the publishers. Grattan Flood dates it 1840, but internal evidence points to its being published between 1820 and 1825. There is no doubt that the *Melodia Sacra* itself was published in 1811-1814, the issue being in four numbers. The fourth number contains *Adeste Fideles*. My investigations regarding this book are not yet complete, but I am inclined to think that Flood's date arises from his seeing a reprint, as the *Sequel* appears to have been first published by Cramer and afterwards by Moses." In referring to the *Adeste Fideles*, Mr. Warrington is speaking of the tune, not of the words.

<sup>3</sup> *Laudes Domini for the Prayer Meeting*, New York, 1884.

<sup>4</sup> *Harmony in Praise*, Boston, 1890.

<sup>5</sup> *Hymns Every Child Should Know*.



explain—except on the improbable supposition of a confusion arising from the title of “Portuguese Hymn”—the origin of the ascription of our tune to the operatic composer, Portogallo. And yet Duffield, a careful and laborious hymnologist, gives the ascription without any hesitation, and certainly without any qualification, in his volume entitled: *English Hymns* (New York, 1886):

“The ‘Portuguese Hymn,’ to which the ‘Adeste Fideles’ has usually been sung, was the composition of Marcos Portugal. He was the chapel-master of the king of Portugal . . . The tune was originally employed as an offertory piece. . . . The claim, therefore, that Reading (otherwise Redding) was the composer of this celebrated tune falls to the ground.”

To sum up briefly the whole matter of the ascription to Portogallo, or “M. Portugal,” let me say that his real name was Simao; that in Italy, where he stayed some time, he was styled “Il Portogallo,” whence his name or sobriquet of “Portogallo”; and that, finally, it is obvious that, as he was born in 1763, he could not be the composer of a tune which certainly dates back at least to the year 1750.

5. For the same reason, the ascription (with date) to “John Reading, 1760,” made by the *National Hymn-Book of the American Churches* (Philadelphia, 1893), is not correct.

6. And now we come to the tangled question of the ascription to Reading. The *Oregon Catholic Hymnal* (Portland and New York, 1912) attributes the tune to “John Reading, XVII Cent.” The *Congregationalist hymnal* entitled *Pilgrim Songs* (Boston and Chicago, 1886) gives “John Reading, 1677-1764” as the composer. This John Reading is not the same as the “J. Reading, 1692,” to whom another Protestant hymnal<sup>6</sup> attributes the composition of the tune. On the other hand, the *Hymnal Companion to the Prayer Book* (Boston, 1885) will not commit itself to any limits of dating, but is content with an ascription to “J. Reading.” I could give many illustrations of this popular ascription, but those which I have selected will suffice to exhibit the confusion caused by some Mr. Reading.

What is the source of the confusion? It is curious that there should have been three English musicians named John Reading, all of them organists, and all of them living in some part of the seventeenth century.<sup>7</sup> For the sake of clearness, we must take up

<sup>6</sup> In *Excelsis*, New York, 1900.

<sup>7</sup> It is additionally interesting to note that there should have been still another John Reading, living in the same century, whose name enters into the history of music—the Rev. John Reading, Prebendary of Canterbury Cathedral, who in 1663 published a sermon in defense of music, which he had preached at the Cathedral.

the three Readings who were organists one by one, and try to distinguish them as well as we may.

(a) A certain John Reading was organist of Chichester Cathedral from 1674 to 1720 (Grove's Dictionary). He may forthwith be dismissed from consideration, as there is no evidence to support an ascription to him; nor, so far as I am aware, has any hymnologist attributed the tune to him.

(b) As noted above, the hymnal *In Excelsis* gives the tune to "J. Reading, 1692." A reader might naturally refer the date of composition to the year mentioned. But the date represents merely the year of the death of this John Reading. Having filled various musical positions in the Anglican Church, he became organist of Winchester College in 1681 and retained that office until his death in 1692. The tune is attributed to him on the basis of the vague ascription given by Vincent Novello in his *Home Music*, etc., to which I have already referred. In this volume, Psalm 106 was set to the tune of the *Adeste Fideles*, and this was headed by Novello: "Air by Reading, 1680." This date of 1680 offers no difficulty, as Reading died in 1692. There is, however, no evidence to support the ascription; for in an appended note, Novello gives biographical details which do not fit in with the musical activities of the John Reading who died in 1692, but which do agree with those of the following:

(c) John Reading, "born 1677, was a chorister of the Chapel Royal under Dr. Blow. In 1700 he became organist of Dulwich College. . . . He (apparently in 1707) became organist of St. John, Hackney, St. Dunstan in the West . . . and St. Mary Woolnoth (London). He published 'A Book of New Anthems.' He was also the reputed author of the hymn 'Adeste Fideles.' He died Sept. 2, 1764," (Grove's Dictionary). Compare with this description the details furnished by Novello's note:

"John Reading was a pupil of Dr. Blow (the master of Purcell) and was first employed at Lincoln Cathedral. He afterwards became organist to St. John's, Hackney, and finally of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, and St. Mary, Woolnoth, London. He published towards the end of the seventeenth century a collection of anthems of his own composition, and his productions are generally esteemed for their tastefully simple melodies and appropriately natural harmonies."

It is clear that the John Reading described by Grove's Dictionary is the John Reading described in Novello's note. But this Reading was born in 1677, and of course could not have composed the tune of the *Adeste Fideles* in the year to which Novello ascribes its composition, namely, the year "1680."

The information given in Grove appears to rest principally on

the researches of Dr. W. H. Cummings, contributed at various times to *Notes and Queries*. In their *Music of the Church Hymnary*, Cowan and Love also seem to me to have depended for much of their information, and for some of their argumentation, on the Reply contributed to *Notes and Queries* in answer to some questioners of his statements. As neither the *Dictionary* nor the *Music of the Church Hymnary* mentions the source, I give it here for the guidance of such readers as may desire fuller information: *Notes and Queries*, Sixth Series, III, May 21st, 1881, pp. 410-411. For our present needs, let me quote from this source:

"John Reading gave to Dulwich College several volumes of manuscript music . . . eleven of these volumes are now in the library of the college, and another, purchased at a sale, is in my own library."

Elsewhere, in the same Reply, Dr. Cummings says:

"I have had unusual opportunities of perusing the music composed by the Reading of Dulwich and Hackney, and I cannot think he was the composer of 'Adeste Fideles.' I have not found a single piece of his set to Latin words, nor any music bearing the slightest resemblance to the air of 'Adeste Fideles.' On the other hand, the older Reading, of Winchester, did compose graces and a "Dulce Domum" with Latin words, and, judging by the music, it seems to me that the man who composed the latter might well have been the author of 'Adeste Fideles.'"

Dr. Cummings here suggests the probable correctness of an ascription to the John Reading who died in 1692. Such an ascription would be, nevertheless, the merest conjecture; for, as I have already pointed out, while the date of "1680" assigned by Novello would fall within the active musical life of this Reading, the biographical details furnished by Novello do not fit in with his life, but do agree with the biographical details of the later Reading (b. 1677, d. 1764) given by Dr. Cummings in *Notes and Queries*. On the other hand, the date of 1680 makes it impossible to ascribe the tune to the later Reading, who was born only three years before 1680.

By way of parentheses, let me insert two other interesting paragraphs which I have transcribed from Dr. Cummings' Reply:

"In connection with its reputed English origin it may be noted that the hymn with Reading's tune was first introduced into Rome by the choir of the English College in that city. At least, it is so stated in an old MS. of the hymn, music and words, in my possession."

In view of the arguments stated in my previous paper on the text of the two varying centos, English and French, "the reputed English



origin" is not an unlikely one. The other remark of Dr. Cummings fits in well with what I shall have to say concerning a view (which I shall quote further on) of Mr. Arkwright in the *Musical Times*. Dr. Cummings says:

"The opening bars of a *presto* by Sebastian Bach in his Sonata in B-Minor for violin and clavier, bear a curious resemblance to the beginning of the tune of 'Adeste Fideles.' This is, of course, quite accidental."

There are so many curious resemblances of fragmentary character to be found in musical history, that no careful critic will venture hastily to base an argument of ascription upon such a truly "accidental" foundation.

Before leaving the matter of the ascription to John Reading (1st, 2nd, or 3rd) it is proper to felicitate the discernment of certain hymnal editors who omit any attempt at ascription save a general one to "the end of the seventeenth" or to "the beginning of the eighteenth" century. We therefore pay our respects to Hymns Ancient and Modern (edition of 1875), which places merely a question-mark without any name; to the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church (New York, 1900), which marks the composer as "Unknown"; to the Hymns of Worship and Service (New York, 1908), which comes nearest to the truth by marking: "Anon, 1751 (?)."

And now to the disturbing note uttered by Mr. Arkwright.

The following note contributed to the (London) *Musical Times* for March, 1905, by Mr. G. E. P. Arkwright, is of undoubted interest. The Fourth Book of Playford's "Theater of Music" was published in 1687, and contains (p. 5) a song entitled "Our Gamester," by Mr. J. Reading. In a copy of Playford's Fourth Book now in the Bodleian Library, Mr. Arkwright found a note (in an old handwriting which, he thinks, is of the end of the eighteenth century) placed opposite the song "Our Gamester," as follows:

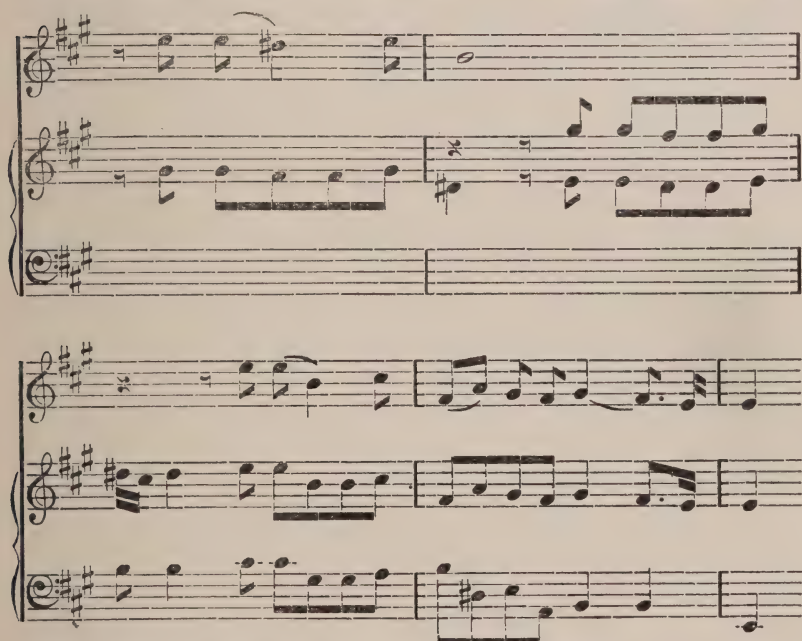
"His son was organist of St. Dunstan's Church and Master to Stanley. He was living the year 1750; a little red-faced old man with bleared eyes. He used to go to the Temple Church of a Sunday evening among others to hear his pupil play, & was proud to own him."

"This was evidently written," says Mr. Arkwright, "by someone who knew something about the younger Reading, and is proof, I think, that he was the son of the contributor to the 'Theater of Music' (whoever he was); a fact which is not mentioned in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' nor in Grove."

It seems to me quite a coincidence that the note should have

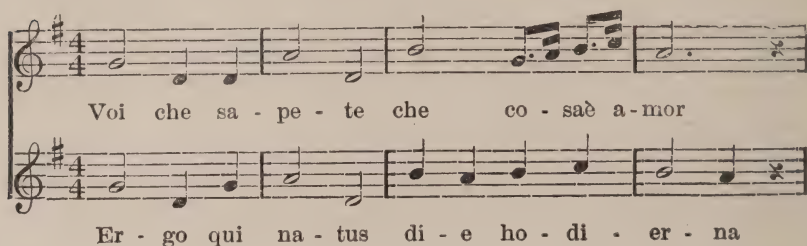
specified the year "1750"—the year, namely, of the MS. of the *Adeste Fideles* in Euing Library, Glasgow, and the earliest authenticated date set for the hymn. According to Grove's Dictionary, John Reading (b. 1677, d. 1764) was for a time organist of St. Dunstan in the West, and was the "reputed author of the hymn '*Adeste Fideles*.'" This is indeed possible. On the other hand, Dr. Cummings could find in the many volumes of music composed by this Reading nothing suggesting the melody of the hymn. Mr. Arkwright does not touch on this phase of the question, but offers a conjecture based on the perilous foundation of internal evidence. He says:

"It may be worth noting that the composer of '*Adeste Fideles*' seems to have heard and admired the air '*Bensa ad amare*,' from Handel's '*Ottone*' (1723). This was one of the airs for Durastanti, especially mentioned by Burney (Hist. IV., 287) as being 'favourites with all the performers on the German-flute in the kingdom,' 'long after they had done their duty at the opera-house.' The particular passage which is recalled by '*Adeste Fideles*' is this:



Now it is true that the 2nd and 4th measures of this musical fragment do faintly suggest the *Adeste*, the 2nd measure recalling the melody and harmony of the second *Venite adoremus* of the refrain, and the 4th measure recalling the *Adoremus Dominum* which concludes the refrain. But such faint echoings of other musical strains are observable in many musical compositions. If

any argument could be based on them, one might plausibly say that Mozart caught the inspiration for his *Voi che sapete* in the *Nozze di Figaro* from the opening measures of the *Adeste Fideles*. To make the comparison as easy as possible, I transpose the melody of Mozart from B-flat to G, and expand his 2-4 measure to 4-4 (these changes in no wise affecting the tune):



The resemblance is thus seen to be very close—much closer, indeed, than that which exists between Handel's operatic strain and the *Venite adoremus* of the *Adeste Fideles*. And, meanwhile, we shall recall that the tune of the *Adeste* dates back to the year 1750 at least, while Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* was first produced in the year 1786. But who would base, on this curious resemblance, any plausible conjecture of a relationship between the two melodies?<sup>8</sup>

## II. ENGLISH FORMS OF THE TUNE.

While both words and tune date back in manuscript-form to the year 1750, it is interesting to find the words only appearing in print for the first time in *The Evening Office of the Church* in Latin and English (London, 1760).

Although unprinted, perhaps, until a later date, the tune must have been familiarly known to the congregations using the *Evening Office* of the year 1760. Organists may indeed have supplied themselves with transcripts of the melody in the manuscripts; but it may also be possible that the melody's popularity antedated even its appearance in manuscript-form. The question is an interesting one for speculative solution, but in our present ignorance of its provenance, we have more practical matters to consider here.

One very practical matter, for instance, is that of an authoritative form for the tune. Our Catholic hymnals—even recently published ones—exhibit variations which cannot fail to militate against a good congregational rendering. These variations should be compared with the earliest popular form of the tune, in the hope that hymnal editors may with knowledge either accept or reject that

<sup>8</sup> For the sake of completeness, I should add that our tune is also called "Oporto" in "*A Collection for West Church*" (Boston, 1810).



earliest form, and, if they conclude to reject it, may perhaps come to some agreement on a common modern form.

Perhaps our tune was first printed by Samuel Webbe (b. 1740, d. 1816), the composer of several tunes still in Catholic use today, and apparently the editor or compiler of one part of a little volume of hymns, anthems, etc., for Catholic service, published in London in 1782 and containing the words and music of the *Adeste Fideles*. The publication of 1782 is the earliest printed form of the tune known to the editors of *The Music of the Church Hymnary*, who give its title-page as follows: "An Essay on the Church Plain Chant, London: Printed and published by J. P. Coghlan, in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square. MDCCLXXXII," and add this description: "The book is in three parts, and the '*Adeste Fideles*,' with its music, is in the second of these, which is headed '*Part Second*, containing several Anthems, Litanies, Proses, and Hymns, as they are sung in the Public Chapels at London.' No composers' names are given in the volume, except in the case of two settings of the '*Tantum ergo*,' which are said to be 'by Mr. Paxton.' In his '*Advertisement*' to the public, Coghlan, the publisher, says, 'It is necessary to observe that the Third Part, or Supplement to this work, was not compiled by the Gentleman who did the other Two Parts. It seems highly probable that the '*Gentleman*' so referred to was Samuel Webbe, senior, for nearly all of the pieces in the second part of the volume (including the '*Adeste Fideles*' and the tune now known as '*Melcombe*') appear again in Webbe's Collection of Mottetts or Antiphons, 1792, and several of them have his name appended to them there as composer." The editors of the *Music of the Church Hymnary* do not mean to suggest that Samuel Webbe might have composed the tune of the *Adeste Fideles*; for their own volume gives (p. 256) a brief biographical note concerning Webbe, which states the fact that he was born in 1740 and says, *inter alia*: "It is probable that he occasionally acted as Barbandt's deputy at the Portuguese and Bavarian embassies." As Webbe was born in 1740, it is clear that he could not have composed the tune of the *Adeste Fideles*; but it seems about equally clear that the editors who give a biographical note of him could not have meant to imply that they considered him as a possible author of the tune. It is proper to say this, as a hasty reading of their words might mislead a reader.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> There seems not a little reason for conjecturing that Dr. Flood, in his article in *The Dolphin* (Vol. VIII., 1905, p. 710) on the hymn, has been thus misled. He says: "It has been suggested that Samuel Webbe, Sr., arranged the music for Coghlan's volume, and he certainly composed many of the pieces contained in the second part; but his claim as composer of the *Adeste Fideles* cannot at all be entertained, inasmuch as the air is

The editors of the *Music of the Church Hymnary* do not print the tune (as it is given in Coghlan's publication of 1782) in their volume. It is given, however, in the *Historical Edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern*, in the quaint square-notation of Plain Chant, and is exactly the same as it appeared in a revised issue of Coghlan's *Essay*, etc., which was issued in the year 1799, with the slightly different title: "An Essay or Instruction for Learning the Church Plain Chant."<sup>10</sup>

The re-issue of Coghlan's volume would suggest that the form of the melody contained in it would become a norm for future publications. This probable surmise is strengthened by external evidence. Appearing in Coghlan's publications of 1782 and 1799, it had meanwhile been issued in Webbe's *Collection* of 1792. Dr. Flood tells us<sup>11</sup> that the first copy he met with as printed in Ireland "is in a small collection issued by P. Wogan of Dublin in 1805" and prints this form." It is in Plain song square-notation and, allowing for either poor engraving in Wogan's volume, or perhaps errors in the transcription or in the printing of it in Dr. Flood's article, it is the same form as that given in Coghlan's publication of 1782. I find the same form of the melody in *The Complete Gregorian Plain Chant Manual* published in London in 1849 by Richardson (Vol. I, p. 68, with only the first stanza placed under the notes, but again in the same volume, pp. 749-755, arranged as a "Mottett" for solo and 4-voice chorus, with separate notation for each stanza of the four contained in the English Cento of the

---

to be met with in 1745, when Webbe was but five years of age . . . and we have no evidence that Webbe composed anything prior to the year 1761, when he became Barbandt's deputy at the chapel of the Bavarian Embassy." With respect to this extract, we note, first, that whereas Dr. Flood declares that Webbe composed "many" of the pieces contained in the second part, Cowan and Love, the editors of the *Music of the Church Hymnary*, merely say that "several" of these pieces have his name attached to them in Webbe's *Collection* of 1792; secondly, that the date of 1745 is a "round" date, and is probably a rough guess on Dr. Flood's part; thirdly, that whereas Dr. Flood asserts without qualification that "Webbe became Barbandt's deputy," Cowan and Love merely say that "it is probable that he occasionally acted as Barbandt's deputy."

<sup>10</sup> I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. James Warrington, the noted hymnologist, for the loan of this interesting volume, which seems to be substantially the same as that of 1782, although it omits the "Advertisement" of Coghlan of which Cowan and Love speak, as well as other editorial matter. It prints one stanza under the notes, and the other three stanzas of the English Cento of the Latin text are not placed under the notes, but appear in the usual form of verse—an arrangement which should have proved somewhat of a stumbling block to the singers who had fearfully to apportion the words of the unequally rhythmized stanzas to the inflexible notes of the melody. But economy was evidently an urgent necessity at that time, for, small as the volume was, comprising in all only ninety-two pages, 12mo., it nevertheless was priced on the title page as "Three Shillings."

<sup>11</sup> *The Dolphin*, loc. cit., p. 710.

<sup>12</sup> P. 711.

Latin text). The engraving and editorial work on the melody are most carefully performed, and one readily sees that the form is that of Coghlan's 1782 publication. I find the same form, also in *A Choir Manual in Three Parts*, published by Coyne at Dublin, in Plainsong notation (p. 276).

All this leads up to a fair conclusion that, by means of the printed page, a traditional form of the melody had been established. However the manuscripts may vary from this form in slight details, they cannot establish a present-day claim against the traditional form of the printed melody.

Another fair corollary might be that all the variations now observable in our Catholic hymnals should be removed in favor of this traditional form. Something should be done in the matter, for the present confusion is to be regretted from the standpoint of a united congregational singing of the hymn. I have examined many of our hymnals, and could present in consequence a highly-varied assortment of variants. But for the present moment, let me confine the question to the Catholic hymnals issued within the last five years. So far as I am aware of them, these are:

1910—St. Mark's Hymnal (New York, 223 pages).

1911—Crown Hymnal (Boston, 562 pages).

1911—Sursum Corda (St. Louis, Mo., 222 pages).

1912—The Westminster Hymnal (London, 416 pages).

1912—The Oregon Catholic Hymnal (Portland and New York, 134 pages).

1913—The Book of Hymns With Tunes (London, 572 pages).

1913—De La Salle Hymnal (New York, 256 pages).

1913—American Catholic Hymnal (New York, 511 pages).

1914—English and Latin Hymns (Four Male Voices), Book One (New York, 42 pages).

1914—Holy Name Hymnal (Reading, Pa., 107 pages).

We have here a list of ten hymnals issued within the last five years. If we exclude the last-mentioned hymnal (which gives only the words, and refers to various standard hymnals for the tunes), we have nine hymnals, no two of which agree in giving precisely the same form for the melody of the *Adeste Fideles*! It may well be esteemed an astonishing fact that not even by the blundering law of chances do we find any two of the hymnals agreeing when they offer the singer the melody of the *Adeste Fideles*. Would it not be desirable to cultivate a "come together" spirit amongst the editors of our Catholic hymnals?

If the editors should indeed come together and deliberate calmly, and should agree thereafter to use only a defined form of the melody, what form should this be? In trying to arrive at an answer



to this question, we may consider, first of all, the form found in Coghlan's publications of 1782 and 1799, etc., as I have indicated above. For the convenience of my readers, I have transcribed this form in modern notation, altering the location of the bars in order to give modern measures, and adding capitalization in order to distinguish the different lines of the stanza, but retaining the key of G indicated in the Essay on the Church Plain Chant. This, then, is the old form of the melody:

Sixth Tone. G Major.

1                      2                      3                      4

Ad - es - te, fi - de - les, lae - ti tri - um - phan - tes, Ve -

5                      [6]                      [7]                      8

ni - te, ve - ni - te..... in Beth - le - hem;

9                      10                      11                      [12]

Na - tum vi - de - te Re - gem An - ge - lo - rum. Ve -

13                      14                      [15]                      [16]

ni - te ad - o - re - mus, Ve - ni - te ad - o - re - mus, Ve -

[17]                      [18]                      [19]                      20.

ni - te ad - o - re - mus Do - mi - num. Na - tum, etc.

I have numbered the measures and placed in brackets the numbers indicating the measures which have suffered changes in our hymnals at various times.

Two of these measures will immediately demand our attention. No. 6 binds two notes to the syllable *te* of *venite*, instead of (as is almost universally the case with our hymnals) the syllable *ni*. It is a small point, and may be yielded to any one who dislikes the apparent shortening of the tonic syllable in favor of a lengthening of the last syllable; and Wogan's book of 1805, as well as Coyne's and Richardson's volumes, binds two notes to the syllable *ni*. A similar case, but one which is not so easily settled in view of the diverse practice of our hymnals, occurs in the eighteenth measure.

There we find two notes bound over the syllable *mus*, instead of *re*, of *adoremus*. Which is the preferable mode of distributing the syllables? We think the better practice places two notes for the syllable *mus*. This question, however, could be submitted to discussion and be settled by a majority vote. It is rather important that it should be settled in either way; for if a congregation should—as it doubtless will—sing the syllables in both ways, we have at once an undesirable musical collision.

At this point it is of importance to exhibit the variations found in the nine Catholic hymnals within the last five years. The greater part of the melody is identical in all of these, and it is therefore necessary to give attention here only to those measures which are variant.

In the first place, it should be said that not one of the nine agrees with the distribution of notes in the sixth measure of the 1782 form. We may therefore consider this point as settled in favor of giving the two slurred notes to the syllable *ni* of *venite*, instead of to the syllable *te*.

In the second place, we find a division of sentiment concerning the slurred notes to the syllable *mus* in the eighteenth measure of the 1782 form. This form is followed by the St. Mark's Hymnal, the Crown Hymnal, the Oregon Catholic Hymnal, the Book of Hymns With Tunes, and the De La Salle Hymnal. Only two hymnals agree in giving only the last note of the measure to *mus*; these are the Westminster Hymnal and the American Catholic Hymnal. The remaining two hymnals are neutral on the question, as they give only the English words of the hymn.

The Westminster and the American Catholic hymnals agree in the eighteenth measure, but disagree in the twelfth measure. Each one of the two, therefore, differs from all the other recent forms of the melody of the Latin text. They differ also from the Sursum Corda and the English and Latin Hymns in the nineteenth measure. They differ from each other as well. Each one, therefore, stands apart from all the other hymnals.

The Sursum Corda agrees with the Book of Hymns in the nineteenth measure, and both disagree with all the others here. But these two disagree with each other in the sixth measure. They, therefore, stand apart from each other and from all the others.

The form given by the English and Latin Hymns differs from all the others in its nineteenth measure.

We have thus but four hymnals left for consideration. The De La Salle Hymnal differs from the other three in its sixth measure. The Book of Hymns differs from the remaining two in its nineteenth measure. Finally, the Oregon Catholic Hymnal differs from the

Crown Hymnal in the twelfth measure. *Q. E. D.!* That is to say, no two of the nine Catholic hymnals issued in the past five years agree in the melody of the *Adeste Fideles*. A mere statement to this effect might well seem incredible to my readers—and I have therefore taken the trouble patiently to prove the statement.

Catholics are credited by their separated brethren with a wonderfully compact and well-organized efficiency. On our side, we are aware that Protestants are wonderfully disorganized in everything making for a solidarity amongst them, save their dislike for Catholicity. And the wonder therefore grows that, in their recently edited American hymnals, they should have agreed quite well on a common form of the melody of the *Adeste Fideles*. This agreement cannot have been the result of any planning, but must have been unconscious—the survival, out of the earlier discrepant forms of the melody to be found in the older Protestant hymnals, of that form which is, strange to say, almost the form of our 1782 volume, and exactly the form given in our Westminster Hymnal of the year 1912.

It would be an interesting study for the Catholic musician to pursue in detailed fashion the variants in Catholic hymnals generally. Such a study would, of course, consume much time in its pursuit and much space in its illustration. As the results could not be given here because of their length and their rather technical character, it remains for us merely to consider briefly some of the French forms of the tune.

### III. FRENCH FORMS OF THE TUNE.

The forms of the tune apparently popular in France and in French Canada differ from the English forms in presenting less simplicity in the melody and less definiteness in the rhythm.

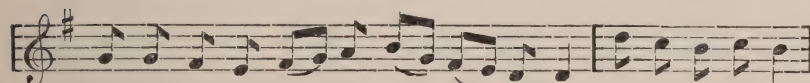
In the *Liber Usualis* (Tournai, 1903) and in the same volume issued a decade of years later (Tournai, 1914) in order to conform with the Vatican edition of the chants, the tune of the *Adeste Fideles* is identical. It is printed in plain-song notation. For the convenience of my readers I have transcribed it in modern notation and have given it the key of G. In the free rhythm ("oratorical rhythm") employed in the chant, the mathematical definiteness of modern rhythm is quite destroyed in several of the phrases (e. g., "in Bethlehem," "Angelorum," "adoremus Dominum"). Indeed, the melody is divided, not into musical "measures," but rather into rhetorical divisions of the sentences. Roughly speaking, all the eighth notes receive an equal time-value, and, accordingly, the three eighth notes given to the syllable *lo* of *Angelorum* are not to be sung as a triplet. The sense of a modern rhythm is somewhat increased, however, by the fact that a whole bar (e. g., after



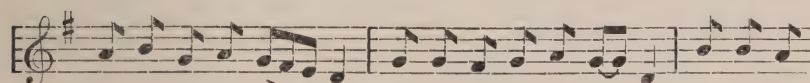
*triumphantes*) adds practically a beat equalling one of the eighth notes, while the half-bar (e. g., after *fideles*) does not add any portion of a beat, but merely indicates a place where, if so desired, a breath may be taken quickly. (Strictly, it marks a phrasal division of the sentence rather than a place for taking breath). With this slight help at interpretation I give the transcribed melody:



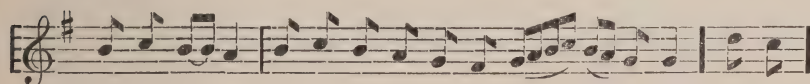
Ad - es - te fi - de - les lae - ti tri - um - phan - tes :



Ve - ni - te, ve - ni - te in Beth-le-hem; Na-tum vi-de-te



Re gem An-ge-lo - rum : Ve-ni-te, ad - o - re - mus, ve - ni - te,



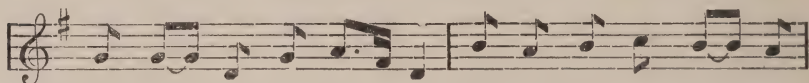
ad - o - re-mus, ve - ni - te, ad - o - re - mus Do-mi-num.\*Na-tum.

It will have been noticed that this form of the tune lacks something of the grave simplicity of the traditional English melody of the words *fideles*, in *Bethlehem*, *Angelorum*, and the last *adoremus*.

This melody, which I have transcribed from the *Liber Usualis*, is thus found in the editions of 1903, 1908, 1913 and 1914 (this later entitled: *Liber Usualis Missae et Officii*), where it is marked "Cantus Modernus." In this connection it is of interest to note that the *Adeste Fideles* is *omitted* from the *Manual of Gregorian Chant*, compiled from the Solesmes Books and from Ancient Manuscripts, which was published for the use of English-speaking countries in the year 1903 by the Society of St. John the Evangelist (Desclee, Lefebvre & Co.) at Tournai. The reason for the omission would naturally seem to be that the form of the melody sung at Solesmes was in several respects different from the traditional English tune, and it would be a source of confusion to have the same melody appearing in two different forms in the Solesmes publications—one form (that, namely, of the *Liber Usualis* in all of its editions) for Continental use, and another form for use in English-speaking countries. The omission is, nevertheless, very in the *Manual of Gregorian Chant*, from medieval English manuscripts; and the volume professes to meet the special needs of

English congregations: "This little book is an adaptation to the special wants of the English-speaking countries of the *Manuale Missae et Officiorum* compiled from the Solesmes books, which has just been published by Messrs. Desclee, Lefebvre & Co." It would have proven a valuable addition, we think, to have had both forms of the melody printed in the volume (which, by the way, is not quite so "little" as the preface modestly styles it, for it comprises xxii + 394 pages), instead of omitting both from its closely packed pages, and the more so in view of the many inclusions in it of English medieval chants not found in the editions of the *Liber Usualis* itself.

The Canadian form given below is taken from *Le Paroissien Noté*, published at Quebec in 1903. It is printed in a plain-song notation, which is not to be transcribed in precisely the same fashion as that of the *Liber Usualis*. This latter volume is issued by the Solesmes Benedictines, whose system for transcription is well defined by them in the volume which they edit. The *Paroissien Noté*, on the other hand, indicates nowhere the system in which the notation is placed, and doubtless follows the ideas of the old "nota longa," "nota brevis" and "nota semibrevis" in vogue before the labors of the Solesmes Benedictines effected a complete change in the interpretation of plain-song notation. With this precautionary statement, I venture to transcribe the Quebec form of the tune, placing it similarly in the key of G:



Ad - es - te, fi - de - les, lae - ti, tri - um - phan - tes:



ve - ni - te, ve - ni - te in Beth - le - hem.



\* Na - tum vi - de - te Re - gem An - ge - lo - rum



† Ve - ni - te, ad - o - re - mus, ve - ni - te ad - o - re - mus,

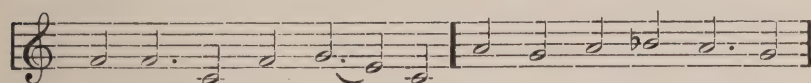


ve - ni - te, ad - o - re - mus Do - mi - num. \* Na - tum.

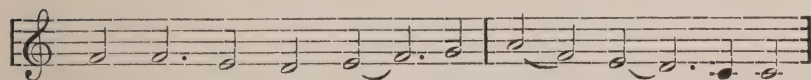
As thus transcribed, the rhythm is practically mathematically equal; and the melody is almost the same as that with which we are familiar in our English hymnals, the one notable exception being the run of sixteenth notes over the last "adoremus."

Two further illustrations may be given from French hymnals. The first is taken from *Les Principaux Chants Liturgiques conformes au chant publié par Pierre Valfray en 1669 traduits en notation musicale* (Paris, 1875). There is nothing in the preface to indicate what chants are included from the volume of Pierre Valfray issued in 1669, and a reader might (mistakenly, I think) infer that the *Adeste Fideles* had appeared in Valfray's volume.

In this system of notation, the half-note is practically equivalent to the eighth-note in the preceding illustrations, and the dot placed after it may, for practical purposes, be considered as doubling its time-value when it is followed by another half-note, and as adding to it one-half of its value when it is followed by a quarter-note:



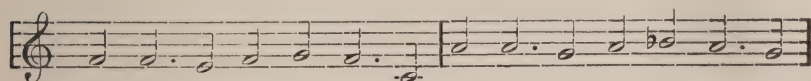
A - des - te fi - de - les, lae - ti, tri - um - phan - tes,



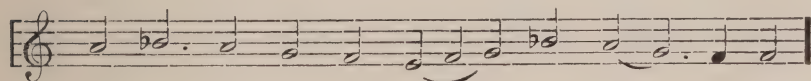
Ve - ni - te, ve - ni - te in Beth - le - hem:



Na - tum vi - de - te Re - gem An - ge - lo - rum:



† Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus, Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus,

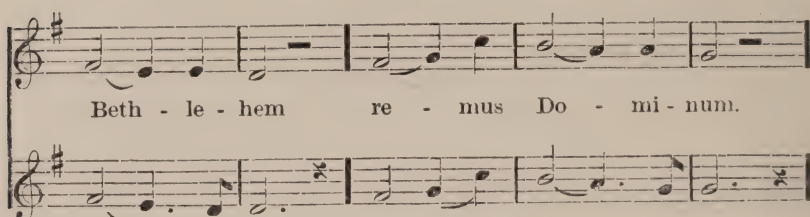


Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus Do - mi - num.

Our last illustration shall be taken from a *Recueil d'anciens et de nouveaux cantiques notés* published at Paris in 1886. Here we find the melody frankly modernized in notation and rhythm, and differing but slightly from a form which is common enough in some of the present-day hymnals in use by Catholics in the United States. The form is exactly the same, for instance, as that given in the De La Salle Hymnal (New York, 1914, page 4), except in the



cadence at *Bethlehem* and *Dominum*, and the position of the slur over the last *adoremus*:



The element of humor would not be lacking in the combined presentation of the variants of the melody to be found in Catholic and in Protestant hymnals issued at various times in England, Ireland, America and France; but I am mindful of the thought in Milton's hymn on the Nativity of Our Lord:

Time is our tedious song should here have ending.

H. T. HENRY.

Overbrook, Pa.

#### RE-READING THOMAS MORE.

SIR THOMAS MORE was fortunate enough to live at the beginning of a new era in the world's history. The span of years from his birth in Milk street, London, in 1478, to his martyrdom on Tower Hill in 1535 includes, perhaps, more new currents of thought and life than any equal period of time. When he was fourteen years of age Columbus discovered land across the ocean sea, Granada fell and the Morro lost their hold on Spain. In matters of the intellect, also, startling things were happening. Machiavelli's "Il Principe," the "Christian Prince" of Erasmus and More's "Utopia" (1515) took shape contemporaneously. In 1517 Luther was nailing his theses to the memorable door of Wittenburg. In England, too, minds were active. Grocyn had just brought the study of Greek into the country; Linacre was at work; John Colet was tutoring at Oxford—John Colet who was later to deliver these remarkable sermons at the University and at St. Paul's. Not the least significant fact of all, a fact which epitomizes the age, is to be found in the life of More himself. When he had come up to London and was about to deliver a lecture before a brilliant metropolitan audience on Augustine's "De Curitato Dei," he chose to consider

its historical and philosophical status, not its theological aspects. It was the critical spirit of the Renaissance! The "New Learning" was in the air. The first streaks of dawn reached across the sky. The regenerating influence of the so-called Oxford Movement bade fair to create a more splendid Church, and would have done so had not a reaction been compelled by a thoroughly rational and unreasonable Calvinism and the domestic fickleness of a British King and his covetous greed for the revenue of church lands. The adjustment was not complete when the world received a rude shock. The revival of learning gave impetus to Catholic informers, to heretical reformers who were still religious, and to irreligious egoists. The Catholic faith was set back, not advanced, by the Protestant Revolt—its own expansion was interrupted. The heretical reformers formed new churches, became divided and subdivided into their more than 300 sects, and it has taken nearly 300 years for Protestantism to wear itself out in mere vain protesting, and finally to become weak enough as to deny the divinity of Christ. And, as for the irreligious egoists, their Science has failed: it can perhaps explain the what, but not the why.

"God never meant that man should scale the heavens  
By strides of human wisdom;"<sup>1</sup>

and our scientific man is just beginning to realize the fact. As Gilbert Murray says: "Religion deals with the uncharted field of human experience;" and so long as God is infinite and man is finite—as they shall ever be—many, many things beyond our human comprehension must be apprehended from Divine revelation, must be taken as matters of faith. At the beginning of that period which, for want of a better name, we have called the Renaissance, this distinction was just being made when the violence of the Protestant Revolt upset the whole scheme of things. The egoistic man of the Renaissance—following a subjective idealism—sought to grasp the whole and remould it nearer to his own desire. After four centuries Science has failed. Religion once more takes its old place, and we are now advancing again towards the point whither the early sixteenth century churchmen aimed 400 years ago.

It has been said that "the most attractive figure, both among the Oxford reformers and later at the Court of Henry, was Sir Thomas More." In the words which his friend Erasmus wrote to Ulrich von Hutten, we have a sketch which makes the canvas of Holbein live again: "In stature he is not tall, though not remarkably short. . . . His complexion is white, his face fair rather than pale, and

---

<sup>1</sup> Cowper: "The Task."

though by no means ruddy, a faint flush of pink appears beneath the whiteness of his skin. His hair is dark brown or brownish black. His eyes are grayish blue, with some spots, a kind which betokens singular talent. . . . His countenance is in harmony with his character, being always expressive of an amiable joyousness, and even an incipient laughter, and, to speak candidly, it is better framed for gladness than for gravity or dignity, though without any approach to jolly or buffoonery. . . . He seems born and framed for friendship, and is a most faithful and enduring friend. He is easy of access to all; but if he chances to get familiar with one whose vices admit no correction, he manages to loosen and let go the intimacy rather than to break it off suddenly. When he finds any sincere and according to his heart, he so delights in their society and conversation as to place in it the principal charm of life. . . . Though he is rather negligent of his own interests, no one is more diligent in those of his friends. In a word, if you want a perfect model of friendship, you will find it in no one better than in More. In society he is so polite, so sweet-mannered, that no one is of so melancholy a disposition as not to be cheered by him, and there is no misfortune that he does not alleviate. . . . With a wonderful dexterity he accommodates himself to every disposition. . . . He is earnest in all true piety. He has his hours set apart for prayer—prayer not of routine, but of the heart. With his friends he so converses on the life that will follow this that you cannot doubt that he speaks from the heart with a most fervent hope."

And truly Sir Thomas More was as interesting a man as he looked to be. He was very busy, because he was conscientious. He tells us himself in the epistle introductory to the "Utopia" wherein Thomas More to Peter Giles sendeth gretynge: "Whiles I doo daylie bestowe my time aboute lawe matters; some to pleade, some to heare, some as arbitratoure with myne awarde to determine, some as an umpire or a Judge, with my sentence finallye to discusse. Whiles I go one way to see and visite my frende; another waye about myne owne private affaires. Whiles I spend almost all the day abroad emonges other, and the residue at home among mine owne; I leave to myself, I mean to my booke, no time. For when I am come home, I must commen with my wife, chatte with my children, and talke with my servauntes. All the which things I reckon and accoupte amonge business, for as muche as they muste of necessitie be done; and done muste they nedes be, onelesse a man wyll be a straunger in his owne house. And in any wyse, a man muste so fashion and order hys conditions. and so appoint and dispose him selfe, that he be merie, jocunde, and pleasaunt amonge



them whom eyther nature hath provided, or chaunce hath made, or he hym selfe hath chosen to be the felowes, and companyons of hys life; so that with too much gentle behaviour and familiaritie, he do not marre them, and by to muche suffraunce of his servauntes, make them his masters. Emonge those thynges now rehearsed, stealeth away the daye, the moneth, the yeare."

We must understand one thing, once for all. His was a life full of work and full of contradictions and contrasts. Consider the paradoxes as I enumerate them. He had a phenomenal career at the bar, and he banished lawyers from Utopia. He was an earnest and able lawyer, who rose rapidly in his profession and early stood out for the cause of the common people against the exorbitant financial demands of the Crown; and Erasmus said, "Since his boyhood he has so delighted in merriment that it seemed a part of his nature. He was champion of the "New Learning;" and he scourged himself on Fridays and lived for four years as a Carthusian monk. He could jest with Erasmus over the silliness of royalty and the superstition of the people; and he wrote for Henry against Luther and Tyndall. He constructed in his "Utopia" a religion founded on the authority of reason, and for a great part of his life continually wore a hair shirt. The "Praise of Folly" was written in his house, and he felt the powerful influence of splendid Pico della Mirandola and died on the scaffold for his faith.

But, chiefest of all, we are impressed with his character as a wise and just magistrate, a Parliamentarian who thought not of the wishes of his lordly flatterers, but of the interests of the people, a Chancellor who decided cases so expeditiously and well that, for the first time in many years, the calendar was cleared. Barristers and Judges in those days were prone—nay, were expected—to accept bribes. Eighty-odd years later a case was easily proved against that master thinker, Francis Bacon, but no evidence could be produced against More even by his most scrutinizing enemies. It was as a wise and just magistrate that he won the favor of London and the support of the people. And it is this side I want to make my readers realize; it is this side we see when we read the "Utopia," the book which he did write in "onelye that tyme, which he did steale from slepe and meate," for "cares and troubles did leave almost lesse then no leasure." For awhile Luther, befriended by princes, was condemning the insurrection of downtrodden German peasants, in the same century Sir Thomas More was decrying the rapacity of English barons and denouncing the unjust economic system which deprived honest toilers of an honest living. Though, as far as Utopia was concerned, all men were "ignorant in what sea that

ylande standeth." It is obvious that More wished England were that Utopia, that land of justice which existed only in thought.

It was the magistrate with a discerning eye for justice who discovered that unemployment was the cause of crime, unemployment and the thriftless habits induced by the military "profession" and the maintenance of large retinues of worthless servants, who, losing their incomes through the establishment of peace or the bankruptcy of their lords, preferred stealing to working. It was the magistrate in him which saw the flagrant injustice and awful mistake of those enclosures which not only took the common lands, but also deprived yeomen of their small land-holdings. He sharply criticized the land owners for their action. "Leave no grounds for tillage, thei inclose al into pastures; thei throw doune houses; they pluck downe townes, and leave nothing standynge, but only the churche to be made a shepe house. . . . Your shepe that were wont to be so meke and tame, and so smal eaters, now, as I heare saye, be become so great devowerers and so wylde, that they eate up and swallow downe the very men them selves." This was the wise and just magistrate—not the court favorite; not the charming friend of gentlemen and nobles, but the man who saw the evils as well as the benefits attendant upon the commercial expansion.

It was the magistrate who wrote: "How pernicious a thinge it is to the weale publicke that a thefe and an homicide or murderer, should suffer equall and like punishment. For the thefe seyng that man, that is condemned for thefte in loss jeoperdie, nor judged to no lesse punishment, then him that is convicted of manslaughter; throughe this cogitation onelye he is strongly and forcibly provoked, and in a maner constrained to kill him whome els he would have but robbed. For the murder beyng ones done, he is in less feare, and in more hoope that the deede shall not be bewrayed or knowen, seyne the partye is now dead, and rydde oute of the waye, which onelye mighte have uttered and disclosed it."

Desire has been common to the English race, as to all races. In the tales collected by Sir Thomas Malory in 1470, England had seen represented the hunger for the marvelous. In these strange old stories Merlin "knoweth all things by the Devil's craft;" Nimue by her art shuts Merlin within a rock; a knight rides about invisible slaying people unawares; Morgan le Fay shapes herself into a great stone; Merlin makes Arthur invisible to Pellinore; four beautiful queens take Lancelot prisoner by enchantment; a bit of cloth of gold has magic healing properties; the Red Knight of the Red Laundes waxes stronger till noonday, and then his strength declines as the sun goes down the heavens. It is the quest of the marvelous;

and the mystery of the Grail is quite as alluring as its symbolism. That was in the previous century.

Francis Bacon, of the age of Elizabeth and James, represents the hunger for knowledge, for science, for learning in his "Essays," in his "Advancement," in his "New Atlantis." It was the scientific curiosity of the Renaissance!

But More, if we will only see it in his work, represents the hunger for absolute justice which, in his age, seemed to exist only in "Utopia," and all men were "ignoraunt in what sea that ylande standeth." He cared not for marvels, but only for *suche thynges as shall be profitable to be knowen*, as in speciall be those decrees and ordinaunces, that he marked to be well and writely provided and enacted amonge such peoples as do live together in civile polycye and good ordre." "But as for monsters, by cause they be no newes, of them we were nothyng inquisitive. For nothing is more easy to be founde, then bee barkynge Scyllaes, ravenyng Celenes, and Lestrigones devourers of people and *suche lyke great, and incredible monsters.*"

So he cared not for the wild tales of imaginative Maundeville and cared not for the false feudal chivalry of Malory. "The moste parte of all princes have delyte in warlike matters and feates of chivalrie (the knowledge wherof I neither have nor desire) than in the good feates of peace; and employe much more study, how by right or wrong to enlarge their dominions, than howe wel, and peaceable to rule, and governe that they have alredie." And when we think that this was written by a man who was present at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, not as a spectator, but as an actor—written almost contemporaneously with Machiavelli's "*Il Principe*"—we are all the more impelled to say truly a wise and just magistrate.

Anti-militarism—the European War of 1914 to the contrary notwithstanding—has ever been a tenet of the Socialists. It was to "the workingmen of all nations" that Marx and Engels issued their call to unite in the "Communist Manifesto" of 1847. The Anarchists, William Godwin, Thomas Holcroft, Robert Bage; the "radicals" and the revolutionary novelists of eighteenth century Britain, the Rationalists of France, all have stood out for universal peace and the catholicity of human interests—and so has the Catholic Church! But I fancy it was the wise and just magistrate in More, as much as the Catholic, who protested against war.

In Utopia, what kept the peace among the people themselves was the discipline of self-restraint, and the wise and just magistrate was quick to add, aided by laws. The enlightened self-interest of Godwin and Holcroft, the farsighted "pleasure" of the French philoso-



phers, the principle which led Baron d'Holback to say, "Follow Nature, she alone is true!"—all this is very well, except that the old truism still holds, as old truisms usually do, that the spirit may be willing, but the flesh is weak. To be sure, to the thinking man there can be little enjoyment or real attraction in a life "led in continuall hunger, thurst, itching, eating, drynkyng, scratchyng, and rubbing." This is but the "ymage of counterfeite pleasure." "These doubtles be the basest pleasures of al, as unpure and unperfect. For they never come, but accompanied with their contrarie griefes." Laws, restrictions are necessary, as More probably found in his judicial experience, for the spirit may be willing, but the flesh is weak. The Catholic tenets are founded, as we all realize that most Catholic tenets are, on the profoundest insight into human psychology, an insight gained after twenty centuries of experience. Times change, opinions vary to their opposites, "modern thought" may come and go with the whim of the moment, but there is something fundamental in the human spirit that remains unchanged through the ages. "Semper idem!" And I suppose that if the French "rationalists," or the British "radicals," or the advocates of the New Learning at the time of Sir Thomas More had ferreted out this truth, they would simply have formed a complete parallel to Mr. Chesterton's English yachtsman who discovered England for one of the South Sea Islands that thought he had found something new! Truly, my relative, Mr. Frank Moore Colby, was right when he said last winter that "a new thinker, when examined closely, usually turns out to be a man who merely has not taken the trouble to inform himself of what other people have already thought."

To return to More, it was not "the stern and uncompromising champion of mere and rigid dogma," as Churton Collins calls him, or the "intolerant Catholic," as Maurice Adams would have it; it was not the man painted as a manipulator of the torture-rack—as Francis Bacon after him was painted—but I believe it was a wise and just magistrate who wrote into his dreamland "a decree, that it should be lawfull for everie man to favoure and folow what religion he would." It was a Catholic tolerance and a judicial wisdom comparable to that of the great Catholic pioneer, Lord Baltimore, which prompted this idea, for King Utopus had heard "even at the first beginning . . . that the inhabitants of the land wer before his coming thether, a continuall dissention and strife amonge themselves for their religions."

Sir Thomas More exposed conditions with a master hand. He wanted just laws, "those decrees and ordinances well and writtely provided." He was well fitted to express this want; he had come

in touch with justice and injustice; he had seen the wrong of the common people and the errors of kings; he was a lawyer and a diplomat and a wise and just magistrate. The eternal thirst for justice which inspired the writings of his "Utopia" reveals itself in one of the most startling paradoxes of the whole situation. Here was More, a Catholic, a martyr for his faith, now beatified by the Church—and yet the very name of his book has been commonly coupled with the names of a whole school of Socialist reformers, the Utopian Socialists; and William Morris declared it "a complete gospel of Socialism." It inspired Robert Owen; it stirred Etienne Cabet; it enthralled William Morris himself. Yet it was the work of a Catholic martyr.

The explanation is obvious, but not brief.

From Plato's "Republic," built in the realm of pure logic, or from the Atlantis of his "Critias," to Owen's New Harmony in the far-away Middle West; from Coleridge's Pantisocracy community to be founded on the banks of the Susquehanna, with its pretty-sounding name, to Upton Sinclair's Halcyon Hall, men have thought of perfect lands and perfect laws. Certain moral truths, tortuously established as in Plato or seen and accepted as by Owen, have served as the basis for ideal communities. It is more than a "vulgar itch for innovation." It is the thirst for justice. Men were discontented with existing conditions; they wanted a change; and like the lover in Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine," they conceived an affection for a far-away ideal. Colonel Gädke recently began a magazine article on universal disarmament with the words, "An Utopia!" The statesmen as well as the generals tell us with a superior smile, "Eternal peace is a dream!" As early as 1625<sup>2</sup> Francis Bacon employed the term to indicate the impossible. Thus the word has come to be used. Utopia was a dream—a dream of justice. A dream, and therefore at present unattainable. But the psychical experts tell us that dreams come home to the business and bosoms of men; they spring from the very essence of our present life. So do the Utopias!

Poor Thomas Paine, much maligned and often sadly mistaken, once said, "Whatsoever the apparent cause of any riots may be, the real one is always lack of happiness." The real cause of Utopian dreams is likewise lack of happiness. For a Utopian is simply an idealist whose warm heart rebels against the evils of society. Owen was unwilling to see his workers miserable; More was indignant because poor men were being cheated of their farms. What maladies afflicted the English nation in the sixteenth century, More

---

<sup>2</sup> In the Essay, "Of Usury," just published that year.

detected and described with sure eye and sympathetic heart.<sup>3</sup> All of us know that little children ought not to starve, all of us know that something is wrong with the world. Some of us wallow in the mire of despondency, without hope. But the Utopian, with his feet in the mire, strains his eyes upward to the heavens. He sees imaginary Commonwealths founded on justice, phantom cities where all work in harmony and no one lacks for food. He would fain have all people work and all share fairly in the fruits of toil. Visions fair the Utopian beholds; but his feet still touch the earth.

Plato, More, Owen, Fourier and many another seer has beheld from afar off the land of social justice—Utopia. Plato would wait for a philosopher-king to arise and lead the people into the possession of justice. Sir Thomas More placed his Utopia in an unknown sea, perhaps a fairy land, whither he hoped to sail with neither rudder nor mast, or perhaps he knew his alluring vision was, after all, only a dream. Owen and Fourier, with the bolder genius of the nineteenth century, aspired to establish their cities in all reality, and failed. The Revolutionary Socialists, inspired by their "prophet," Karl Marx, in their turn conceived the hope of suddenly turning society upside down and expected to establish the universal workman's state. The same idea, that justice shall be achieved by violence, now fires the hearts and loosens the tongues of labor agitators with dented derbies, of revolutionary syndicalists, of occasional impatient anarchists. If necessary they would set sail for Utopia on a sea of blood.

More is like all social reformers in that he was discontented so long as were wrongs to redress. And this did not interfere with his religion nor his religion with it, for the Catholic Church is never against discussion of wrongs and effort to reform. In their dislike of unjust conditions Catholics are and always have been at one with radicals and Socialists; often also in the immediate remedy; but in spirit and aims they diverge. Socialists think they have outlined a just society; More was wiser and put it in a far-distant island. The Catholic principle is to work for justice, by just laws, not overconfidently, and to lay stress on a just spirit in the individual. More wished to draw something of the spirit of justice from the world above to establish a state of justice in this world. Justice was a matter of custom, a habit of mind, in Utopia.

But conditions must change; the process must be gradual. And this is what More lacks; there is no connection between his first and second books, between his criticism and his exposition. Divin-

---

<sup>3</sup> Cf. H. de B. Gibbins, "Industry in England," chapter xiv.



ity may descend in one instantaneous flash, but it is only by arduous labor and careful thought that the free and perverse human will can attain a complete apprehension of what it is privileged to enjoy.

The saner sort of Socialism stands for what it calls "the organic idea" by which problems shall be solved as they arise, by a will of the majority. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a thorough believer in this parliamentary method, and much of the British social reform of the last decade—really beneficial reform—has been due to his work and the persistence of the Liberal ministry. He says: "Experiencing every incident on the way, and determining stage by stage where the next day's journey shall lead, . . . the Socialist method is that of moving out step by step, and of walking by sight and by faith at the same time." They would climb the heights with their eyes on the ground, lest they slip and fall backward or stray from the path. They would socialize economic and political life as Catholicism would realize the spiritual life of the world; and with some principles of Socialist doctrine adjusted, the two could well exist side by side.<sup>4</sup>

But where, you say, is such a plan for human betterment inconsistent with the Catholic faith? I shall tell you. The sight of the two is identical; but the faith is different. The principles of Socialist doctrines which must be adjusted are fundamental principles. The whole of this sane modern Socialism is based on the "class struggle theory," on a perpetual antagonism of classes, perpetual distrust between "oppressor" and "oppressed," perpetual war, continued dissatisfaction and unrest, and the exploitation of the grievances of labor against the "upper classes." They are in danger of becoming "the ablest architects of ruin that have hitherto existed in the world." There can be no settled justice in such a scheme; men would be ruled by demagogues—shouting leaders and shouting crowds—and once the tradition of revolt is established, security will be forever insecure. The second point of divergence centres around the frantic independence and loose morality of Socialism. Stability in moral concerns can only be gained by the help of laws—as I have already pointed out and as More provided, like the wise and just magistrate that he was. The third and most important point of difference is seen in the whole view of life. Socialism demands just recompense for labor; Catholicism—as More illustrates—demands moral citizenship. Socialism aims, finally, for the material welfare only; Catholicism—as More again illustrates—aims for absolute justice, a gleam, a guiding light from the realms above. The Catholic Church, in

---

<sup>4</sup>A friend of mine, Mr. R. S. Bourne, has written in the "Columbia Monthly" for November, 1912, a splendid article on this point.

France and in Mexico, to take two obvious examples, has been doing a great work of organization, of reestablishment of purely personal relations in the business world, of alleviating and correcting economic evils. "Catholic Democracy," as it is called, is fair to be a powerful and successful rival of Socialism, for it offers all that Socialism does and the added element of stability.<sup>5</sup>

And at the last we must deplore the misconception by the Socialists of Catholicism itself. They have revolted when there was no need of a revolt; they have attacked, in attacking Christianity, the greatest force for good of which modern civilization can boast. I think it the most unfortunate thing in the world that Socialism, in its vigorous propaganda, has mistaken a Living Church for a dead wall, has mistaken a moving, extensive and inspiring cross for a symbol of conservative aristocracy and social cruelty, when the Church has in reality ever been the most democratic of institutions and Christianity has been the very thing which impressed the ideal of universal brotherhood on the world; that Socialism, finally, has been such a class movement of hostility, so violently anti-Catholic, as to compel the Church to be anti-Socialistic. The Church never has been nor ever will be anti-social or against economic improvement. The Church may ever stand for reform—as so many English Catholics vote for labor reform—but it can never favor Socialism as long as Socialism remains an unmoral system and so long as Socialists condemn and condemn the Church. There has been a misunderstanding. And the Socialists have misunderstood.

To return once more to Sir Thomas More, who had this Catholic thirst for justice, it would be unjust to say that he "threw himself into court affairs." He was dragged in. He was an unwilling and an unfortunate favorite. He did not play the Seneca to Henry's Nero—Seneca, the sire of all Janus-like hypocrites; Seneca, who wished to stand well with Nero and not ill with God. More early saw the trouble ahead, as we clearly learn from his son-in-law, Roper, and he tried to resist the advances of Henry VIII. Then came the break and the vengeance of royalty. Under the Act of Supremacy of 1534, he declared himself willing to admit the temporal authority of the King, but not the religious authority. The Pope stood then, as he stands to-day, supreme in matters of faith and morals, and the affair of Henry and Katharine was certainly a matter of faith and morals. The Catholic objection to divorce as an offense against the sacrament of matrimony is well illustrated in More's "Utopia:" "They know this to be the next way to break love between man and wife, to be in easy hope of a new marriage." The

---

<sup>5</sup> Cf. Day: "Catholic Democracy, Individualism and Socialism."

teachings and requirements of the Church were clear. If you really believe in your religion, you will be loyal to it, even to the altars of sacrifice. Thomas More, with his thirst for justice, truly believed; he stood out against the marriage and the religious revolt; and so he died on the block at Tower Hill "in and for the faith of the Catholic Church."

And where, aside from this problem of Socialism, is the exact lesson for us?

More's was a life of many contradictions. He had had a wide judicial, academic and diplomatic experience. He had a remarkable mind. He saw the beginning of the commercial and political expansion of Europe. He was acquainted with the New Learning and Humanism, with its spirit of reasonable criticism. He lived in the midst of an intolerable confusion of ideas not far different from that which confronts us to-day, and in it he had to find his way to a firm station of spirit. He was a Judge accustomed to deciding cases on their merits. He sought in many places for the absolute justice and found it in Divine revelation, where we also may find it—in the Catholic faith.

We are the creatures of environment, and all our ideas and systems come from without. We only need "the will to believe." Even the most confirmed atheist I know admits to me that he got his theories from other people, from books, from lectures. And so do we all! It is a matter of education. It may seem old-fashioned—following Mr. Chesterton's line of thought—to say that we have to choose between the creed of Calvin and the Church of Laud, between the theology of Aquinas and the philosophy of Swedenborg, between the faith of Kipling and the disbelief of Shaw, between the world of Darwin and Russel Wallace and that of General Booth, between the conviction of Newman and the experiments of Huxley, between the social teachings of Gibson and Masfield and the religion of poetry of Alfred Noyes, between the intuitionism of Bergson and the æsthetics of Croce. It may seem old-fashioned and silly, yet so we must choose whether we will or do. If our theories and systems come from without, as even my atheist friend admits, we are taught by Mr. Hearst in his morning "American" and evening "Journal," or by Mr. Bennett in his morning "Herald" and evening "Telegram," or by any other man wealthy enough to impress his ideas and his point of view on the public through the daily insinuation of the newspaper editorial. Or perhaps we are taught the strenuous life by Mr. Roosevelt or the simple life by Charles Wagner. It is our education and we cannot help it. We get our words, our classifications, our ideas, our standards, our models and ideals



from somewhere, often accepting them all too readily without full and sufficient examination. In such things our minds are "wax to receive and marble to retain."— They talk glibly of "intellectual radicalism," "freedom from restraint," "reform," "shackles of prejudice," and think they have discovered something new when they have merely renamed the old things. They are not intellectually free, nor can they be. Even reform movements have leaders and platforms; even "protesting" churches have parsons and creeds. They must accept from somewhere, some conversations and ideas, and it is merely a matter of choice whether they end in the pure violence of the I. W. W. or in the sheer vulgarity of the Mozart Society and the Charity Ball. It is the same as it was when Sir Thomas More lived. It is all a confusion of confusing, contracting and commingling currents and cross-currents. Out of these many creeds we must select one creed; out of these many preachers and teachers we must select one teacher; through the "blaze of Bengal lights," as Alfred Noyes has it, we must look through to the heavens and select a star—"hitch our wagon to a star," as Emerson says—if we would move in conformity with the laws of the eternal Divinity, trace and find a star and follow in its orbit. And where in all this maze and hubbub shall we find the absolute truth for which we search except in some Divine revelation? There are many revelations by many men, many false gods whose scientific "laws" and "hypotheses" are but guesses and suppositions. There has been but one Divine revelation—through Jesus Christ and the Catholic Church, which stands as the perpetual Incarnation of Himself. Perhaps if we, in our confusion and bewilderment, follow the course which led Sir Thomas More out of his perplexity and remain loyal to our sincere beliefs and convictions, we also may be privileged to die "in and for the faith of the Catholic Church."

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

New York, N. Y.

PENANCE AND ST. JOHN, XX., 22, 23.

WHILE there is nothing in the present Christian economy so necessary as the Sacrament of Penance for those who once have been "illuminated," but have darkened the light within them by deliberate sin, so, too, there is nothing that places a more grievous burden upon men. Indeed its **very irksomeness to both confessor and penitent is advanced as an argument against the possibility of a human origin.** However, that may be, a proof is naturally demanded that is irrefragable, for none wish to yield on such a point unless conviction is forced. For Catholics the Council of Trent has spoken in no ambiguous terms, and the early Christian liturgical and patristic writings offer adequate testimony to the unbiased student of their dusty records, that there was even in those days of acknowledged pure faith, a sacrament whereby confessed sins were forgiven by God's anointed priests. But with such proofs the present paper does not deal, its only purpose being to examine the Scriptural argument furnished us in the twentieth chapter of St. John, verses 22 and 23:

καὶ τοῦτο εἰπων ἐνεφύσησεν καὶ λέγει αὐτοῖς. λάβετε πνεῦμα ἅγιον. ἃν τινων ἀφῇτε τᾷς ἁμαρτίαις, ἀφείωνται αὐτοῖς. ἃν τινων κρατῇτε, κεκράτηνται.

Even here we might try to exhaust the text and find out all that it might yield, but we shall confine our enquiry to the main points at issue. The endeavor will be to show that the words were spoken to the Apostles only, that they confer a power that is strictly and technically judicial, and finally that this power to forgive sins judicially carries with it as a correlative the obligation incumbent on all to submit their sins to the priest-judge in a detailed way. Against these assertions the Protestants make their heaviest attacks, claiming as they do that this remissive power is not restricted to priests or ministers of God's word, nor is it at all judicial. They whittle Our Lord's words down until nothing is granted but the power merely to assert that sins are forgiven, a truly "graphophone" power, quite in keeping with modern progress.

A cursory reading of the text of St. John as it lies in context, may give rise to a doubt as to the persons to whom these important words were addressed. In verse 19 we come upon the words, *οἱ μαθηταί* which in St. John are by no means confined to the Twelve, but are a generic term for all those who followed the Master and "learned" His lessons. Moreover from the exquisite short-story of St. Luke, xxiv., 13-35, we learn that the two disciples, returning from Emmaus where they had known the Lord in the breaking of bread,

ἐδρον συνηθροισμένους τοὺς ἑνδεκα καὶ τοὺς σὺν αὐτοῖς and that, too, at the very time when Our Lord appeared to them in the apparition of St. John, xx., 22, 23. How restrict these words merely to the Apostles? We may answer the difficulty with Corluy (*Spicilegium Biblicum* II., p. 440). "It is logically deduced from the subject-matter of the very words themselves that these words were pronounced by Jesus, not at all present, but to the Apostles only." That an adequate solution lies herein we are certain, but it may not be amiss to seek a more direct proof from reading Holy Writ itself. This proof we shall outline at the close of this paper. Corluy's proof is adequate, for if it is proved that the power is judicial, it follows that those who exercise it are judges, and hence logically only those to whom, as vice-gerents of God, the present economy of grace is entrusted.

So some power is granted to the Apostles which is not given to others. But is it a power by which the Apostles and their successors are constituted judges in remitting sin and a tribunal to which recourse must necessarily be had? We have no intention of touching any other points than these. Is there question of sin in its strict acceptation? Is there question of a formal remissive power? Was that power peculiarly Apostolic or was it to endure? Was it judicial? Finally is confession, and detailed confession at that, a matter of necessity? All these points must be proved if we are to hold to the tenableness of the Catholic position from Scripture alone.

Certainly none that read the Bible in Greek can deny that the word used in the text, ἁμαρτία, does oftentimes mean *sin* in its fullest acceptation, and hence the problem devolves into settling its meaning in this passage. From the context-setting it not only may, but it must be interpreted of sin in its formal and essential aspect of offence against God, and not of the consequences of sin, the ecclesiastical censures for sin etc., etc. The setting is indeed very solemn, for Christ our Lord is giving a power than which there is no greater, save that of the transubstantiating power of the words of consecration. As we read the preceding words we see the Apostles are to have power over that against which Christ Himself was sent: καθὼς ἀπένταλχέν με ὁ πατήρ, καὶ γὰρ πέμψω ὑμᾶς.

But He was sent against sin as St. Paul tells us in II Cor. v., 21, τὸν μὴ, γνόντα ἁμαρτίαν, ὅπερ ἡμῶν ἁμαρτίαν ἐποίησεν, ἵνα ἡμεῖς γινώμεθα δικαιοσύνη θεοῦ ἐν αὐτῷ.

Again they are to be the instruments of the Holy Ghost, for the connection evidenced between the two parts of verse 22, "and when He had said this He breathed on them and He said to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost"—and verse 23 is certainly that of instrumentality. The Holy Ghost, however, in justifying man



effects the expulsion of sin itself. (Needless to say the Catholic doctrine of justification is the immediate substratum of the present question, as there can be no true remission of sins if they always remain lurking behind the veil of Our Lord's imputed merits.) Just as of old, then, God breathed the spirit of natural life into man, so now on the threshold of a new economy of supernatural life, Christ breathes into the earliest nucleus of the Ecclesia Docens a vitalizing spirit. Man's soul, by a Semiticism "the breath of life," breathed into him at the dawn of history is the vivifying, preserving and restorative principle of his composite being; so this higher power was to have like end, for it was to vivify and quicken man as never the soul quickened him; it was to preserve him from further sin; it was, and this its chiefest purpose has no counterpart in other vitalizing forces, to bring him back from the dead when the life of the soul had been snuffed out by deliberate and serious transgression of God's law.

Over sin then as an offence against God the Apostles have a power. This power, moreover, is not that of a mere herald, proclaiming the antecedent will of the king, but an authority that strictly effects that which it proclaims to be effected. The Apostles are to forgive sins and not merely to declare that they have been forgiven. This explanation is forced upon us by the phrase, ἀφίεναι τὰς ἁμαρτίας, which in New Testament usage always refers to the authoritative remission of sin and not to a mere declaration of a state of innocence already obtained. This assertion need not be delayed upon, as it can be proved by the use of a Greek N. T. Concordance, and is a mere matter of simplest comparative study of texts. Another reason, less conducive it may be, but quite satisfying, is this, that were ἂν τινῶν ἀφῆτε to refer to a mere declaration, then in the same short sentence of seven words, the identical word, ἀφίεναι, referring to the same subject matter, ἁμαρτίας, would be used in two radically different senses, since ἀφέωνται in the second part refers by common consent to actual remission by God Himself. Yet, nowhere in text or context is there any hint leading us to suspect this sudden change. A final and decidedly cogent argument against the Protestant position is derived from the conditional form of the sentence: ἂν τινῶν ἀφῆτε, ἀφέωνται.

If priests were merely to declare that sins had been forgiven by God, the present form of the sentence would be impossible, for, as it now stands, by the inherent force of the conditional structure, remission on the part of God is made to depend on their action: "If you forgive the sins of any one they are forgiven," and by no device of hysteron-proteron or other known figure of speech, can

the sentence of St. John be thus construed. Then, too, besides the serious grammatical difficulty, this forced explanation demands a constant private revelation to be given to the priest for every individual penitent. Yet any trace of a promise of such revelation will be sought for in vain, whether we turn to the pages of Scripture or consult the living voice of Tradition.

The next point of the time-limit of this power need detain us only a short while, for the proof adduced is one that constantly recurs throughout the treatises on the Church and the Sacraments. This power must last in the Church, then, for three reasons, ultimately reducible to one. They are: 1—The Apostles are thereby to continue the mission of Christ, which is co-extensive in time and place with the Church He founded; 2—It touches the most essential purpose of the Church, the salvation of souls, which is completely and adequately frustrated by serious sin; 3—It is given for an effect to be produced, the need of which is continually felt and will be until “the creature also itself shall be delivered from the servitude of corruption.” (Rom. 8-21.)

The Apostles, then, have a power that remits sin in the strict sense of both words, “remit” and “sin.” So far, so good. But is this power judicial? Here the Protestant attack is heaviest, for they freely admit that a judicial power will entail some sort of confession. This admission does not carry with it an affirmation of the absolute necessity of confession, but merely concedes that an accusation of sin is necessary if one be so minded as to make use of this means of grace. Catholics, of course, go further and prove from the text of St. John that this is not a channel of grace we are free to use or not, and that therefore the necessity of confession is an absolute one. But this last point will come up for separate treatment later.

First, then let us begin with a definition of what a judicial power means. It is the inherent or communicated power to decide authoritatively and definitely according to fixed laws between the conflicting rights of parties who come under the jurisdiction of the judge. We may as well premise that none contend this power to be other than communicated when we speak of the Sacrament of Penance, since God alone, against Whom man sins, has the right to say when and how the transgression may be atoned for, and pardon for it obtained. Hence the contention is that St. John’s words clearly demonstrate that the priest has, by virtue of divinely delegated powers, the authority to decide by a sentence, against which there is no appeal, between God’s right and that of the sinner. If he grants absolution because of the known dispositions of the penitent, then by virtue of that absolution God’s right to regard the sinner as His enemy ceases

completely and God will stand by His creature's judgment. Contrariwise, if the penitent is found deficient in the dispositions demanded, then the priest, with equally binding sentence, decides that God's right is still to remain in force, and reaffirms with authority the sinner's obligation of submitting his sins to the power of the keys. Is all this clear from our text? It is, granted the last three points are proved, that there is question of sin itself, of true remission of said sin, and finally of a perpetual power. If indeed there is an authoritative remission of sin itself by the priest, then there is the authoritative abolition of God's right against the sinner, which right is founded on the sin. If, after maturely weighing the case, and by an action strictly ordered according to the wishes of our Lord, the priest declares that he forgives the sinner his sins, then those sins are by that very fact forgiven and all that which incurred the hatred of God is done away with. There is nothing now for God to be displeased with and so His displeasure ceases. So, too, when the sinner fails to meet the few requirements exacted of him, the priest solemnly decides that God's right is still valid and the guilt is not lifted from the penitent.

Herein is preserved the essence of judicial action. Two parties there are, each with rights to be decided. God has the right (according to our limited mode of expression) to hold man worthy of eternal punishment for sin committed and not properly repented of; man has the right freely bestowed on him by God, and entailing no subordination thereby, to a renewed friendship with his Heavenly Father and to a cancellation of all eternal liabilities, provided he has fulfilled the requirements God has deigned to ask of him; and all this question of rights depends on the attitude of the sinner towards the sin committed. Between these two rights the priest-judge is to decide authoritatively and definitely, for he is to determine whether sin, the ultimate point at issue, is to be remitted or retained and remission or retention is final. If he forgives, they are forgiven; if he retains, they are retained; an absolute nexus between the two expressed as clearly as human words permit. It is all over and done with when he pronounces judgment. Absolute statement of a fact accomplished, consequent upon a previous fact, is one of the strongest ways man has of expressing causal nexus, and finds place often in the New Testament writers. St. Matthew writes, c. 15, v. 28: "Then Jesus answering said to her. . . . Be it done to thee as thou wilt; and her daughter was cured from that hour"; and again, c. 14, v. 32: "and when they were come up into the boat, the wind ceased."

Of course there is only an analogy between civil judicial actions and the confessional, but analogy there is when the essentials of



both are looked into. In both a culprit is arraigned, in both certain forms are to be observed, in both authoritative decision is made, and by these analogies generic similarity is proved. They may differ in this that the sacred tribunal finds the culprit both plaintiff and defendant; that the civil court looks to the public weal, the sacrament sees only the individual and his individual salvation; that the punishment inflicted by civil magistrates is simply and solely penal, that laid on the penitent is by God's good mercy raised to a satisfactory value, and becomes an antidote for sin. Yet withal it remains true that each and every priest has a communicated power to decide authoritatively and definitively according to laws given him by Christ or His Vicar, the rights that prevail between God and the sinner, and so he is a judge in the strictest sense of the word and his action is consequently judicial.

So far then for the nature of the Sacrament, right views on which are imperatively required, as on this all ultimately depends. But is there any obligation enforcing recourse to this judicial power, or may justification still be obtained in the new as well as in the old law by an act of contrition with no intention at all of submission to the keys? Take up the text again and note the words, *κρατῆτε, κρατῆνται, κρατεῖν* in Greek signifies in the only meaning applicable here *to lay hold of, to seize, to hold fast* (Cf. Liddell and Scott sub voce); all of which denote a positive action of repression. It has the idea of forceful retention written all over it. The authoritative decision then of the priest-judge is such that he restrains the sinner from securing pardon, he *holds* the sinner *fast* in his sins. Yet to what effect if the penitent can leave the sacred tribunal, and without ever again having any intention, be it formal, virtual or interpretative, of returning, can by a mere act of contrition secure the remission of his sins? The power given by Our Lord in so solemn a manner would be futile indeed, and no power at all, for as Belarmino says, it is quite foolish to give a man the key to the front door of a house, and bid him keep it locked, if every other means of ingress is permanently left open. It may be objected, however, that submission to the power of the keys is a free means of sanctification, and one is at liberty to use this means or not, but once having used it must stand by the results. To render such a position tenable clear proof must be deduced, from a positive command left by Our Lord to that effect, for it is not in the nature of things that the use of a free means entails the forfeiture of the right to use other means in case the first fails of its purpose. If I choose to go from Manhattan to Brooklyn by the subway, and the subway is disabled, I have not thereby foregone my right to use the ferry or the bridge-car. Unless the meaning of *κρατεῖν* be so shaded down contrary

to all usage in Greek, that it denotes a harmless, negative power of non-remission, it shows us that the minister of this sacrament is such that he holds the keys to the only door of God's mercy. He opens and none shut; He shuts and none open. If we want sin to be forgiven we must go to this tribunal under penalty of remaining God's enemies.

We come now to the final point we have assumed to prove from the text, the necessity of a confession detailed both as to kind and number of sins committed, technically known among the schoolmen as specific confession. Here it may just as well be stated that this deduction is made from the *ordinary* requirements of judicial actions and that we do not mean to deny by our omission the possibility of generic confession in extreme cases. This paper, as before stated, does not deal with the Sacrament of Penance in its entirety. As was noted above, the main burden of our contention with Protestants does not lie with specific confession, but it is no waste of time to clarify our thoughts on this vital question in its relation to the verse of St. John. That such an obligation is incumbent on men is, theologians claim, scientifically certain from Scripture, that is given the major from St. John, and one or two minors which are demonstrably true, the conclusion is inevitable.

Current among all men is the conviction, translated everywhere into practice, that the essence of a judicial action demands that the case in hand be known as thoroughly as possible, in order that the contending parties may have the contested rights and obligations, clearly, cleanly, and authoritatively defined. None ever think of calling a despot's whimsical decisions judicial actions, nor is such a wholesome name debased to title the procedure of a Pilate weakly condemning innocent blood. There must be a "hearing." Nor will it be sufficient for the judge to know vaguely that the arraigned has violated civil law, that he has transgressed some statute or other of the civil or criminal code, but he must come to a specific knowledge of what law in particular has been infringed upon, how far the infringement went, what damage was done to the public weal. This is the common acceptance of a judicial action, and from it the argument is deduced for Penance. Christ Our Lord has instituted a sacrament that is judicial in its nature. He therefore wishes the judicial power to be exercised in a way that is commonly accepted as judicial, unless He has clearly stated the contrary in Scripture or Tradition; in plain words He wishes the priest-judge to give his decision consequent upon a clear knowledge of all the essentials of the case. That much seems certain. But the rub comes on the "case," Is the case "I am a *sinner*—and yet have the requisite dispositions?" or "I have committed *this* and *that sin*—and yet have

the requisite disposition?" Recall what was just said about the violator of civil laws. His "case" is admittedly not that he has offended against civil law, but against this or that or the other civil law, because that on which the right of the contending parties (here the State and the individual) immediately pivot, must be adduced. Carry all this over to the analogue. God's right and the sinner's right are immediately and formally connected, not with the "state of sin" in general, but with this specific individual sin. A man who has committed ten mortal sins is the object of God's anger, not precisely and formally because he is a sinner, but because he has committed ten individual mortal sins. God's claim then against man falls precisely and directly on each individual particular sin, which is only another way of saying that each separate sin is the "case" to be heard and tried.

In concluding we wish to subjoin a sketch of a proof from the Gospels themselves, that the words we have been dealing with were spoken to the Apostles only. To some its appeal may be stronger than to others, and so it is offered tentatively. St. John 20, 19-28, is certainly parallel with St. Luke 24, 36-43. Whether or not it stands in like relation to St. Luke 24, 44-49, is a matter of dispute among New Testament chronologists. Be this synchronism of events granted or not, the force of the proof does not seem to be effected. Now in 24, 49, St. Luke speaks of Our Lord addressing those whom He had "sent," and who are to be "endowed with power from on high." These are *Πέτρος συν τοῖς ἑνδεκά* of Acts 2, 14, and again *Πέτρου καὶ τρεῖς λοιποὺς ἀποστόλους* of Acts 2, 37. This proof holds even though the event to which St. Luke 24, 49, refers be not the same as St. Luke 24, 36, for as we read on from verse 36 we find St. Luke speaking of a certain body of men to which everything from v. 36 to v. 49 is referred, which body of men crystallizes into the "Twelve" through the subsequent narrative of Acts 2. St. Luke wrote as you or I or any other man would write, and according to such canons the deduction seems secure. Higher criticism has canons which would make over an everyday narrative into a law paper where the very clearness sought for becomes elusive in the labyrinth of torturous and torturing phraseology. This point is further substantiated by St. John 20, 24, which follows immediately upon the text which forms the general subject of this discussion: *Θωμᾶς δὲ εἰς τῶν δώδεκα, ὁ λεγόμενος Δίδυμος, οὐκ ἦν μετ' αὐτῶν ὅτε ἦλθεν ὁ Ἰησοῦς.* The close juxtaposition of *εἰς τῶν δώδεκα* with *μετ' αὐτῶν* renders our suspicion that only the *οἱ δώδεκα* are meant, favorable merely from the context of St. John itself.

Taking Scripture then alone, it is proved adequately and con-



clusively that every one must submit to the power of the keys. The proof is long and massive, but it is a forged chain, every link of it, and Protestantism finds itself bound fast on its own selected battle ground, "the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible."

FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, S. J.

Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.

## Book Reviews

---

THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY. A Series of Histories of the First Century. By *Abbé Constant Fouard*, late Member of the Biblical Commission, formerly Professor of the Faculty of Theology at Rouen.

The Christ the Son of God. -  
 Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. 2 vols.  
 St. Peter and the First Years of Christianity.  
 St. Paul and His Missions.  
 The Last Years of St. Paul.  
 St. John and the Close of the Apostolic Age. 6 vols., 12mo. Price, \$7.50 net. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

It is good to see a new impression of these sterling books. They have never been superseded, and probably they never will be. Although the first of them appeared in 1879 and the last in 1904, just after the author's death, they still hold first place as manuals of the history of the Church during the first century. They are not only biographies, but histories in the best sense of the word, or rather it might be better said they are histories in the form of biography.

The author was fitted in an unusual manner for the work not only by great piety which gave him a love for it, and by thorough education which gave him equipment, but also by years of residence in the Holy Land, which gave him an intimate knowledge of persons, places and things that cannot be gained from books.

In the very beginning he wrote: "This life of Jesus is an Act of Faith. We have had no intention of pursuing through these pages a controversy in which so many minds have been matched since the opening of our century; we only desire to make the Saviour better known and loved. Surely, the times are propitious, for the Gospels, combated at a thousand points, have triumphed over their critics. The attacking party and the defenders alike seem exhausted. What is left for this generation, unless it be to avail ourselves of the inspired witnesses and by drawing from them an account of the actions of Jesus demonstrate that He, whose death some have published to the world, lives still, is indeed the very Life itself!"

In this spirit he approached his great life work, and his words are as true now as when he first penned them. When the author came to the second part of his work he said: "The title of this book is not the one I had intended to give it. According to my first plan, the name of St. Paul was to have been predominant through-

out this story of the beginnings of Christianity; I expected to demonstrate thereby that in the makings of this new institution the great Apostle had exerted so preponderating an influence that the history of the new-born Church was the history of his life and labors. But by degrees and as the work advanced another countenance in place of the one I had set myself to sketch stood forth, so to say, developing itself from the features of my first subject. Thus the position destined for the Apostle of the Gentiles was taken by the Leader and Head of the Twelve, St. Peter."

But the sub-title of this volume, "The First Years of Christianity," shows that St. Paul will soon appear on the scene. Hence the author says when introducing the third volume:

"In the preceding volume of this series I endeavored to give a summary of so much as is known concerning the earliest years of Christianity (from 30 to 45 A. D.). Therein we watched together the growth of the new-born Church and its development under the fostering care of the Apostles, and of Peter in particular, as the Head and guide. But neither the brief account in the Acts nor the primitive traditions, few and unsatisfactory as they are for this period, could furnish us with a perfect picture of those times. Over many a point of interest the shadows of history have settled and darken our vision. On the contrary, the facts of the ensuing age (from 45 to 62 stand forth) in an unclouded atmosphere, plain and unmistakable. Beginning with the thirteenth chapter of the Acts, St. Luke's narrative is no longer the bare memorial of St. Peter, but becomes a History of St. Paul; the former well nigh disappears from the inspired page, thus demonstrating the importance of the part played by his brother in the Apostolate—in the war he was to wage against Judaism."

It is not surprising, then, to find two volumes of the series given up to St. Paul, the first dealing with his missionary journey, and these make up the longer term of his apostolate (from 42 to 62), -and the second, devoted to the last five years of his life, after his arrival in Rome, and one-half of that time was spent in captivity.

The last volume of the series, entitled "St. John and the Close of the Apostolic Age," completes the author's original purpose and brings us to the end of the first century.



Abbe Fouard opens this volume with these words:

"Up to this stage in the series on 'The Beginnings of the Church' I have confined myself to the purely historical narrative, not dwelling on controversial points. As was said in the very first lines of 'The Christ the Son of God,' 'my only wish is to make the Savior better known and loved.' With this end in view, the several studies of the Apostolic Missions followed in natural sequence. The work now before us, born of the same spirit, is intended to furnish the reader with a picture of religious conditions toward the close of the first century, at the period when the Fourth Gospel was composed by St. John, who had outlived all his brethren in the apostolate and had attained a very advanced age. . . . His name, as formerly the names of the great Apostles Peter and Paul, would seem appropriate to represent the period wherein his closing years were spent, a period over which, by his deeds as well as by his writings, he exercised so profound an influence."

Those who are familiar with this grand work of the Abbe Fouard cannot but regret his death with the completion of the fifth volume, for they realize his full value as an historian. While we are thankful that he lived long enough to complete the history of this very important period, we cannot stifle the wish that he might have lived longer to push his labors into the succeeding centuries.

These volumes may truly be said to be his monument, for they will perpetuate his name indefinitely.

---

**LONELINESS.** By *Robert Hugh Benson*. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

As it has been said of Canon Sheehan that he was at his best among the lower classes in Ireland, so it may be said of Monsignor Benson that he was at his best among the upper classes in England. And to push the comparison further, wherever Canon Sheehan laid the scene of his story outside his native country, or introduced persons of other nationality into it, he notably weakened; so with Monsignor Benson.

As the scene of the present story is laid in England and among the upper classes, it reveals the author at his best. The following

synopsis of it is given by the publisher, and we reproduce it because it is truthful and reveals only enough of the story to induce one to read the book without telling so much as to destroy the interest.

"Miss Tenderden left her convent school in England when she was eighteen years old and went to the Continent for a year and a half to study music. Upon her return and while living with her friend, Maggie Brent, who was introduced to her by a Jesuit, she becomes acquainted with Max, the son of Lord and Lady Merival. Her brief career on the operatic stage and the courtship of Miss Tenderden and Max Merival are vividly described, while the influence of religion and class distinction is portrayed with an analysis of character and motive and with a brilliancy and charm that compel and delight by its supreme craftsmanship." The last sentence is perhaps a little too strong.

Miss Brent and her parrot are two of the most interesting characters in the book. She is a middle-aged maiden lady and convert, who is very charming and very true to life. Her strong faith, satisfying and uncompromising; her love of her devotions, which are an unfailing source of consolation to her; her charity and forgetfulness of self for the sake of others, give her a charm which draws us and holds us.

And the Parrot—Radamonthus—well, he is just a human, old-fashioned bird, who swears like a trooper if things don't go right, and keeps it up until he is extinguished by the green baize cover that has been made for his cage, when he subsides with a series of grunts quite justifiable under the circumstances. The contrast between Miss Brent's devotions and the devotions of the parrot is really charming.

Another interesting feature of the book is the insight it gives of stage life. Quite a large part of it is taken up with the life of the heroine as an opera singer.

As in *Initiation*, we have again the struggle between nature and grace, and grace again triumphs. We have often been tempted to ask why didn't Monsignor Benson permit his lovers to marry sometimes? Making all due allowance for the superiority of the religious state, it will always be the exception and not the rule. We hate to think that there are so many broken engagements

among decent people, and we would rather meet normal lovers more frequently who have all the loyalty and gallantry that our fathers and mothers had, and that are ready to make every sacrifice for their love. Would it not be better to teach young people how to live this normal life?

But it is a fine story.

---

THE GRAVES OF KILMORNA. *Canon P. A. Sheehan. A Story of '67.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

A sad story of a Fenian uprising revealing the late Canon Sheehan at his best. He certainly was strongest when among his own people, and especially the poor. His books will always have that characteristic of true literature, that they reveal the people true to life—their dress, manners, customs, ambitions, virtues and vices. Some of the gifted author's critics claim that his pictures are too sombre; that there is too much shadow and not enough light; too much vice and too little virtue.

It cannot be denied that in some of his Irish stories, and perhaps in all of them, the author does tend to the sad, the gloomy, the pathetic, to failure rather than to success. But no doubt his defense would be, this is true to life. It is certainly not pleasant, and very likely the author's personality had much to do with his tendency to view life through serious eyes, but that would not affect at all the truth of the pictures which he drew.

It has been noticed, too, that this tendency increased after the publication of "My New Curate." But, as some one has well remarked, is it not typical of the Irish people, like the Irish climate, quick transition from sunshine to shadow, and very deep shadow. This is an unusually sad story, a story of failure from the beginning to end, but at the same time an interesting story, because it reveals to us the very essence of a movement in Irish history little understood except by those who were near to it or a part of it.

The picture of a handful of visionaries in a little country town drilling secretly in preparation for the general uprising which is to take place in every county at a given signal; their faith in the meek but courageous schoolmaster who hopes to see the glory of the nation restored; their confidence in the arrival of the great foreign leaders who will point the way to victory; their belief in the stories that are told of the shipment of arms and ammunition from across the sea to equip the army, and finally the puny effort of the small local band with a few guns and pikes against the armed,



trained force of English soldiers, warned by the inevitable traitor

Then comes the saddest feature. The schoolmaster is killed and the hero is sentenced to death, which is afterwards changed to penal servitude for life. After ten years of punishment and persecution he is pardoned and returns to his country, prematurely aged and broken in health, to find that he is practically forgotten and that the sacrifices which he and his companions made and which they believed would foster patriotism and beget patriots, even though they failed, were all in vain. But the end is worst of all. After living a respectable, virtuous life in his old home for many years, abstaining entirely from politics, when he finally mounts a platform to address a public meeting in favor of a candidate for Parliament, he is insulted, and mocked, and stoned and wounded unto death.

A horrible picture! Yes, but if true——

---

COMMENTARY ON THE PSALMS. Psalms I.-L. By *Rev. E. S. Berry*. 8vo. pp. 377. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

The present work has been undertaken for the purpose of supplying an explanation of the Psalms sufficiently complete for practical purposes, yet free from the technicalities of Hebrew grammar that frequently render such works distasteful to many readers. Consequently all reference to Hebrew words and constructions has been omitted except when really necessary to bring out the correct meaning.

The text of the Latin Vulgate has been taken as a basis because it is the official text of the Church, and because it is the text most familiar to those accustomed to the divine office. The text of the Douay version is also given for the benefit of those who do not know Latin. Whenever the Hebrew text differs from the Latin due note of it is made in the explanation, and reference to the Hebrew text is often made to get the true sense of the Latin.

A synopsis of each Psalm is given, showing at a glance its purpose and general meaning. This is followed by an explanation in which the meaning is usually brought out by means of a paraphrase. With few exceptions, only the literal sense of the Psalm is given because this is the foundation of all other interpretations, and without it they are likely to be forced and fanciful. A thorough insight into the literal meaning of these spiritual canticles is an essential prerequisite for the due understanding of their liturgical use and of their prophetic foreshadowings, as well as of their inexhaustible wealth of mystical lore. Having the literal sense for a

guide, each one can apply the words of the Psalmist to his own needs, for these inspired songs express sentiments that are universal in their application.

In an introductory chapter the author gives the information which ordinarily a Scriptural student would get from a regular course in introduction to the Sacred Scriptures, with the intention of supplying the need for those who have not had such a course. The book is most attractive in its arrangement, the plan is faithfully followed and the meaning is so clearly brought out that the student may grasp it easily.

Although the author does not say so, we presume he will comment on the other Psalms also, for we notice that this volume is marked "one."

---

**EMMANUEL.** Arranged in five chapters according to Emmanuel's Councils. By *Archbishop John Joseph Keane*. 12mo., maroon silk cloth, pp. 230. \$1.00 net. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.

The announcement says: "Emmanuel" is the title of a remarkable and striking book which Archbishop John Joseph Keane, the first rector of the Catholic University, has just issued. It is a very successful attempt to place before the reader what the Archbishop believes would be Our Lord's judgment on the tendencies in the world and in the Church at the present day. Archbishop Keane takes the principles enunciated by Our Divine Lord in the New Testament quite literally, and he applies these principles to our present-day conditions. It is needless to say that the world appears very far from what it should be after eighteen centuries of Christianity. His Grace supposes Our Lord to hold five councils, one at Bethlehem, one at Nazareth, one at Calvary, one at Rome and one on Mount Olivet.

This book is the fruit of years of meditation upon the words of the Gospel. Although quasi-Scriptural in concept and style, the author assures us that it does not make any claim to Inspiration. It is the outcome of lifelong, prayerful meditation on the teachings of Our Divine Lord, on the example of His life, on the spirit of His Sacred Heart, on the history and present condition of His Holy Church. Those who know Archbishop Keane, and especially those who knew him more intimately as rector of the Catholic University and who remember the eloquent and impressive manner in which he could make the Gospel characters live and speak and act, will need no assurance that this book is worthy of their atten-

tion. Rather, they will rise up as witnesses to its worth, even before reading it, so firm is their confidence in the learning, skill and piety of the author. They will rejoice, too, that the good Archbishop is able to speak to them again even from his retirement and to leave to them this memorial of his long and fruitful service for religion.

---

LE SATIRE DI JACOPONE DA TODI: Recostituite Nella Loro Più Probabile Lezione Originaria Con Le Varianti Dei Mss. Più Importanti E Precedute Da Un Saggio Sulle Stampe E Sui Codici Jacponici Per Cura di Biondo Brugnoli. In 8vo., pp. cix.-428. (Florence, Olschki, 1914.)

Jacopone da Todi seems to be coming into his own at last, this being the third detailed study dealing with his works published during the past few months. In default of a complete and critical edition of Jacopone's writings, such volumes as the one before us are a distinct asset. For it should be remembered that the chief interest attaching to this remarkable man is derived from his literary work. This fact has been somewhat overlooked up to a comparatively recent date. Indeed, there has hitherto been a very general disposition amongst writers on Jacopone to dwell at length on his strange life-story, owing mainly to the supposition that he composed the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," and to pass over in silence the works of which he is undoubtedly the author and upon which his fame really rests.

In addition to his Lauds and mystical love-songs, Jacopone composed a number of Satires, and it is with these latter writings that the present volume is more particularly concerned. It contains some thirty of Jacopone's poems, selected from amongst the hundred or so generally accepted as authentic. Professor Brugnoli has chosen by preference those compositions which tend to throw some light on the biography of the poet. Most of Jacopone's Satires are written in his native Umbrian dialect, and they contain many of the crude expressions and phrases then in popular use. The poet's finer style, which he employed for his Lauds and Canticles, was laid aside in these Satires to the end that his invectives might appeal more forcibly to the people. Unhappily for Jacopone, some of his Satires were used with effect by the enemies of Pope Boniface VIII. for their own purpose, and it is this fact, more, perhaps, than anything else, that has tended to retard the process of the poet's beatification.

Modern research has by no means said the last word as to the



authenticity of all the writings which different editors have attributed to Jacopone, but the present volume comes very near being a definitive edition of the texts of the poems here presented, which are reconstructed according to the more probable original reading, all the variants found in the principal manuscripts being carefully noted. The volume before us is rendered the more useful by a scholarly introduction of considerable length on the early MS. collections and on the printed editions of Jacopone's works. For the love and diligence which Professor Brugnoli has expended on this important contribution to the study of Jacopone he deserves the gratitude of all those who are interested in Italian literature before Dante, and we hope that his book may receive the serious and sympathetic welcome it so richly merits. The form of the volume reflects the greatest credit on the well-known Florentine publishing house of Olschki.

---

WALTER MAP, *DE NUGIS CURIALIUM*. Edited by *M. R. James, Litt. D.*, Provost of Kings College, Cambridge. 4to., pp. xxxix.-287. (Oxford, The Clarendon Press, 1914.)

This volume forms Part XIV. of the "Anecdota Oxoniensia", (Mediæval and Modern Series) and contains a critical edition of the treatise "De Nugis Curialium" of Walter Map, which is preserved in a single MS. of the fourteenth century in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Its author, who lived between 1143 and 1210, was perhaps the most brilliant writer and literary antiquarian of his day. He seems to have been an insatiable hunter among libraries and ancient MSS. and an ardent collector of legends and folklore. It was not uncommon at one time to attribute to Map the invention and compilation of the entire corpus of Arthurian romance. No doubt what Map really did was to introduce and perhaps to edit the MSS. relatively ancient to his own day. Apart from his interest in the Arthurian legends, Map is credited with the authorship of several works, amongst them the "De Nugis Curialium," here edited by Dr. James. The date of this treatise is placed between 1181 and 1193. Like most of Map's work, it is written in Latin and abounds in biting and satirical criticism of the churchmen of his time and in vivacious descriptions of its manners and customs. Beginning with an invective against court life, Map groups around that stories of Herla and of the King of Portugal. The idea of "making a good end" by retiring from the court to live in peace suggests some stories of monks who left the cloister. The news of the capture of Jerusalem leads him to a lament on the vices

of the age; he discusses whether there is hope that all the religious activities of the monastic orders can avail to palliate these. He then enters on a disquisition as to the origin and decline of all the orders of his day, including the military. Here he devotes most of his space to the Cistercians, and, after a single sentence about the Carthusians, exclaims: "After all, the many ways of following the simple life in externals seem ineffective. King Henry dresses splendidly, but is humble of heart." This mention of Henry II. suggests the topic of that King's zeal against heretics. Heretics are the subject of the next few pages. The Welsh are now quite suddenly introduced, and a Welsh folk-tale brings with it several other stories of the same kind, which are quite unconnected. Towards the close of his treatise he seeks to show that modern times have produced heroes as remarkable as those of antiquity, and then settles down into personal reminiscences of kings he has met. Such, in outline, are some of the topics touched on by Map in his remarkable work. It would have been difficult perhaps to find any one better fitted than Dr. James to undertake the task of editing the "*De Nugis Curialium*." His preface, which deals with the history of the text, the plan of the work, the authors used by Map, etc., is a most scholarly piece of work, and the notes of reference and explanation are extremely valuable. There is a very full and satisfactory index of noteworthy words and of proper names.

---

VENERABLE PHILIPPINE DUCHESNE. By *G. R. M.* A Brief Sketch of the Life and Work of the Foundress of the Society of the Sacred Heart in America. 12mo., pp. 44. New York: The American Press.

If a casual reader should come across this little book of less than fifty pages without any previous knowledge of its subject he would be astonished at the story which it tells of heroism and sanctity. He would also be surprised that he had not met this heroine and saint before, and having met her, he would long to know more about her.

It is a simple tale, and yet sublime. So like the story of God's great saints in all ages, and so unlike the history of the children of the world. A young woman hears the Master calling her and inviting her, as He invited the Apostles to leave all and follow Him. She accepts the invitation. But a greater sacrifice is asked of her. Like Abraham, God bids her go forth from her own country into a distant land, and she goes. Here she devotes herself to the care of the sick, the orphaned, the ignorant, the uncivilized,

and in spite of crosses, and trials, and failures, and misunderstandings, she perseveres to the end.

Like the sower of the seed in the Parable, she scattered lavishly, even though she knew that some would fall by the wayside and be trampled down or eaten by the birds, and some would fall on rocky ground and die for want of moisture, and some would be choked by weeds and thorns. She thought only of the fourth part that would fall on good ground and bring forth fruit. How splendidly has the result justified the expenditure! It may be said of her labors, surely, that they brought forth fruit a hundredfold.

She would have said, I only tried to keep the two great commandments, the love of God and the love of my neighbor. Yes, but the Master has assured us that in these two is summed up the whole law and the prophets.

Truly it may be said that Venerable Philippine Duchesne died in the odor of sanctity. That odor pervades the pages of this simple biography.

---

**THE JUVENILE LIBRARY.** A collection of Juvenile Stories for children by Well-Known Catholic authors. 12mo. 35 cents each. New York: Benziger Brothers.

We take pleasure in calling attention to a new group of Catholic stories for children, known as "Benziger's Thirty-five-cent Juvenile Library," as follows: "The Little Lady of the Hall," by Nora Ryeman; "In Quest of Adventure," by Mary E. Mannix; "The Ups and Downs of Marjorie," by Mary T. Waggaman; "An Everyday Girl," by Marion Ames Taggart; "The Little Apostle on Crutches," by Henriette E. Delamare; "The Little Girl From Back East," by Isabel J. Roberts. This is a continuation of the worthy efforts of these enterprising publishers to advance good Catholic literature.

The unprecedented success of "Benziger's Standard Fifty-cent Library" has induced them to bring out this new thirty-five-cent juvenile library, which is the first time that books of this class have been offered at such an extremely low price. They are not Sunday school books, nor pious books in disguise, but are entertaining while correct in faith and morals. Most of the books are by the best present-day Catholic authors. They are interesting as stories and will foster a taste for good reading in children, which will have a lasting effect on their whole lives. For this reason they are worthy of commendation and patronage. Even juveniles are very often poisoned wells at the present day.



The books are well printed on good paper in large and readable type and are neatly and substantially bound in cloth. The volumes all have an illustrated jacket, which makes them particularly attractive. The Library should be in every Catholic home and in every school library.

---

THE NEW LAITY AND THE OLD STANDARDS. Hints and Suggestions for those who would be Doers of the Word. By *Humphrey J. Desmond*. 12mo., pp. 95. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.

The author says: "For some thirty years the writer of these pages has dealt editorially, week in and week out, with Catholic question and Catholic interests. His conviction deepens that the welfare of Catholicity, and more especially its wider influence in this age of democracy, depend very largely upon the cultivation and growth of an intelligent, an efficient and a loyal Catholic laity."

In the following chapters he endeavors to suggest ways and means to this end, the style and method of appeal being adapted to the popular audience he hopes to influence. This is a very interesting and instructive book. The author not only thinks clearly and writes well, but he is most happy in quotation and illustration, using both to the best advantage in teaching the lessons which he wishes to inculcate. It ought to accomplish the purpose for which it is intended, because it is brief, bright and informing.

---

ST. CLARE OF ASSISI: Her Life and Legislation. By *Ernest Gilla Smith*. 8vo., pp. 300. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

We are told that in this volume the author has gathered together all the available evidence, both of contemporary witnesses and the later mediæval writers, and presents a vivid and interesting, as well as a complete record of the life of St. Clare of Assisi in all its different phases. It is a most inviting field for the student and historian. The subject, her contemporaries, the period, all combine to furnish a wealth of material that is simply irresistible. Any one who has read even the briefest biography of this great saint and first spiritual daughter of St. Francis will welcome this opportunity to follow her history in complete detail.

It is well to remember that it is rather history than biography or hagiology. We do not mean this in an exclusive sense, because, of course, that would be contradictory, but we mean that the

author's purpose has been rather to gather together all historical evidence bearing on the life of St. Clare and her work than to excite devotion to her. And it is a storehouse of such evidence. Its more than three hundred closely printed pages teem with quotations, especially from contemporaneous documents. It will have a permanent value which will hardly be lessened by future publications.

---

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF JOHN AYSCOUGH. Chosen and edited by *Scannell O'Neill*. 18mo., cloth. 50 cents net. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The compiler tells us that he feels certain that the selections which he has made from the works of John Ayscough will show the greatness of the well-known author's power—his originality, his thought (his insight, his range of experience, observation and sympathy, and, above all, his never-failing elevation of spiritual feeling and judgment, speaking in language brilliant and forcible, rising often to splendor and magnificence.

Probably no author of modern times lends himself better to quotation than John Ayscough. Throughout his works we find jewels of thought, of various size and cutting, precious and semi-precious, sparkling, dazzling, brilliant or shining with a softer, soothing light, like the jewels of the mineral kingdom.

We have not noticed that the compiler follows any order in his quotations. Some persons might desire to have an arrangement according to time or subject matter for easier reference. This difficulty might be overcome by an index. A biographical sketch of John Ayscough in the beginning of the book adds much to its value, and its form contributes much to its charm.

---

THE ELDER MISS AINSBOROUGH. By *Marion Ames Taggart*. 12mo., cloth, with colored jacket and frontispiece. \$1.25. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Two sisters of distinct physical and moral types—"all that was left of the solid New England family, with roots reaching back to the beginning of the Massachusetts Bay colony"—are the centre about which Miss Taggart weaves a serious, but pleasant and interesting story. It is a study of sister love—the love of an older for a younger sister, who in return for constant and affectionate devotion visits upon her benefactress dissimulation, contempt and finally the cruelest of ingratitude. The various characters contribute

to the making of an excellent novel. The spirit of days and loved ones that are dead—the haunting melancholy that is the chief charm of Hawthorne—is found here and there through the story like the faint fragrance of a pressed flower that breathes a world of memories—but, unlike Hawthorne, Miss Taggart breaks the spell with hearty humor, keen comment and unfailing manifestations of her steadfast hope in a blessed hereafter, the only meet reward for the patient self-sacrifice of her heroine, who, nevertheless, is not denied heart comfort here.

---

**THE FRIAR PREACHER YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.** Translated from the French by Père Jacquin, O. P. By *Father Hugh Pope, O. P.* 16mo., cloth, pp. 152. 75 cents net. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This book undertakes to set forth in brief form the origins, the objects, the ideals of the Dominican Order. After a preliminary chapter on the work actually accomplished by St. Dominic, the author passes to the definite organization of the Order. He then treats of the Dominican ideal, of the place occupied by the Order in the long series of religious bodies in the Church. There then follows a chapter devoted to the religious formation which a Friar Preacher receives, to a sketch of the system of government which is so characteristic of the Order, and finally to the part played in the Order by the lay brethren.

---

**POPULAR SERMONS ON THE CATECHISM.** From the German of Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg. Edited by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. Vol. II. The Commandments. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Volume I. treated of the Creed; Volume III. will deal with the Sacraments. It is so short a time since Volume I. appeared and the criticisms were so flattering that it is hardly necessary to say more on this occasion than that the second volume is as excellent as the first.

Perhaps we might notice in passing, for the information of probable purchasers, that the chapters are really catechetical sermons rather than catechetical instructions or treatises. Some persons who wish to instruct a congregation may prefer a formal and exhaustive commentary on the Catechism, which follows the order of the smaller book step by step, as for instance Gaumes' Catechism of Perseverance or Powers' Catechism.

It would be a mistake to confuse the two books. In the former



instance Father Bamberg has done for the preacher what in the latter instance the preacher does for himself. If the preacher have the time and the ability, the latter method is certainly better, because then the application of the truth to the particular circumstances, such as time, place, persons and conditions, will be much more exact and fruitful, while the illustrations should be also more enlightening.

---

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By *Dr. F. X. Funk*. Translated by *Dr. Perciballi*, edited and with additional notes by *Father W. H. Kent*, O. S. C. Demy 8vo., 2 vols. \$5.50 net. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The late Professor Funk's "Manual of Church History" was a standard book in Germany, France, Italy and Spain before it became known to the English-speaking world. It cannot be denied that there is a wide field for such a work in this country. The enemies of the Church were never more active than they are now, and although they confine themselves generally to modern calumnies, all the old lies about the history, theology, discipline and liturgy of the Church are periodically brought forth from their graves, where they have been buried for years, and, clad in new skin, are made to move across the scene like living creatures.

It is necessary for the Catholic who would defend his faith to have at hand a reliable manual of Church history to which he can turn for the truth. Such a weapon of offense and defense may be found in Professor Funk's book. His great ability as an historian is well known and beyond question. The practical value of that ability is shown in this work. Of course, a detailed history of the Church in every country and every age is not to be expected in a book of this size, but the general history of the Church and her councils, with a clear account of the attacks made on her by the leading heresiarchs, are here found skilfully set forth. The Bibliography, the Chronological Tables and the Index are worthy of special notice.

---

HOW TO HELP THE DEAD. A translation of *St. Augustine's De Cura Gerenda Pro Mortuis*, A. D. 411. By *Mary H. Allies*. New York: Benziger Brothers.

In the Preface to this volume the translator says: "This Treatise is *St. Augustine's* answer to *St. Paulinus of Nola*, who had asked his opinion as to whether burial at the altars or shrines of the

Martyrs profited to the dead. He shows first of all that the dead are not affected even by their bodies remaining unburied. The place of burial helps them only indirectly by reminding the living to pray for them, and for the dead generally. Anxiety about funeral is a natural instinct, which the holy Martyrs disregarded."

---

**THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES.** Their Founders, Histories and Development. By *Rev. James Luke Meagher, D. D.* 12mo., pp. 646. New York: Christian Press Association.

This book is a wonderful compilation of the histories of the sects. It brings together a vast fund of information which the general reader would have trouble gathering from other sources, and it furnishes in compact form about all the average man would care about knowing concerning them.

The book does not pretend to literary style, and the author is sometimes rather plain-spoken and vigorous, but he has done a useful work.

---

**MEDITATIONS.** By *Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S.* Vol. iv. Liturgical Year. 16mo., pp. 252. \$1.00 net. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Father Branchereau's meditations for seminarians and priests have been and are to-day widely used in all English-speaking countries, and are classed among the foremost in meditative literature. This new volume will be found worthy of its famous author. The same vivid conception of the life and works of Our Lord that popularized his former works pervades this, envisaging as it does that Life of lives in photographic detail and with divine appeal.

---

**THE SOUVENIR OF CANON SHEEHAN.** Being Extracts from His Writings made by a Sister of the Presentation Convent, Doneralle. 16mo., pp. 167. 75 cents net. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Here are culled extracts from the works of the great Irish author, patriot and saintly priest. There is one for each day of the year. They were gathered together as a labor of love to keep the memory of Father Sheehan alive in the hearts of his readers all over the world, and they have been so judiciously selected that this laudable object will be attained.

---

**THE HOLY VIATICUM OF LIFE AS OF DEATH.** By *Rev. Daniel A. Dever, D. D.* 12mo., paper. 25 cents net; \$17.00 per 100. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Those who have already made the acquaintance of this excellent book, which breathes intense, burning love of a personal nature in

every line for the Blessed Sacrament, will be glad to know that it is now made accessible to a very largely increased public that will be drawn by it nearer and nearer to the sacrament of love.

---

THE HAND OF MERCY. By *Rev. Richard W. Alexander*, author of "A Missionary's Note-Book." 12mo., pp. 288. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

A collection of stories of conversions, which appeared—for the most part—in the "Missionary" magazine. All true and all interesting, showing how the Spirit breathes where He will and as He will. No two alike. There can be no stronger proof that Faith is a Divine Infused Virtue than the various ways, sometimes simple, often apparently inadequate, occasionally almost ludicrous, in which it comes to man.



every line for the Blessed Sacrament, will be glad to know that it is now made accessible to a very largely increased public that will be drawn by it nearer and nearer to the sacrament of love.

**THE HAND OF MERCY.** By *Rev. Richard W. Alexander*, author of "A Missionary's Note-Book." 12mo., pp. 288. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

A collection of stories of conversions, which appeared—for the most part—in the "Missionary" magazine. All true and all interesting, showing how the Spirit breathes where He will and as He will. No two alike. There can be no stronger proof that Faith is a Divine Infused Virtue than the various ways, sometimes simple, often apparently inadequate, occasionally almost ludicrous, in which it comes to man.





70772

THIS BOOK MAY NOT BE  
TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

**DOES NOT CIRCULATE**



